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THE NEW YORKER

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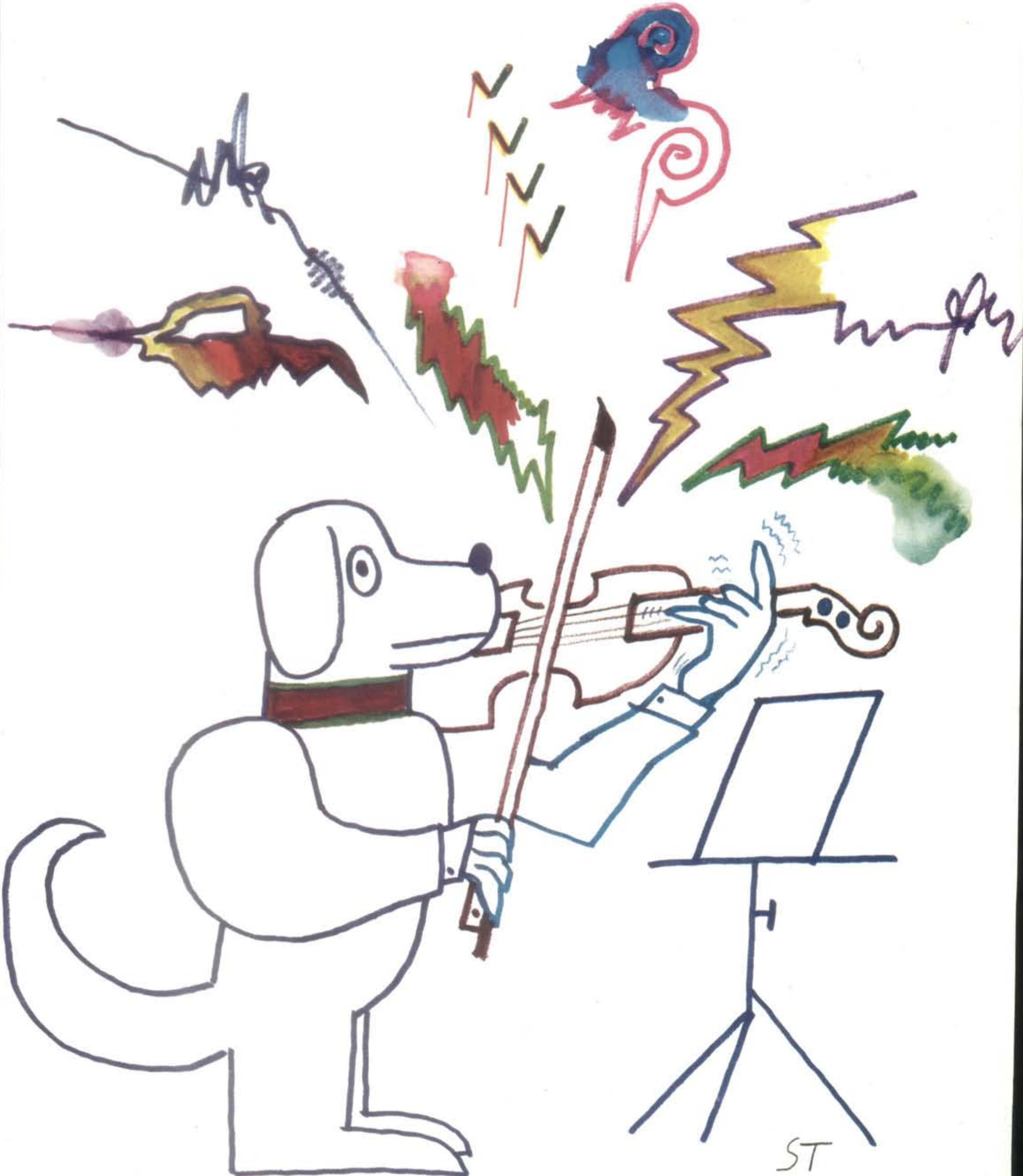

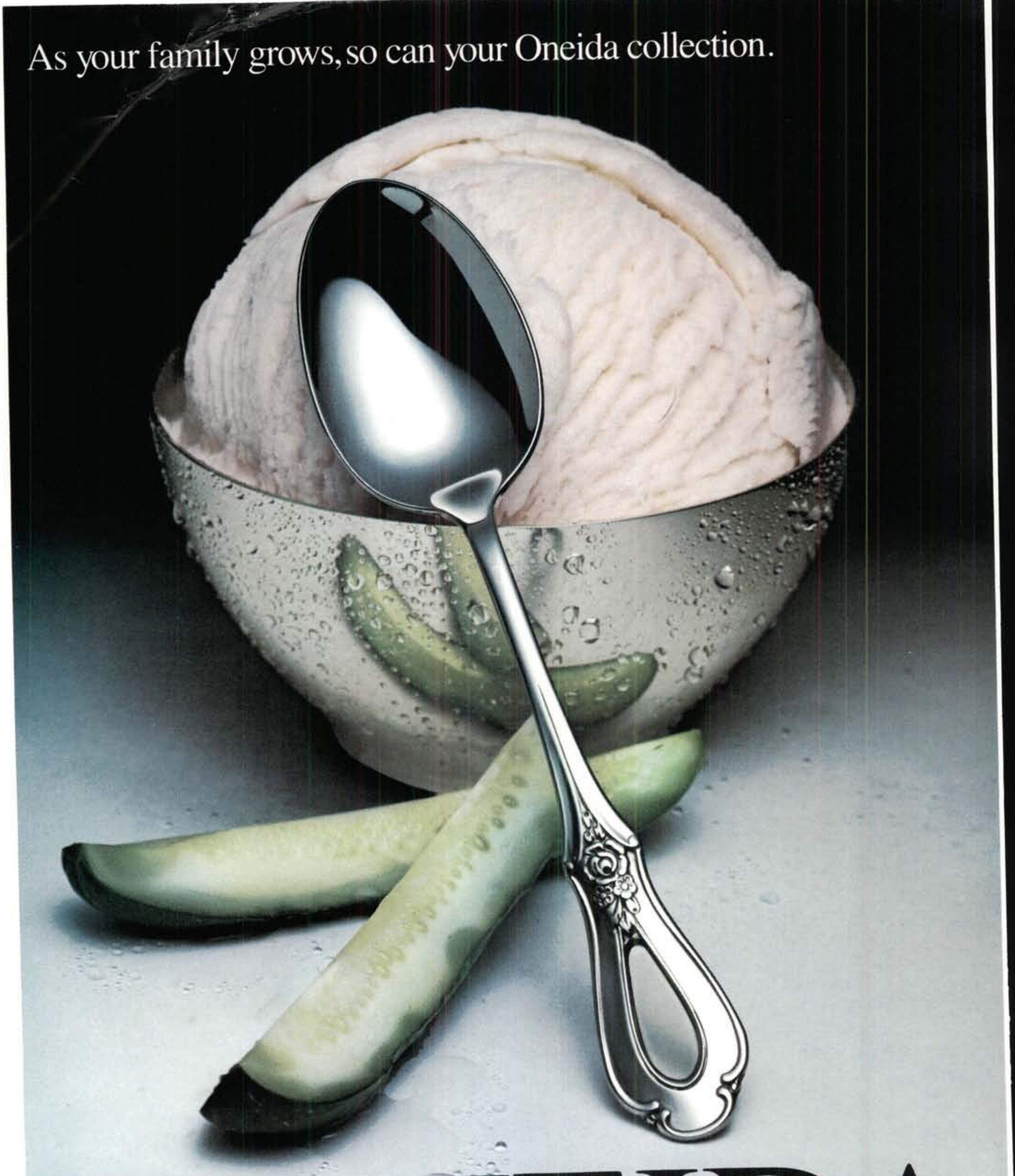
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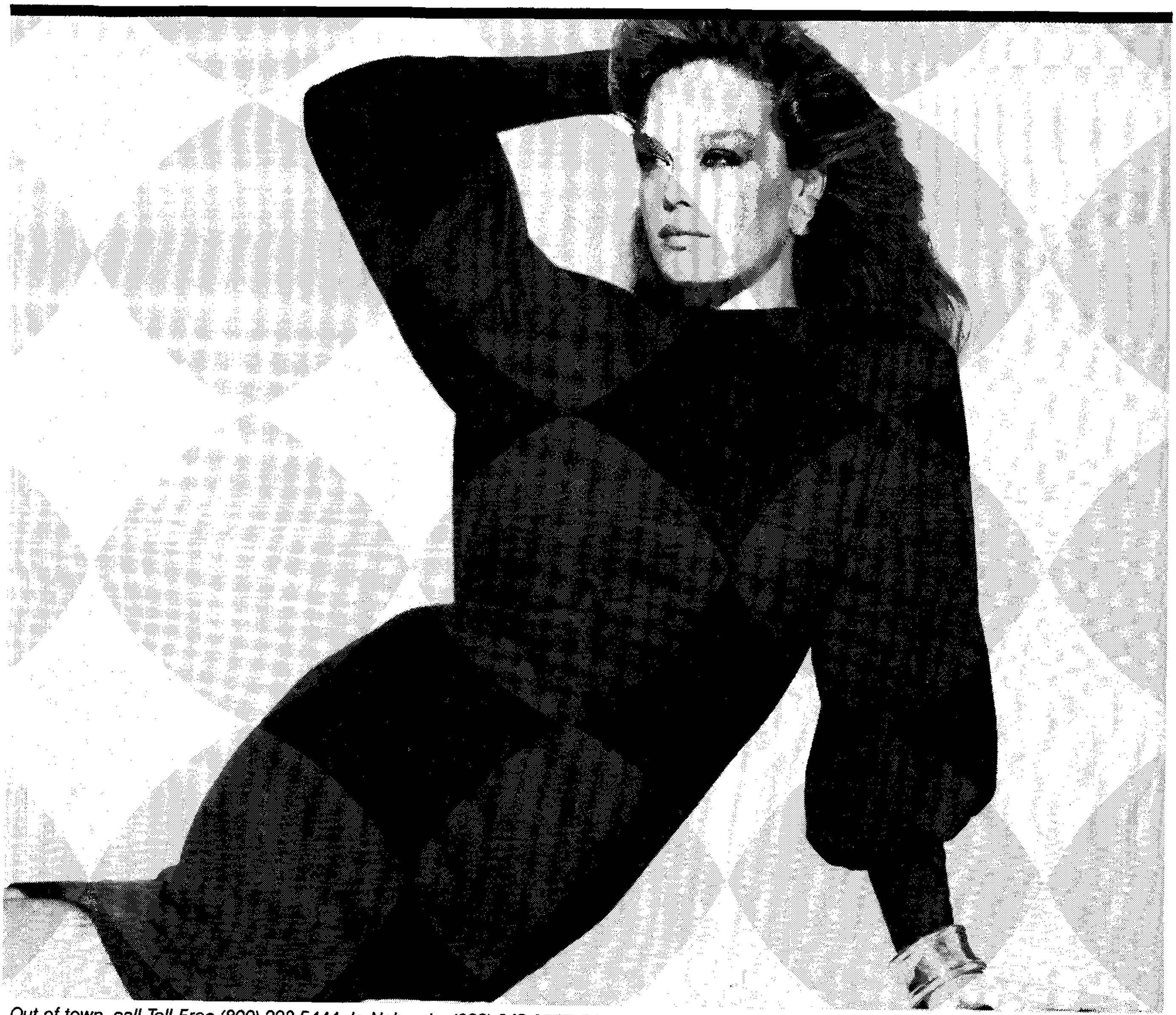

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Agnes of God—A distinctly flaky young nun has given birth to a baby, whose body is subsequently found in a wastepaper basket in her convent room. The nun maintains that God is the father of the child, and the Mother Superior of the convent is inclined to agree with her, but a court-appointed psychiatrist (herself a lapsed Catholic) has other notions. More of a debate than a play, but brilliantly enacted by Elizabeth Ashley, Geraldine Page, and Amanda Plummer. The author is John Pielmeier. (Reviewed in our issue of 4/12/82.) (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Browning Version and **The Twelve Pound Look**—A satisfactory revival of Sir Terence Rattigan's play, with Lee Richardson as the unpopular, beleaguered English schoolmaster who is undone by a single act of kindness—the gift of a book—on the day of his resignation. In Sir James Barrie's sharp and frothy "The Twelve Pound Look," which serves as a curtain-raiser, Mr. Richardson is a pompous Englishman who learns that his ex-wife left him fourteen years before not for another man but for a typewriter. (5/3/82) (Roundabout Stage Two, 307 W. 26th St. 242-7800. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

Charlotte Sweet—A spoof of Victorian music hall that is occasionally amusing, but more often just silly. The libretto is by Michael Colby and the book by Gerald Jay Markoe. The young company performs valiantly and with some skill. (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Circle Repertory Company—Presenting **johnny got his gun**, an adaptation by Bradley Rand Smith of Dalton Trumbo's novel of the same title. (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Square. 924-7100. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Aug. 29.)

The Death of Von Richthofen as Witnessed from Earth—This musical spectacle about the First World War was written, composed, and directed by the astonishing Des McAnuff. The production, on Douglas W. Schmidt's impressive setting, steams along for a little over an act and then is swamped by its own theatricality. The acting is admirable. Jon Vickery is Von Richthofen, Bob Gunton is Hermann Göring, and Robert Joy, Mark Linn-Baker, Jeffrey Jones, and Robert Westenberg appear in other roles. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

The Dining Room—The action of A. R. Gurney, Jr.,'s delightful play takes place in a formal dining room somewhere in New England, and this action is a matter of brief scenes about a large assortment of characters over the past fifty years or so. All the characters are portrayed by six nimble, accomplished actors—John Getz, Janet Maylie, Debra Mooney, Ann McDonough, W. H. Macy, and Charles Kimbrough. David Trainer was the good director. (3/1/82) (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Dreamgirls—Traditional musical-comedy hokum, directed and choreographed by Michael Bennett at his usual frantic pace. The enormous cast is young, tireless, and talented. (1/4/82) (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-4311. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Fox—A play by Allan Miller, based on the D. H. Lawrence novella. With Jenny O'Hara, *Anthony Heald, and Mary Layne.* Preview Wednesday, Aug. 18. Opens officially on Thursday, Aug. 19, and will run through Sunday, Sept. 19. (Roundabout Stage One, 333 W. 23rd St. 242-7800. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

Geniuses—Jonathan Reynolds, a gifted playwright, has written an annoying, campy comedy about some movie people on location near Manila during a typhoon. (5/24/82) (Douglas Fairbanks Theatre, 432 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Herringbone—David Rounds impersonates ten characters in this murky, grotesque (talented), and intensely disagreeable musical. Book by Tom Cone; score by Skip Kennon, who doubles as pianist. Reopens Tuesday, Aug. 24. (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Through Sunday, Aug. 22: Johann Strauss's **a night in venice.** . . . ¶ Starting Wednesday, Aug. 25: Gilbert and Sullivan's **h. m. s. pinafore.** (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 4.)

Little Shop of Horrors—A musical spoof of the 1960 Roger Corman film of the same title. The book and lyrics are by Howard Ashman, and the music is by Alan Menken. Originally presented at the WPA Theatre earlier this year. (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 477-2477. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Livingstone and Sechele—David Pownall's intermittently interesting play, which is based on an actual episode, tells of the efforts of Dr. David Livingstone, the nineteenth-century Scottish missionary, to convert to Christianity a proud and crafty African chief. Afemo is impressive in the impressive role of Sechele, and Esther Ryvlin is good, too, as one of his several wives. (6/21/82) (Quaigh, Hotel Diplomat, 108 W. 43rd St. 221-9088. Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Master Harold . . . and the Boys—The theme of this short, elegantly written melodrama is the desolation of failed relations, whether in the family or out in the world. The scene is South Africa. The author, Athol Fugard, has directed his superb cast with appropriate energy. (5/17/82) (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. 582-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Music Keeper—A play by Elliot Tiber and

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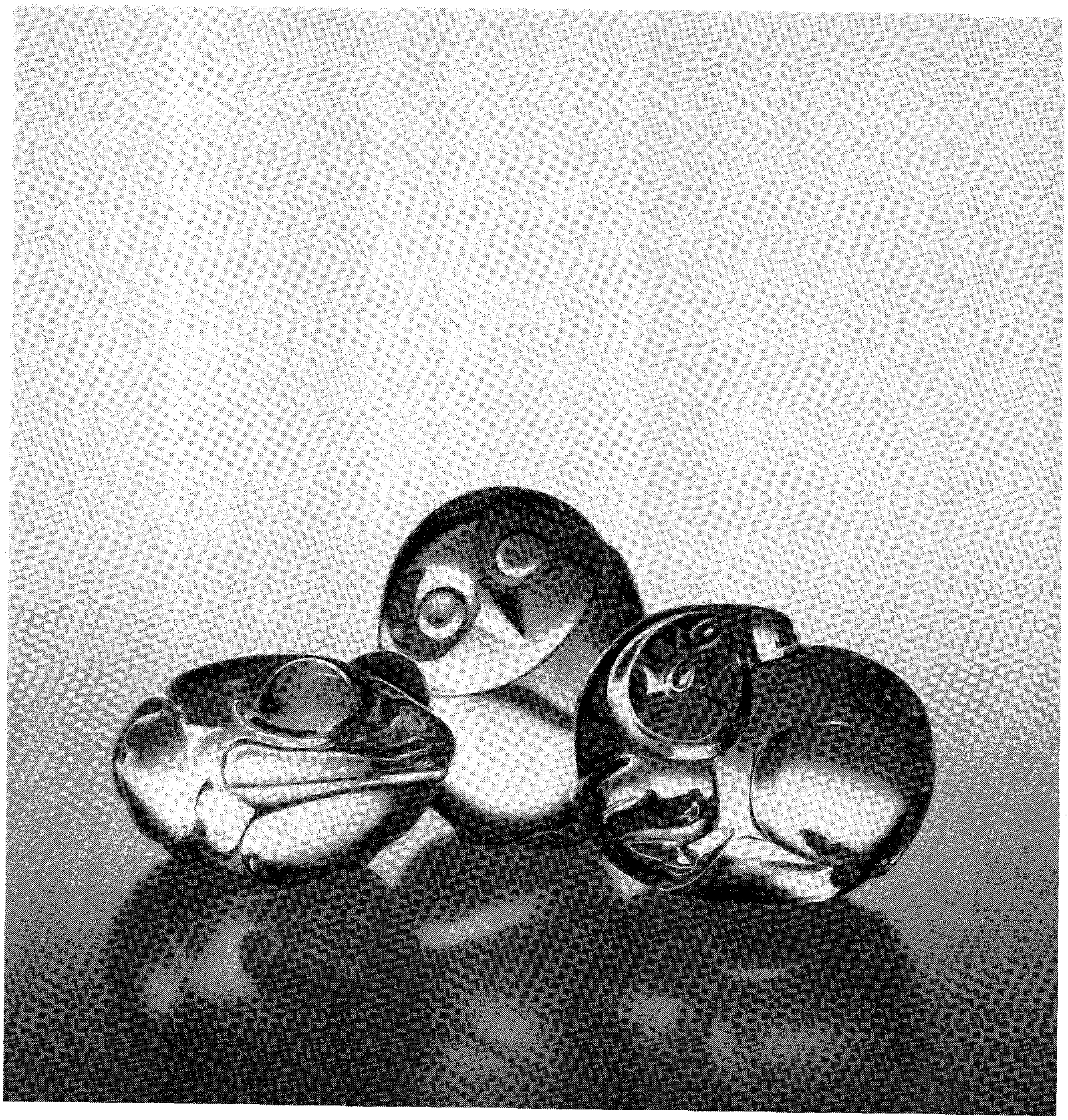

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STEUBEN GLASS

André Ernotte, starring Jan Miner. (South Street Theatre, 424 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

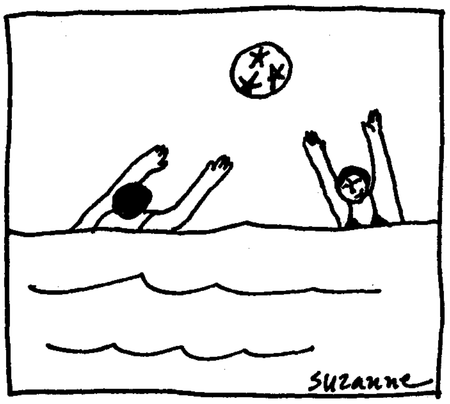
Nine—A musical version of the autobiographical movie "8½" that Fellini directed almost twenty years ago. Raul Julia plays the hard-pressed hero, here depicted as an overgrown crybaby, surrounded by twenty-odd women, most of them abjectly servile sexual objects. A gorgeous production. (5/24/82) (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-0246. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Present Laughter—A better play than it has the reputation for being, this autobiographical work by Noël Coward—a case of Coward mocking Coward with the witty malice he was famous for—has been turned into a slapstick farce by George C. Scott, its director and star. The rest of the cast is more cowed than Cowardly. (7/26/82) (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Regard of Flight—Bill Irwin, the beguiling clown, acrobat, pantomimist, and dancer, has added words—funny words—to his repertoire in an on-and-off parody of avant-garde theatre. He is ably assisted by his partners, Doug Skinner (composer and pianist) and Michael O'Connor. (5/31/82) (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Aug. 22.)

Torch Song Trilogy—Three plays—humorous, sad, sentimental, and witty—by and starring Harvey Fierstein, as a Jewish homosexual hustler and drag queen. The four-and-a-half-hour running time goes by quickly. Richard DeFabees substitutes for Mr. Fierstein at the matinée performances. (2/1/82) (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Long Runs—**amadeus:** We are at the court of Joseph II, in Vienna, in the eighteenth century, and the court composer Salieri is engaged in killing off his upstart rival, Mozart, either by actual poison or by denigration. A sumptuously staged melodrama by Peter Shaffer, with Frank Langella, Dennis Boutsikaris, and Suzanne Lederer heading the large cast. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 247-0472. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **annie:** Daddy Warbucks is transformed into a benign New Dealer and Little Orphan Annie is not very waiflike in this pleasant but uninspired musical. (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays and Sundays at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.) . . . **a chorus line:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **cloud 9:** Caryl Churchill's comedy about the "confusion" of sexuality—first in a British outpost in Africa in 1880 and then in a park in London in 1980—is a witty and original work that adds a measure of confusion all its own. It is very well performed under Tommy Tune's brilliant direction. (Lucille Lortel Theatre, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **crimes of the heart:** In a small town in Mississippi, a number of terrible things happen, but the author, Beth Henley, makes nearly all of them appear very funny indeed. (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **evita:** A sung version of the life of Eva Perón, with Loni Ackerman, Anthony Crivello, and David Cryer. Nancy Opel substitutes for Miss Ackerman at the matinée performances. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-3600. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **the fantasticks:** 9,280 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **42nd street:** A musical based on the old Warner Brothers movie and by no means an improvement on it. Directed and choreographed by the late Gower Champion. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **joseph and the amazing technicolor dreamcoat:** Allen Fawcett heads the cast of a musical derived from the Old Testament story. Andrew Lloyd Webber composed the score and Tim Rice wrote the lyrics. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:15. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **oh! calcutta!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays at 2.) . . . **one mo' time:** A sunny salute to the good old days of black vaudeville, in good old N'Orleans. Vernel Bagneris is the clever inventor of this oddity. Dick Vance plays trumpet in the accompanying jazz band. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 473-7270. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **the pirates of penzance:** Gilbert and Sullivan Americanized, which, in this case, is to say good-humoredly vulgarized. (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **pump boys and dinettes:** A thoroughly engaging and spirited little cabaret musical, set in a gas station with diner attached, somewhere in the South. Most of the appealing songs were written by Jim Wann or by his wife, Cass Morgan. (Princess, Broadway at 48th St. 586-3903. Mondays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 9:45. Matinées Wednesdays at 2.) . . . **sister mary ignatius explains it all for you** and **the actor's nightmare:** "Sister Ignatius," the second of Christopher Durang's brace of one-acters, is a scathing satire on Catholic education: a crazy nun verbally molests her small pupils until she is given her comeuppance by four visiting alumni. In the curtain-raiser, "The Actor's Nightmare," a businessman dreams that he is on a stage and forced to perform, giving rise to a cluster of shrewd parodies of respected playwrights. Everyone in the company does very well; Elizabeth Franz is splendid as the nun, and Jeff Brooks is fine as the actor-in-spite-of-himself. (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **a soldier's play:** The Negro Ensemble Company production of Charles Fuller's gripping drama about an investigation into the shooting of a black sergeant at an Army camp in Louisiana in 1944. The performances by all members of the company are excellent, under Douglas Turner Ward's direction. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 3 and Sundays at 2:30.) . . . **sophisticated ladies:** A stunning potpourri of Duke Ellington numbers, affording us again and again a welcome shock of recognition. The cast, headed by Maurice Hines, sings and dances with extraordinary energy; few musicals have ever moved so swiftly from a confident start to a no less confident finish. (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **sugar babies:** Mickey Rooney and Ann Miller having a high old time in a musical show that only pretends to be based on the great days of burlesque, if burlesque ever had great days. (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2. Closes Saturday, Aug. 28.) . . . **woman of the year:** Raquel Welch heads the cast of this musical-comedy version of the old Hepburn-Tracy movie. The clever songs are by Kander and Ebb, and the direction is by Robert Moore. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)



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MISCELLANY

Radio City Music Hall—Presenting "Encore," a great big show celebrating the Music Hall's fiftieth birthday. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Daily, except Thursdays, at 2:30 and 8. Closes Monday, Sept. 6.)

Forbidden Broadway—A musical satire of Shubert Alley denizens. The lyrics to the song parodies are by Gerard Alessandrini. (Palsson's Upstairs, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 9; Fridays and Saturdays at 9 and midnight; and Sundays at 9.)

Ice Show—"Walt Disney's Great Ice Odyssey": This summer's cooler has John Carlow, Jamie-Lynn Kitching, Mickey Mouse, Minnie Mouse, Goofy, and the rest of the gang on blades. (Madison Square Garden. 564-4400. Tuesdays at 1:30; Wednesdays through Fridays at 1:30 and 7:30; Saturdays at 11, 3, and 7:30; and Sundays at 1 and 5. Closes Sunday, Aug. 29.)

DANCE

Kei Takei's Moving Earth—Final performances by this contemporary dance company. (Performing Garage, 33 Wooster Street. 966-3651. Wednesday through Sunday, Aug. 18-22, at 8.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Angry Squire, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—A long, narrow nautical bar and restaurant that's been a Chelsea fixture for years. Friday and Saturday, Aug. 20-21, will be given over to Detroit hard-bopping pianist **barry harris** and his trio; on Friday and Saturday, Aug. 27-28, **jaki byard,** a free-stride pianist, a big-band leader, and a jazz professor, will be present with his trio. Sets at ten, eleven-thirty, and one.

Blue Note, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—According to the barman, there've been scads of clubs at this address, going all the way back to speakeasy days. Nothin' but blue notes from now on—for the next two weeks, anyway—as Texas tenor saxophonist and ex-Basie-ite **buddy tate** teams up with Texas alto saxophonist and positively singeing blues singer **eddie (cleanhead) vinson.** They trade solos and fours with bluesy pianist **ray bryant** and his trio Tuesdays through Sundays. There are usually three sets, beginning at nine-thirty.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—The roster: Wednesday and Thursday, Aug. 18-19, rock keyboardist and singer **al kooper;** Friday, Aug. 20, blues and folk singer **taj mahal** and **fourteen karat soul,** an a-cappella soul quintet; Saturday, Aug. 21, and

Monday, Aug. 23, Darlene Love and the **UPTOWN HORNS,** an R. & B. band; Tuesday, Aug. 24, a program of forties and fifties television commercials; Friday, Aug. 27, the Drifters and the Marvelettes; and Saturday, Aug. 28, **DOC & MERLE WATSON,** the stirring North Carolina folk and bluegrass team. Shows at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty Sundays through Thursdays, and at nine and midnight Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—Some of the most accomplished and famous pianists, bassists, and, occasionally, guitarists in the world (although no musician's name is ever posted anywhere on the premises) work in this dark-panelled, perpetually (it seems) crowded, *talkative* New York bar and restaurant. Pianist **TOMMY FLANAGAN,** a hard-bop sideman, composer (he wrote the classic "Freight Trane"), and Ella's accompanist for years, works with his bassist through Saturday, Aug. 21. On Sundays, **LARRY WILLIS** and a bassist are on hand. Music from nine-forty-five.

Broadway Joe's, 315 W. 46th St., near Eighth Ave. (246-6513)—The poised, swinging **JIMMY LYON,** who plays piano until ten in Peacock Alley at the Waldorf, a large, *very* subdued room, comes to this convivial, buzzing smallish barroom, where he gets an impressive second wind. He's here from ten-thirty to two Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

Café Carlyle, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—Keyboard sorceress **MARIAN MC PARTLAND** works with bassist **STEVE LA SPINA** on a summer schedule, Sundays through Thursdays at nine-forty-five and eleven-forty-five. Dining.

Café Pierre, in the Pierre Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—**BUCKY PIZZARELLI,** a subtle, rhythmically motivated guitarist who plays fervent jazz disguised as hotel music, heads a trio Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine to one. Dining and dancing.

Carnegie Tavern, 165 W. 56th St. (757-9522)—**ADAM MAKOWICZ,** a Tatum-inspired pianist if there ever was one, performs in this dark-brown room just in back of Carnegie Hall. Music Mondays through Fridays from nine to midnight. Dining.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—Rock and roll as a garage industry. The schedule: Wednesday, Aug. 18, the Occupants & Shortwave, AKA, the Untouchables, and Blind Dates; Thursday, Aug. 19, the Shakes, Candy Apple, the Dates, and Swept Away; Friday, Aug. 20, the Roustabouts, Treble Boys, Soviet Sex, and Barracuda; and Saturday, Aug. 21, the **UPTOWN HORNS,** Unknown Gender, the Egyptians, and State of Desire. Monday is showcase night. Music long after nine-thirty.

City Limits, 125 Seventh Ave. S., at 10th St. (243-2242)—A country-and-Western hangout for New Yorkers who secretly wish they had names like Delbert McClinton and Lacy J. Dalton. Various lively, well-miked bands are booked to play here for listening and dancing nightly after ten.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (674-4450)—**ALBERTA HUNTER** demonstrates the art of the blues innuendo for the uninitiated. Shows Wednesdays through Saturdays at nine and eleven-fifteen. Sundays through Tuesdays have been given over to singer-bassist **ARVELL SHAW** and his trio, who perform glossy, pleasant-enough versions of such swingers and ballads as "Cottontail," "Love," and "Since I Fell for You." Shows at nine and eleven. Dining.

Eagle Tavern, 355 W. 14th St., at Ninth Ave. (924-0275)—A homey music room for devout admirers of bluegrass, old-time country music, and British and Irish folk music. (Devout doesn't mean subdued; there is plenty of hooting—not the self-indulgent, rowdy kind but the supporting, appreciative kind—and handclapping.) The musicians: Wednesday, Aug. 18, Andy O'Brien, Dan Milner, and Charlie O'Hegarty; Saturday, Aug. 21, the Jumbo String band; Wednesday, Aug. 25, the New York Packet, a sea-chantey group; and Saturday, Aug. 28, mandolin ace **ANDY STATMAN.** Music from eight-thirty on Wednesdays and from eight-fifteen on Saturdays.

Eddie Condon's, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—A dark, sleek alternative hangout for traditional jazz (see also Jimmy Ryan's below). The house sextet works nightly, except Sundays, from eight-thirty to two. On Sunday, Aug. 22, tenor saxophonist **HAROLD ASHBY** will lead a quartet from nine-thirty. On Wednesdays, other small combos work from five-thirty to eight-thirty. Dining.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—A velvet-and-mirror-walled belowstairs room, which is patronized by tourists, people on dates, and music lovers, and which is frequently very crowded. Drummer **ART BLAKEY** and his latest crop of **JAZZ MESSENGERS** are here through Sunday, Aug. 22; on Tuesday, Aug. 24, Brazilian percussionist **AIRTO MOREIRA** and his vocalist wife, **FLORA PURIM,** will arrive with their band to perform some jazz-rock, bossa nova, reggae, and sounds of the Amazon jungle. Sets begin after nine. Dining. Closed Mondays.

Folk City, 130 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (254-8449)—Folkie City, that is: Friday, Aug. 20, bluesy folkie **SPIDER JOHN KOERNER** and George Gritzback; Saturday, Aug. 21, the great raspy-voiced folksinger **DAVE VAN RONK** and David Massengill; Tuesday, Aug. 24, Michael Fracasso; Wednesday, Aug. 25, Stan Rogers and Connie Kaldor; Thursday, Aug. 26, Delores Keane & Reel Union; Friday, Aug. 27, John McEuen; and Saturday, Aug. 28, folk-rocker **ELLEN MC ILWAINE.** Two shows—the first one getting under way about nine—every night but Monday, when a hootenanny begins around eight.

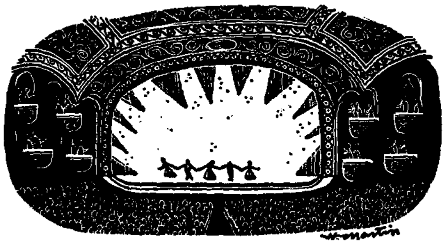
Greene Street, 101 Greene St., near Prince St. (925-2415)—A big, self-conscious space in which to listen to some worthwhile drummerless music. The mural is by Françoise Schein, the chairs are by David Utz, the plants are by Chris, and the graphics are by Susan Hunt Yule—those are the credits as they appear in the menu. The live music: Wednesday, Aug. 18, Eliane Elias; Thursday through Saturday, Aug. 19-21, Bahamian pop singer and guitarist Wendel Stuart; Monday, Aug. 23, bassist **BOB CUNNINGHAM** and pianist **BROSS TOWNSEND;** Tuesday and Wednesday, Aug. 24-25, **TOP SHELF,** bassist **REGGIE WORKMAN'S** group; and Friday and Saturday, Aug. 27-28, **LOU DONALDSON,** the heavy-swinging, bebopping alto saxophonist. On Sundays, singer and pianist **ANDY BEY** occupies the bandstand. Music Sundays through Thursdays at ten and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine, eleven, and one. Dining.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Small enough to be a hamburger stand (it was) and musical enough to be a jazz landmark (it is). Wednesdays through Sundays, **DAVID ALLYN** is singing with guitarist Scott Hardy's trio; on Mondays and Tuesdays a trio led by speedy, bebop guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE** has the floor. Both these groups begin about ten. Pianist Don Golson works nightly from five to ten, except on Sundays, when Kitt Moran and Mike Moran provide the music.

Griff's Plaza Café, Third Ave. at 37th St. (867-7179)—A pleasant, spiffy, laid-back restaurant that hangs over Third Avenue—it's one level up—and hires small bands and piano soloists. **MAJOR HOLLEY,** who hums along in a baritone buzz as he bows his bass, performs with pianist **JAKI BYARD** on Wednesday and Thursday, Aug. 18-19, and with pianist **VALERIE CAPERS** beginning Friday, Aug. 20. Music from eight to midnight Tuesdays through Fridays, and from nine to one on Saturdays. Mondays from seven to eleven are given over to **NINA SHELDON,** a lively singer and pianist.

Hanratty's, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—A refurbished bar and restaurant in a neighborhood that is itself in the process of being refurbished. **DICK WELLSTOOD,** who plays just about anything that crosses his mind in full-blown stride style (his speciality), is at the dining-room grand Tuesdays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and Fridays and Saturdays at nine.

Jazzmania Society, 40 W. 27th St. (532-7666)—A very big, airy room with ceiling fans and jazz fans. On Fridays and Saturdays, Brazilian trumpeter **CLAUDIO RODITI** leads his quintet, **BRAZILIAN EXPRESS,** from about nine.



Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—A no-frills, uncarpeted—the music carries more vividly without a carpet to soak it up—traditional-jazz haunt and an alternative to Eddie Condon's (see above), just thirty paces east. A tradition-bound sextet led by trumpeter Spanky Davis occupies the bandstand Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-thirty to three. On Mondays, trumpeter **MAX KAMINSKY** leads the group. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

Knickerbocker Saloon, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A pleasant corner restaurant and bar that is crowded with good listeners, and for good reasons: the piano-bass teams that work here. Pianist **DON FRIEDMAN** and bassist **HARVIE SWARTZ** have the floor until Saturday, Aug. 21; on Tuesday, Aug. 24, pianist **HANK JONES** and bassist **VICTOR GASKIN** will begin a two-week visit. The Sunday and Monday team is, as always, **JUNIOR MANCE** and **MARTY RIVERA.** Music from ten.

Lone Star Café, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—Authentic in its Texasness except in the wide-open-spaces department. On Wednesday, Aug. 18, rockabilly patriarch **CARL PERKINS** will be here, and he very well might be greeted with shouts of "Hey, Carl, play 'Blue Suede Shoes,' 'Boppin' the Blues,' and 'Honey, Don't.'" A rockabilly band called the Kingpins will open the show for Carl Perkins. The rest of the schedule: Thursday, Aug. 19, folksinger Jonathan Edwards; Tuesday, Aug. 24, blues-harp expert **CHARLIE MUSSELWHITE** & the Dynatones and the Memphis Rockabillies; and Wednesday, Aug. 25, the Pousette-Dart Band. Music from eight-thirty. Dining.

Lush Life, 184 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (228-3788)—A simple, unpretentious, fledgling jazz club that has an exciting, established feel to it. Tenor saxophonist **JOE HENDERSON** is here, working with bassist **CHARLIE HADEN,** pianist **JOHN HICKS,** and drummer **AL FOSTER** through Saturday Aug. 21; Sunday, Aug. 22, will be claimed by **CECIL TAYLOR, CHARLIE HADEN,** and **ED BLACKWELL;** Monday and Tuesday, Aug. 23-24, guitarist **JOHN SCOFIELD,** bassist **STEVE SWALLOW,** and drummer **ADAM NUSSBAUM** perform together; and starting Wednesday, Aug. 25, **SPHERE,** a quartet that plays Monk compositions and that consists of former Monk saxophonist **CHARLIE ROUSE,** pianist **KENNY BARRON** (who very often solos in Monk-like ways), drummer **BEN RILEY,** and bassist **BUSTER WILLIAMS,** will come in. Sets begin at nine-thirty. Dining.

Marty's, 1265 Third Ave., at 73rd St. (249-4100)—A singer's room with a view of a garden and, through Saturday, Aug. 21, a view of **RUTH BROWN,** who sings her R. & B. biggies—"Teardrops from My Eyes," "5-10-15 Hours," and "Mama, He Treats Your Daughter Mean," all from the early fifties—in addition to quite creditable versions of jazz standards such as "Here's That Rainy Day" and "Skylark." On Monday, Aug. 23, **NANCY WILSON** will arrive. Shows Tuesdays through Thursdays at nine and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at ten and midnight. Dining.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—Pianist **MAX MORATH** and his ragtime quartet perform Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. On Mondays from nine, the New Orleans Funeral and Ragtime Band, a septet, plays Dixieland jazz. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A well-thought-of upper West Side bar and restaurant that is poised and ready, as it has been for years, for the Columbus Avenue renaissance, which, it seems, moves a few blocks north each year. It is also rhythm-and-blues headquarters in New York. The lineup: Wednesday, Aug. 18, drummer **CHRIS PARKER'S** band; and Friday and Saturday, Aug. 20-21, **ERIC GALE,** the honey-toned R. & B. guitarist, and his wonderful blues and reggae band. Music from about ten until two.

Other End, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—A folk, folk-rock, rock, and occasional jazz club. The schedule: Wednesday, Aug. 18, Keith Loving and Sister Sun; Thursday, Aug. 19, Lili Anel; Friday and Saturday, Aug. 20-21, trumpeter **FREDDIE HUBBARD;** Tuesday, Aug. 24, Tony Bird; Wednesday, Aug. 25, B. Willie

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Smith; Thursday, Aug. 26, Nitesprite and Urgent; and Friday and Saturday, Aug. 27-28, Dan Hicks & His Hot Licks. Sundays through Thursdays at nine and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dining and dancing.

Peacock Alley, in the Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (355-3000)—**JIMMY LYON** is playing piano in this quiet room, which functions as a sort of passageway connecting the hotel lobby with a dining room. Mr. Lyon, who has accompanied Mabel Mercer throughout the past decade, has a touch that seems magically smooth and cushioned, and his timing is unassailable. He's on hand Tuesdays through Saturdays from six to ten.

Peppermint Lounge, 100 Fifth Ave., at 15th St. (989-9505)—Rock and roll, dancing, video-watching, and general hanging-out in a three-level club that boasts some pretty good live bands, ennui-ridden patrons' faces, a Paul Schrader-grim décor, and very few, if any, pastel colors. Wednesday, Aug. 18, **FINN & THE SHARKS** and BMT; Thursday, Aug. 19, the **FLESHTONES** and the Vipers; Friday and Saturday, Aug. 20-21, the Members; Monday, Aug. 23, Busta Jones; Tuesday, Aug. 24, Dirty Looks; Wednesday, Aug. 25, singer **MARTHA REEVES;** Thursday and Friday, Aug. 26-27, Stiff Little Fingers; and Saturday, Aug. 28, the Rockats and the Werewolves. Live music from about eleven-thirty.

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—What a room, what a view! **PANAMA FRANCIS,** the fifties rock-and-roll drummer—he's also gigged with Lucky Millinder, Cab Calloway, and Dinah Shore—and his **SAVOY SULTANS** will make it virtually impossible not to want to lindy. Shows Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining and dancing.

Red Blazer Too, 1576 Third Ave., at 88th St. (876-0440)—Traditional jazz off the beaten track—far from West 54th Street and the Village, that is. Different bands work from nine every night but Sunday, when the music begins at seven. Dining.

Ritz, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—A big, fancy (but the appropriate dress is black sneakers rather than black tie) thirties ballroom that presents past, present, future, past-perfect, present-perfect, future-perfect, and imperfect forms of rock and roll. Wednesday and Thursday, Aug. 18-19, Boomtown Rats; Friday, Aug. 20, Duran Duran; Monday and Tuesday, Aug. 23-24, Paul Collins Beat; and Wednesday, Aug. 25, Bible Black. Shows tend to begin sometime after midnight. Dancing.

Seventh Avenue South, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—A pleasant second-floor jazz-rock and R. & B. club, with a nice view of the street from the window tables. Wednesday, Aug. 18, singer **GRACE TESTANI;** Thursday, Aug. 19, Plan B, a quartet; Friday and Saturday, Aug. 20-21, African-funk trumpeter **HUGH MASEKELA;** Sunday, Aug. 22, trumpeter **SHUNZO ONO;** and Thursday through Saturday, Aug. 26-28, pianist **DON GROLNICK'S** quintet. Music from nine-thirty.

Sounds of Brazil, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—A new club—in a renovated luncheonette—that offers, in the words of its proprietor, Larry Gold, "the Brazilian experience." The schedule of very lively samba and Brazilian-jazz bands: Wednesday, Aug. 18, singer, guitarist, and arranger **THIAGO DE MELLO** and his band, **AMAZON;** Tuesday, Aug. 24, Marcos Silva; and Wednesday, Aug. 25, flutist **JEREMY STEIG'S** quartet. Thursdays belong to **LOREMIL MACHADO** and his samba band, **SARAVA BAHIA;** Fridays and Saturdays, to Pé-De-Boi; and Sundays, to Kenia & Pau Brasil. Music from ten. Dining. Closed Mondays.

Star and Garter, 105 W. 13th St., near Sixth Ave. (242-3166)—Lots of mirrors, easy-to-sit-in padded bentwood chairs, and live jazz. Friday and Saturday, Aug. 20-21, pianist **JAKI BYARD** will be on hand, and Friday and Saturday, Aug. 27-28, pianist **BROSS TOWNSEND** will collaborate with bassist **GENE TAYLOR.** Music from ten. Dining.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Blues and jazz singer **JIMMY WITHERSPOON,** on a rare visit to New York, is backed up by saxophonist **EDDIE CHAMBLEE'S** gutbucket band through Saturday, Aug. 21; on Sunday and Monday, Aug. 22-23, the Craig Harris quartet will be present; and starting Tuesday, Aug. 24, tenor saxophonist **PHAROAH SANDERS,** who sounds real good playing spiritual-enlightenment music or good old hard bop, will head up his quartet. Shows from about ten. Dining.

Tramps, 125 E. 15th St., at Irving Pl. (777-5077)—On Fridays and Saturdays, **BIG JOE TURNER,** a real live history of Kansas City blues and jazz, is singing here at nine and eleven-thirty.

Trax, 100 W. 72nd St., near Columbus Ave. (799-1448)—A nonthreatening—if you can find the front door—rock-showcase club. Wednesday, Aug. 18, the Souvenirs; Thursday, Aug. 19, Adult Music and Gemini Jones; Friday, Aug. 20, **UPTOWN HORNS** and Loners; Saturday, Aug. 21, Social Register; Tuesday, Aug. 24, Neeva, Monyaka, and Hurricane Jones; Wednesday, Aug. 25, the Drongoes, a New Zealand band, and Tazmania; Thursday, Aug. 26, Dancette Major; Friday, Aug. 27, Startoon and the Privates; and Saturday, Aug. 28, Silke Berlinn and the Sherpas. Music after eleven. Dancing. Closed Sundays.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—Mondays are nights of salsa music in the big, barnlike downstairs room; on Aug. 23 pianist **HILTON RUIZ** will sit in with the bands of Larry Harlow and Fajardo. The music starts at nine. Meanwhile, out on the Terrace, jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN** leads a trio on Tuesdays from nine.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—A hallowed basement of a jazz club. Flutist, saxophonist, and humorist **JAMES MOODY** is here with a quartet through Sunday, Aug. 22; on Tuesday, Aug. 24, pianist **ROLAND HANNA** will arrive with his quartet, which will feature a onetime Basie-ite, saxophonist **FRANK WESS,** who also plays some of the best flute solos in jazz. Mondays are **MEL LEWIS** big-band blast-off nights. Music from ten.

Village West, 577 Hudson St., near Bank St. (691-2791)—A pleasant, informal, tile-floored bar and restaurant on Abingdon Square, with live jazz. Alto saxophonist **LEE KONITZ** performs with pianist **HAROLD DANKO** and bassist **JAY LEONHART** through Sunday, Aug. 22; on Tuesday, Aug. 24, singer and pianist Bobby Scott will take over. Sets begin at nine Tuesdays through Thursdays and Sundays, and at nine-thirty on Fridays and Saturdays.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—Devoted patrons have sought this place out for years, and it is perhaps the best jazz club in the meat-packing district. One attraction is the authentically prepared collard greens; another is the warm atmosphere. Hank Johnson is at the piano Mondays through Wednesdays; Kuni Mikami has the Thursday-through-Sunday shift. Music from eight-thirty until two.

West End, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Past the steam tables of piping-hot student food, beyond the pinball machines is a room full of mostly swing music. **HAL SINGER,** a tenor-sax veteran of thirties and forties territory bands in both Oklahoma City and Kansas City, is leading a group through Monday, Aug. 23; on Tuesday, Aug. 24, blues and boogie-woogie pianist **SAMMY PRICE** will come in. Music nightly from about nine.

Zinno, 128 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—A sleekly designed ground-floor town-house bar and restaurant with chamber jazz. The piano-bass lineup: Mulgrew Miller and Stafford James through Saturday, Aug. 21, and Mike LeDonne and Phil Flanigan beginning Monday, Aug. 23. Music Mondays through Thursdays from nine-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays from ten-thirty. On Sundays from six-thirty to eleven, the Gene Adler duo provides the music.

JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

New Orleans / New York—With Alvin Batiste; Ed Blackwell; and Ellis, Wynton, and Branford Marsalis. (Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Friday, Aug. 20, at 9, and Saturday, Aug. 21, at 9 and 11.)

38 Special—With John Waite. (Palladium, 126 E. 14th St. Saturday, Aug. 21, at 8. For information about tickets, call 977-9020.)

Saxon—With Frank Marino and Mahogany Rush. (Palladium. Monday, Aug. 23, at 8.)

Jazz Forum—Jazz in a fifth-floor loft. Wednesdays at 10 and midnight: Charli Persip & Superband. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 19, at 10, 11:30, and 1: Joe Chambers quartet. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Aug. 20-21, at 10, 11:30, and 1: Joe Chambers, Tom Harrell, Gary Bartz, Lonnie Smith, and Andy McCloud. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 22, at 10 and midnight: Armen Donelian quartet. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Aug. 24, starting at 7: An eight-hour benefit concert, including such performers as Barry Altschul, Ed Blackwell, Mel Lewis, Max Roach, and the Lorne Schoenberg Big Band. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 26, at 10, 11:30, and 1: Monty Waters quartet. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Aug. 27-28, at 10, 11:30, and 1: George Coleman All-Star octet. (Jazz Forum, 648 Broadway, at Bleecker St. 477-2655.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

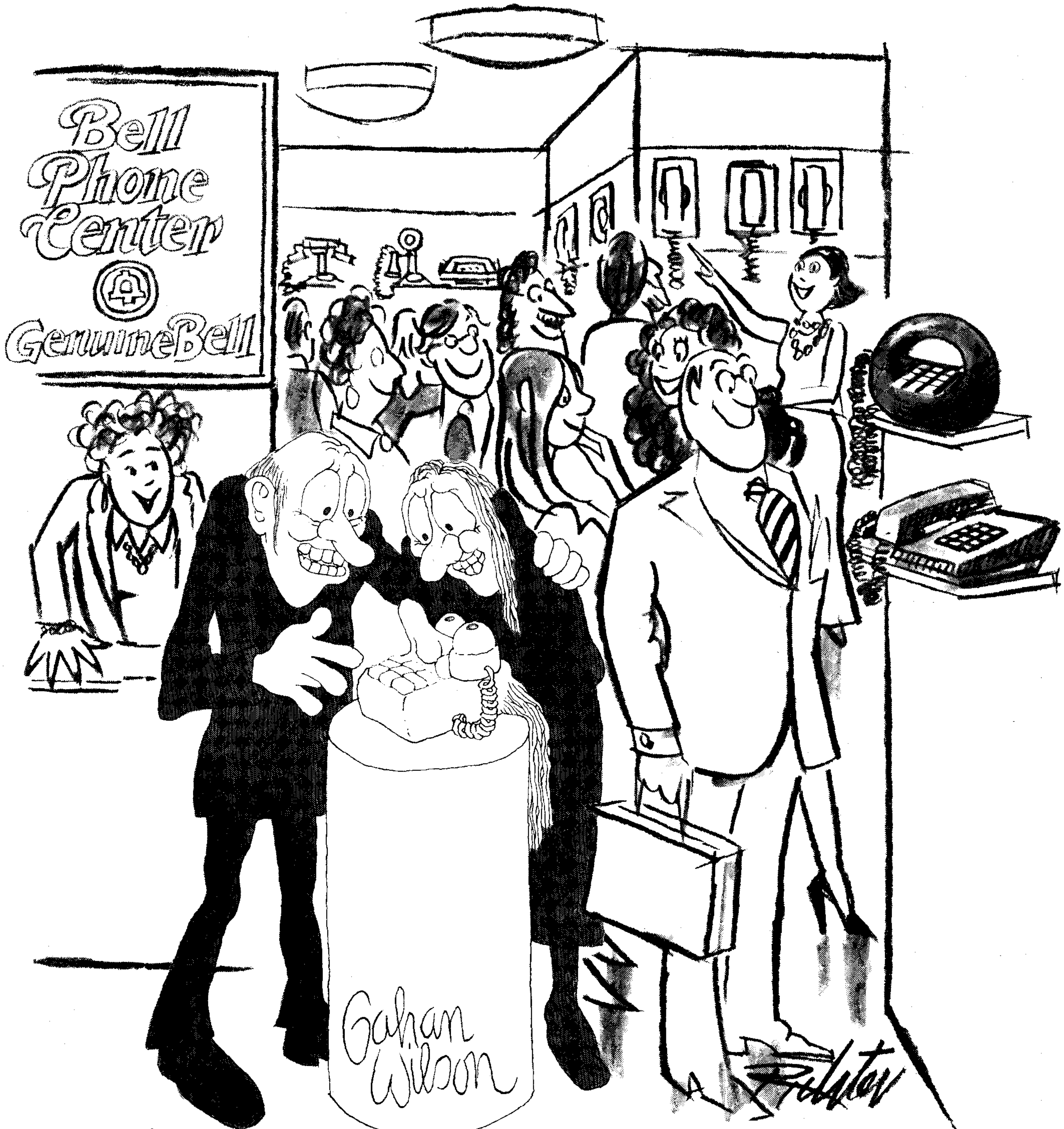
William Glackens (1870-1938)—Drawings, among them views from his studio on Washington Square. Through Sept. 17. (Kraushaar, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Candace Hill-Montgomery / Reverend Howard Finster—A two-room installation combining painting, sculpture, and photography. / Works using found objects, with descriptive texts by this retired minister and repairman from Summerville, Georgia. Through Sept. 22. (The New Museum, 65 Fifth Ave., at 14th St. Opens at noon.)

David Milne (1882-1953)—A show of paintings and drawings by a Canadian artist who lived in New York from 1903-16 and absorbed numerous modern influences here, notably from the work of Cézanne, Prendergast, and Matisse. Through Sept. 5. (Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.)

Art on the Beach—Twelve sculptural installations (including two from last summer) populate the Battery Park City Landfill in Creative Time's fourth annual outdoor show. Some of the installers are Scott Pfaffman, Jody Pinto, and David Saunders. Through Sept. 12. (Battery Park City, Gate 19, Chambers and West Sts. Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5:30.)

Group Shows—At the **ALEXANDER,** 20 W. 57th St.: Drawings by a dozen artists, including Yvonne Jacquette, Richard Haas, and Martha Diamond. Through Friday, Aug. 27. . . . **ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS,** 663 Fifth Ave., at 53rd St.: Etchings, lithographs, maps, and posters of Paris (Whistler), Rome (Muirhead Bone), Martinique (Gauguin), and other far-off spots. The earliest prints date from the seventeenth century; the latest are from the ear-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"Finally, Charlene, a phone we can identify with."

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ly twentieth. Through Sept. 10. . . . **THE DAIRY,** in Central Park between the zoo and the carrousel: Twenty-two original watercolors, pastels, and acrylics of the Park which have appeared on the cover of this magazine. The artists are Ilonka Karasz and Julian de Miskey (work from the twenties); and Arthur Getz, Charles E. Martin (C.E.M.), Charles Saxon, and James Stevenson (work from the sixties and seventies). Through Aug. 29. (Daily, except Mondays, 10 to 4:30.) . . . **KENNEDY,** 40 W. 57th St.: "An American Summer" has, among others, paintings of Central Park by Millard Sheets and Frank Wright. Through Friday, Aug. 20. . . . **THE URBAN CENTER,** 457 Madison Ave., at 51st St.: Conceptual drawings, color renderings, and models for the proposed rehabilitation of four subway stops that serve Astor Place, Eastern Parkway, Lincoln Center, and Fifth Avenue and Fifty-Third Street. . . . ¶ Another renovation exhibit, this one of projects already under way, of photographs and drawings detailing restoration work planned for three landmark churches in New York City: St. Mark's In-the-Bouwerie (built in 1799), the Church of St. Luke in-the-Fields (1821), and the Church of St. Ann and the Holy Trinity (1847). Both shows through Sept. 25. (Open Saturdays.)

¶ Many galleries are closed in the summer. A number of others mount group shows, sometimes varying the content from week to week. Following is a purely arbitrary list of galleries that are open: **ACA,** 21 E. 67th St. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **ACQUAVELLA,** 18 E. 79th St. . . . **CASTELLI,** 420 West Broadway. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **COOPER,** 155 Wooster St. . . . **DAVIS & LANGDALE,** 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St. (Closes at 4.) . . . **GALERIE ST. ETIENNE,** 25 W. 56th St. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **HOFFMAN,** 429 West Broadway. . . . **JACK,** 138 Prince St. (Open daily; opens Sundays at noon.) . . . **PACE,** 32 E. 57th St. . . . **WEINTRAUB,** 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St. . . . **WITKIN,** 41 E. 57th St. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **ZABRISKIE,** 29 W. 57th St.

PHOTOGRAPHY

ERICH SALOMON (1886-1944) / **BEAUMONT NEWHALL**—Candid prints of statesmen and politicians. Through Sept. 12. / Architectural subjects, landscapes, and portraits of Henri Cartier-Bresson, Ansel Adams, and other photographers by the art historian. Through Sept. 19. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Tuesdays through Fridays, noon to 8; Saturdays and Sundays, noon to 6.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **FLOATING FOUNDATION OF PHOTOGRAPHY,** Pier 40 South, Hudson River at W. Houston St.: Experimental color photography—exhibited in a houseboat resting on a purple barge—by more than thirty artists, including Joseph Zingler, Les Krims, Bea Nettles, John Pfahl, and Via Wynroth. Through Aug. 29. (Thursdays through Sundays, 12:30 to 6.) . . . **FREIDUS,** 158 Lafayette St., near Grand St.: Three prints each by thirty-three Chicago photographers. Through Sept. 24. . . . **WOLF,** 30 W. 57th St.: 20 x 24 Polaroid prints by Sandi Fellman, Luciano Franchi de Alfaro III, John Reuter, Kenda North, and Rena Small. Through Friday, Aug. 27.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Seventeenth-century French art in two different shows: paintings, primarily on loan but offering the museum's "The Fortune Teller," by Georges de la Tour, and including as well ten landscapes by Claude and "The Death of Germanicus," by Poussin; and a complementary display of drawings and prints (all from the museum's collections) by Callot, Le Brun, Claude, and others. Through Sunday, Aug. 22. . . . ¶ A joint exhibit of Rhode Island architectural drawings, 1825-1945, which has been divided chronologically between the Metropolitan and the National Academy of Design (see below). The Metropolitan has the earlier samples (up to 1875) in the survey, a cross-section of American styles in general and in particular of houses and buildings in Newport (Richard Upjohn's formidable 1839 Gothic cottage, Kingscote) and Providence (William Strickland's Atheneum). Through Sept. 15. . . . ¶ About sixty Chinese antiquities: ritual vessels in bronze, terra-cotta tomb figurines, and Buddhist sculptures. Through Sept. 5. . . . ¶ The Costume Institute's tenth annual fashion show, focussing primarily on the eighteenth-century French woman but also encompassing her European and American counterparts. Through Sept. 5. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

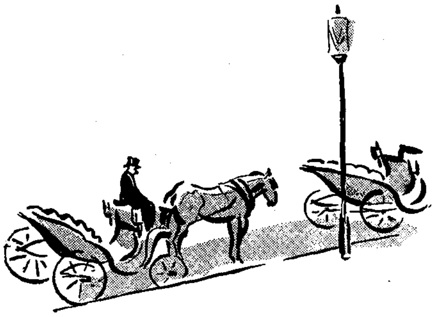
MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 18 W. 54th St.—Richard Neutra's contributions to American residential architecture are documented in an exhibit of photographs, drawings, and two large-scale models (one representing the Lovell house, a 1927 example of the International Style; the other, the 1937 Landfair Apartments in Los Angeles). Through Oct. 12. . . . ¶ "New Work on Paper 2," the second in a series of exhibits of drawings by contemporary artists, contains examples (some of which are executed directly on the wall) by Jonathan Borofsky, Francesco Clemente, Mario Merz, A. R. Penck, and Giuseppe Penone. Through Sept. 21. . . . ¶ A small show of prints (by Larry Rivers, Jasper Johns, Robert Rauschenberg, and others) made at Universal Limited Art Editions. Through Sept. 7. A complementary exhibit of ULAE prints is at Getler-Pall, 50 W. 57th St. (The museum is open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—"The New York School: Four Decades," an exhibition of the museum's paintings and sculptures (supplemented with some loans) by representatives of most of the major developments in art in this country from the forties on. Included are Rothko, Rauschenberg, Martin, Warhol, and Noguchi. Through Aug. 29. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM OF AMERICAN ART, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—A show of paintings, works on paper, and handmade books by California artist Edward Ruscha, who often confines his works to the depiction of a single word ("Vaseline") or phrase ("Listen, I'd Like to Help Out, But,"). Through Sept. 5. A complementary show is at the Jacobson-Hochman Gallery, 24 W. 57th St. . . . ¶ A survey of present-day museum architecture in the United States contains elevations, renderings, photographs, and models for seven projects currently in the works, including the Museum of Modern Art. Through Oct. 10. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—"Black Folk Art in America: 1930-1980," a show of more than three hundred paintings, carvings, ceramics, and other objects. One of the works is Ulysses Davis's series of carved-and-painted mahogany busts of the forty Presidents. Through Sept. 12. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—Three six-foot stone standard-bearers are in attendance at an exhibit of Aztec artifacts that were, like them, discovered four years ago in a subterranean temple in Mexico City. Among the other hundred objects are skulls, knives, seashells, jewelry, ceramics, and carvings. Through Oct. 6. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, 10 to 5:45; Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays, 10 to 9.)



ASIA SOCIETY, 725 Park Ave., at 70th St.—A show of forty-one nineteenth-century Japanese prints portraying foreigners—the work of printmakers whose keyhole impressions of the world outside Japan came from foreign traders and from copies of European prints found in the port cities of Nagasaki and Yokohama. Through Aug. 29. (Open daily except Fridays. Hours: Mondays through Wednesdays, 10 to 5; Thursdays, 10 to 8:30; Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

THE CLOISTERS, Fort Tryon Park—More than a hundred and twenty examples of medieval stained glass and architectural sculptures from France, Spain, Italy, and Britain, selected from the Raymond Pitcairn collection. Through Sept. 15. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, noon to 4:45.)

COOPER-HEWITT MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—A display of European laces dating from the sixteenth century to the twentieth, with additional items chosen to demonstrate how lace patterns have been translated into patterns for wrought-iron gates, embroidery, and contemporary baskets. Through Nov. 7. . . . ¶ Columns (for example, Nelson's in Trafalgar Square) as architectural devices—seen in drawings, prints, and a few photographs—and as ornamental elements on wallpaper, textiles, and furniture. Through Sunday, Aug. 22. . . . ¶ A button exposition—about a thousand functional, decorative buttons in every conceivable (and even inconceivable) material and form, from shell to plastic and from painted scenes to sculptured figures. Through Aug. 29. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

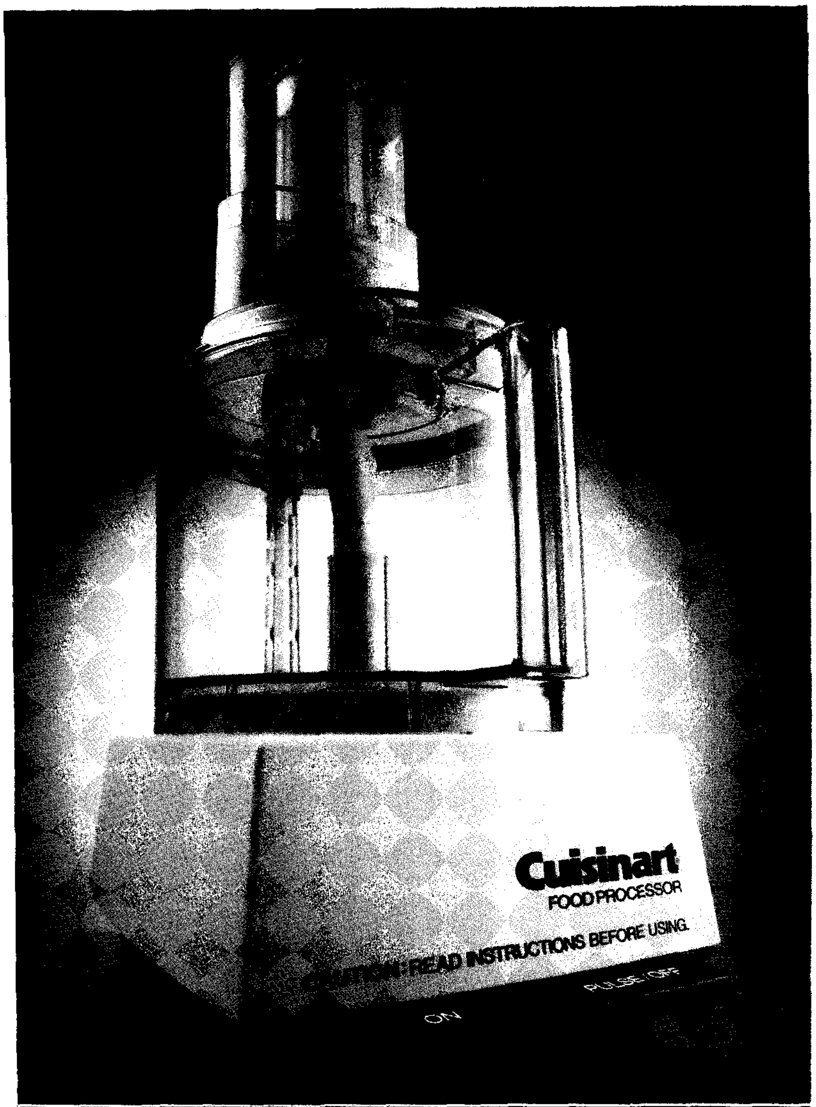
JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—A show of works in various mediums by eighteen artists who have, in the past decade, turned to their Jewish heritage as a source of subject matter. Included are a video tribute to her grandparents by Maxi Cohen; a twenty-five-foot triptych, "Death as an Usher: Germany, 1933," by Jerome Witkin; and a conceptual piece by Komar and Melamid representing their departure from the Soviet Union. Through Sept. 12. (Open daily except Fridays and Saturdays. Hours: Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 8; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

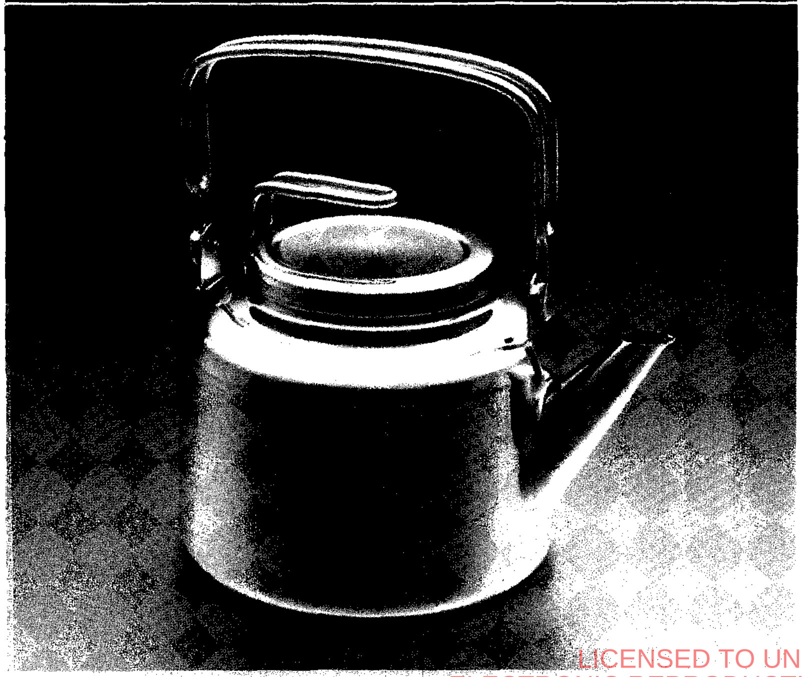
MUSEUM OF AMERICAN FOLK ART, 49 W. 53rd St.—A display of the thirty-three additions to the museum's permanent collection which were once owned by Howard and Jean Lipman, among them an eighteenth-century Queen Anne secretary, a trade sign painted of and for the Oswego Starch Factory, a decorative carving entitled "Man in a Top Hat with a Cane," and miniature mourning pins. Through Sept. 19. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10:30 to 8, with no admission charge after 5:30; Wednesdays through Sundays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—About seventy-five years (1870-1945) of architecture in Rhode Island are seen in a show of architects' sketches, drawings, and renderings. Included are Richard Morris Hunt's drawings for Marble House and the Breakers in the Beaux-Arts classical style and, in the International Style, Richard Neutra's design for Windshield. A joint exhibit with the Metropolitan Museum. Through Sept. 11. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5.)

STUDIO MUSEUM IN HARLEM, 144 W. 125th St.—A show of paintings and drawings by Charles White (1918-79). Through Aug. 29. . . . ¶ An exhibit of James Van DerZee's photographs of Harlem in the twenties and thirties. Through Sept. 1. . . . ¶ A group of sculptures,

FOR ONE MONTH, TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THE BEST OFFER WE HAVE EVER MADE. ON THE BEST FOOD PROCESSOR WE HAVE EVER MADE.





Starting August 23, when you buy a Cuisinart DLC-7 PRO food processor in one of our specially marked cartons,* the carton will contain a certificate for the Cuisinart Commercial stainless steel teakettle (suggested retail price $80). This offer is available at participating dealers for one month or *as long as supplies last.*

THE DLC-7 PRO: A TRULY PROFESSIONAL FOOD PROCESSOR FOR THE HOME COOK.

The "PRO" has a motor so powerful and efficient, it has been listed by Underwriters Laboratories for restaurant use. It can knead batch after batch of bread dough – up to 3½ lbs. each depending on the type of dough – without overheating or stalling. And it has a workbowl so large, it can chop 2 lbs. of meat at one time.

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For some unusual bread recipes that the "PRO" handles effortlessly, as well as more information on our food processors, our cookware and our magazine, "The Pleasures of Cooking," write: Cuisinarts, Inc., 411 (N) W. Putnam Ave., Greenwich, CT 06830.

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East
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Meets
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The new fall color collection from Ultima II

When Kipling said "never the twain shall meet" about East and West, he didn't have Ultima II to reckon with. This collection is Ultima's lyrical translation of the loveliest colors the Orient has to offer.

The copper of chrysanthemums, with a scrim of gold. The blushing pink of the inside of a shell. A deep peony shade. Colors like Imperial Fire, Garnet Moon, Silk Russet.

For your eyes, lips, cheeks and nails.

Starting early Autumn, *East Meets West.*

But only at your Ultima II Counter.

ULTIMA II

© 1982, Charles Revson Inc. Miss Hutton is wearing Imperial Fire Super Luscious Lipstick, Ginger Silk Creamy Powder Blush and Ciara Perfume. Her Kimono is by Siam Originals.

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CHARLES TANQUERAY & Co LTD.
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Why go halfway around the world to find a masterpiece, when you can acquire one right around the corner.
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collages, paintings, and assemblages by nineteenth- and *twentieth-century* black artists whose works reflect religious and cultural myths and rituals. Through Oct. 31. (Open Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

Mostly Mozart Festival—Final performances of a season of orchestral, chamber-music, and recital programs. All programs start at 8, with pre-concert recitals at 7. Wednesday, Aug. 18: Charles Dutoit conducting the Mostly Mozart Festival Orchestra, with Youri Egorov, piano, and Heinz Holliger, oboe. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 19: The Kalichstein-Laredo-Robinson Trio, with Hiroko Yajima, violin, and Michael Tree, viola. . . . ¶ Friday *and Saturday, Aug. 20-21: Charles Dutoit* conducting the orchestra, with Andras Schiff, piano, and Lynn Harrell, cello. . . . ¶ Monday, Aug. 23, and Wednesday, Aug. 25: Pinchas Zukerman conducting the orchestra and acting as violin soloist, with Lilian Kallir, piano, and Erie Mills, soprano. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Aug. 24: A chamber-music program, with Pinchas Zukerman, violin; Michael Tree, viola; Ralph Kirshbaum, cello; Eugenia Zukerman, flute; and Miss Kallir and Marc Neikrug, piano. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 26: Roger Nierenberg directing a performance of Haydn's opera "L'Infedeltà Delusa" *(in English), with* Betsy Norden and Sylvia McNair, sopranos; David Britton and David Gordon, tenors; and Jan Opalach, bass. (No pre-concert recital.) . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Aug. 27-28: Pinchas Zukerman conducting the orchestra and acting as violin soloist, with Cecile Licad, piano, and Cho-Liang Lin, violin. (Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424.)

Chamber Opera Theatre of New York—Francesco Cavalli's "L'Ormindo," conducted by Peyton Hibbitt and staged by Thaddeus Motyka. (Marymount Manhattan Theatre, 221 E. 71st St. *Wednesday, Aug. 18, and Friday,* Aug. 20, at 8; Sunday, Aug. 22, at 3; and Tuesday, Aug. 24; Thursday, Aug. 26; and Saturday, Aug. 28, all at 8. For information about tickets, call 570-1888.)

IN THE COUNTRY

Tanglewood Festival—Final performances of the season—Thursday, Aug. 19, at 8:30: Seiji Ozawa conducting a dress rehearsal of Beethoven's opera "Fidelio" (see Aug. 21) . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 20, at 7: The New Swingle Singers. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 20, at 9: Joseph Silverstein conducting the Boston Symphony in a program of music by Haydn, Prokofieff, Dukas, and Debussy, with Israela Margalit, piano. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 21, at 8:30: Seiji Ozawa conducting a performance of Beethoven's opera "Fidelio," with Hildegard Behrens and Maria Fausta Gallamini, sopranos; James McCracken and Vinson Cole, tenors; Paul Plishka, bass-baritone; Victor von Halam, bass; and the Tanglewood Festival Chorus. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 22, at 2:30: Luciano Berio conducting a Boccherini/Berio-Bach-Berio program, with the New Swingle Singers. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Aug. 24, at 8:30: John Williams conducting the Boston Pops. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 26, at 8:30: John Oliver directing the Tanglewood Festival Chorus in a Dallapiccola-Weill-Stravinsky program. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 27, at 2:30: The annual "Tanglewood-on-Parade" program, including offerings by the student departments of the Berkshire Music Center, as well as a concert (at 9) by the Boston Symphony, the Berkshire Music Center Orchestra, and the Boston University Young Artist Orchestra, conducted variously by Seiji Ozawa, John Williams, and Joseph Silverstein. With Peter Serkin, piano. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 28, at 8:30: Seiji Ozawa conducting the Boston Symphony in a Panufnik-Mozart-Richard Strauss program, with Ken Noda, piano. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 29, at 2:30: Seiji Ozawa conducting a Wagner-Beethoven program, with Hildegard Behrens, soprano; Mr. Serkin; and the Tanglewood Festival Chorus. (Lenox, Mass. For information about tickets, call 977-9020, in New York.)

Caramoor Festival—Final performances of the season—Saturday, Aug. 21, at 8:30: The Beaux Arts Trio. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 22, at 5:30: The Canadian Brass in a chamber-music program. (Katonah, N.Y. For information *about tickets, call 1-914 232-4206.)*

Saratoga Performing Arts Center—Wednesday, Aug. 18, at 7: The Allman Brothers Band and the Atlanta Rhythm Section. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 20, at 7: Rick Springfield. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 21, at 7: Arlo Guthrie and Pete Seeger. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 22, at 8:15: Andy Williams. . . . ¶ Monday, Aug. 23, at 7: The Talking Heads. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Aug. 24, at 7: Jefferson Starship. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Aug. 25, at 7: The J. Geils Band. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 26, at 7: Genesis. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 27, at 7: Charlie Daniels Band. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 29, at 7: Emmylou Harris and McGuffey Lane. (Saratoga Springs. Through Thursday, Sept. 2. For information about tickets, call 977-9020, in New York.)

Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival—Programs of ballet and modern and ethnic dancing. Through Saturday, Aug. 21: The Metropolitan Opera Ballet. . . . ¶ Tuesday through Saturday, Aug. 24-28: The Clive Thompson Dance Company. (Lee, Mass. Tuesdays at 7:30, and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2. For information about tickets, call 1-413 243-0745.)

SPORTS

Baseball—**YANKEES** at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Kansas City, Wednesday, Aug. 18, at 8. . . . ¶ Toronto, Friday and Saturday, Aug. 20-21, at 8; Sunday, Aug. 22, at 2; and Monday, Aug. 23, at 8. . . . ¶ Minnesota, Tuesday through Thursday, Aug. 24-26, at 8. . . . **METS** at Shea Stadium: Vs. Atlanta, Friday, Aug. 27, at 8:05, and Saturday, Aug. 28, at 7:35.

Professional Football—Exhibition games—At Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands: Giants vs. Pittsburgh Steelers, Saturday, Aug. 21, at 8. . . . ¶ Giants vs. Jets, Saturday, Aug. 28, at 8.

Racing—At **SARATOGA:** Daily at 1:30; through Monday, Aug. 30. The Diana Handicap, Thursday, Aug. 19; the Travers, Saturday, Aug. 21; the Forego Handicap, Sunday, Aug. 22; and the Hopeful, Saturday, Aug. 28. . . . **MONMOUTH PARK,** Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, Sept. 4. The Monmouth Handicap, Saturday, Aug. 21, and the Choice Handicap, Saturday, Aug. 28. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track Saturdays at 11:20.) . . . **ATLANTIC CITY,** Mays Landing, N.J.: Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7:30; through Saturday, Sept. 4.

Soccer—Cosmos vs. Tulsa. (Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands. Wednesday, Aug. 18, at 8. For information about tickets, call 265-8600.)

Tennis—AMF Head Cup U.S.A.: Guillermo Vilas, Wojtek Fibak, Tim Gullikson, Tom Gullikson, Mats Wilander, and others. (Heritage Hills of Westchester, Somers, N.Y. Wednesday, Aug. 25, at 1; Thursday, Aug. 26, at 4; Friday, Aug. 27, at 7:30; final singles match Saturday, Aug. 28, at 1; and final doubles match Sunday, Aug. 29, at 1. For information about tickets, call 741-2323.)

Trotting—At **ROOSEVELT RACEWAY,** Westbury: Nightly at 8; through Saturday, Nov. 6. . . . **SARATOGA RACEWAY,** Saratoga Springs: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Nov. 20.

Yachting—Manhasset Bay Yacht Club Race Week. (Port Washington. Wednesday through Sunday, Aug. 25-29.)

ET ALIA

Intrepid Sea-Air-Space Museum—The Second World War aircraft carrier Intrepid is now permanently berthed in Manhattan and has opened to the public the hangar and flight decks, as well as parts of the island superstructure. Among the exhibits are a collection of historical aircraft; a technological display of man's future in sea, air, and space; and a review of the Intrepid's thirty-eight-year history. (Pier 86, Twelfth Ave. at 46th St. 245-0072. Daily, 10 to 8.)

THE GREAT OUTDOORS

New York Shakespeare Festival—Free performances of **A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.** A merry, summery production in Heidi Landesman's delightful setting, with Allen Shawn's enchanting score. Among the good actors are William Hurt (Oberon), Michele Shay (Titania), and Jeffrey DeMunn (Bottom). James Lapine *directed. (Delacorte Theatre, Central* Park near W. 81st St. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Closes Sunday, Sept. 5. For information about tickets, call 598-7100.)

South Street Seaport Museum—Musical *offerings* on Pier 16, East River at Fulton St. **JAZZ/FOLK/BLUES:** Benefit concerts—Wednesday, Aug. 18, at 8, the Dave Brubeck quartet and Herbie Mann & the Family of Mann. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 20, at 8, Ornette Coleman & Prime Time and the Johnny Copeland Blues Band. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Aug. 25, at 8, Noel Pointer. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 27, at 8, Odetta and Dr. John. (For tickets, call 766-9066.) . . . **BLUEGRASS:** Thursday, Aug. 19, at 8, the Johnson Mountain Boys. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 26, at 8, the Hotfoot Quintet. (For information about tickets, call 687-9000.)

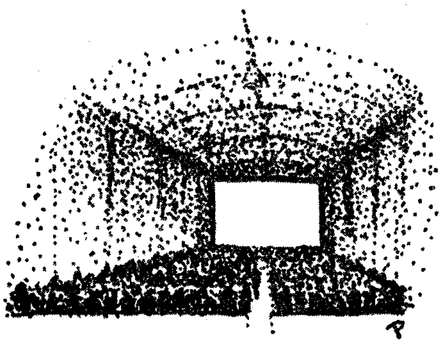
Music Festival on the Pier—Final performances of the Dr Pepper wingding. Friday, Aug. 20, at 8: Iggy Pop. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 21, at 8: The Waitresses. . . . ¶ Monday and Tuesday, Aug. 23-24, at 7:30: Charlie Daniels Band, the Gregg Allman Band, and Henry Gross. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 26, at 8: Cheap Trick and Axe. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Aug. 27-28, at 8: Joe Jackson and Marshall Crenshaw. (Pier 84, Twelfth Ave. at 45th St. For tickets, call 977-9020.)

Lincoln Center Out-of-Doors—A three-week festival of dance, chamber music, country music, jazz, and street theatre. **DAMROSCH PARK:** Wednesday, Aug. 18, the Ralph Dorsey quartet with Tina Fabrik at 12:15 and the Joffrey II Dancers at 8:15. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 19, the New York Renaissance Band at 6. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 21, the New York Pantomime Theatre at 8:15. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 22, the Dayton Contemporary Dance Company at 8:15. . . . ¶ Monday, Aug. 23, "1000 Years of Jazz: A Tap Dance Festival" at 8:15. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Aug. 24, Vanaver Caravan at 5 and "1000 Years of Jazz: A Tap Dance Festival" at 8:15. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Aug. 25, "1000 Years of Jazz: A Tap Dance Festival" at 8:15. . . . **LINCOLN CENTER PLAZA:** Wednesday, Aug. 18, the Hummingbird Dance Theatre at 5. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 19, the Floating Hospital Children's Theatre at 11 and the Kathryn Posin Dance Company at 5. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 20, the Puerto Rican Traveling Theatre at 5. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 21, the Studebaker Mime Company at 2:30, Mimex with Billy Banner, and Realism at 4, and Graciela at 6. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 22, Terrill Maguire and Dancers at 2:30 and Interplay *(an improvisational theatre group)* at 5. . . . ¶ Monday, Aug. 23, the Off Center Theatre Company production of "Cinderella" (for children) at 11 and Marta Renzi and Dancers at 5. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Aug. 24, the Sharon Freeman quartet at 12:15. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Aug. 25, Danza Folklorique del Estado de Morelos at 5. (Through Sunday, Aug. 29. For daily detailed information, call 877-2011.)

Jones Beach Theatre—A revival of the musical **WEST SIDE STORY,** with Barry Williams, Christine Andreas, and Loida Santos. (Nightly at 8:30. Closes Sunday, Aug. 22. For tickets, call 1-516 221-1000.)

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES



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FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 17.

EAST SIDE

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)
Through Aug. 22: "Under the Flag of the Rising Sun" (1972; directed by Kinji Fukasaku; in Japanese).
From Aug. 24: "I Am a Cat" (1975; Kon Ichikawa; in Japanese), with Tatsuya Nakadai.

R.K.O. Century Art, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)
Through Aug. 26: "A Midsummer Night's Sex Comedy" (†).
From Aug. 27: To be announced.

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through Aug. 19: "Poltergeist" (†); and "Neighbors" (John G. Avildsen), with John Belushi and Dan Aykroyd.
Aug. 20-26: "Poltergeist" (†) and "True Confessions" (†).
From Aug. 27: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
Through Aug. 19: "The Secret of NIMH" (Don Bluth), an animated film.
From Aug. 20: "Class of 1984" (Mark Lester), with Perry King.

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"E.T. The Extra-Terrestrial" (†).

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"The World According to Garp" (†).

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: Through Aug. 19: "Night Shift" (Ron Howard), with Henry Winkler. From Aug. 20: "The Road Warrior" (George Miller; an Australian film), with Mel Gibson.
Theatre 2: Through Aug. 19: "The Sword and the Sorcerer" (Albert Pyun), with Lee Horsley. From Aug. 20: "Summer Lovers" (Randal Kleiser), with Peter Gallagher.
Theatre 3: "Star Wars" (†).

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"An Officer and a Gentleman" (†).

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
Through Aug. 19: "La Cage aux Folles" (†).
From Aug. 20: "Bob le Flambeur" (Jean-Pierre Melville; in French), with Isabel Corey and Roger Duchesne.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
"The World According to Garp" (†).

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
Through Aug. 19: "Young Doctors in Love" (Garry Marshall), with Michael McKean and Sean Young.
From Aug. 20: "Six Pack" (Daniel Petrie), with Kenny Rogers.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"Diva" (†).

Manhattan 1 and 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: "The Chosen" (Jeremy Paul Kagan), with Maximilian Schell and Rod Steiger.
Theatre 2: Through Aug. 26: "Poltergeist" (†). From Aug. 27: "Barbarosa" (†).

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: Through Aug. 19: "The Pirate Movie" (Ken Annakin), with Kristy McNichol and Christopher Atkins. From Aug. 20: "A Midsummer Night's Sex Comedy" (†).
Theatre 2: "An Officer and a Gentleman" (†).

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
Aug. 18: "Don's Party" (Bruce Beresford; an Australian film), with John Hargreaves.
From Aug. 19: "Last Tango in Paris" (†).

Cinema I and II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)
Theatre 1: "Piaf—The Early Years" (1974; Guy Casaril; in French), with Brigitte Ariel.
Theatre 2: Through Aug. 26: "Barbarosa" (†). From Aug. 27: "Le Beau Mariage" (Eric Rohmer; in French), with Béatrice Romand and Arielle Dombasle.

Gemini 1 and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: "Star Wars" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Aug. 19: "Things Are Tough All Over" (Tom Avildsen), with Cheech Marin and Thomas Chong. From Aug. 20: "Class of 1984" (Mark Lester), with Perry King.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
Through Aug. 19: "A Midsummer Night's Sex Comedy" (†).
From Aug. 20: "The Road Warrior" (George Miller; an Australian film), with Mel Gibson.

Loews New York Twin 1 and 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: Through Aug. 19: "The Sword and the Sorcerer" (Albert Pyun), with Lee Horsley. From Aug. 20: "Summer Lovers" (Randal Kleiser), with Peter Gallagher.
Theatre 2: "E.T. The Extra-Terrestrial" (†).

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"The Nest" (Jaime de Arminan; in Spanish), with Hector Alterio and Ana Torrent.

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Tempest" (Paul Mazursky), with John Cassavetes and Gena Rowlands.

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304; Mondays through Thursdays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through Aug. 19: "Rocky III" (†).
From Aug. 20: To be announced.

U. A. 85th St. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through Aug. 19: "Rocky III" (†).
From Aug. 20: "Class of 1984" (Mark Lester), with Perry King.

Loews Orpheum 1 and 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Theatre 1: "Star Wars" (†).
Theatre 2: "Friday the 13th, Part 3" (Steve Miner). In 3-D.

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Through Aug. 19: "The Sword and the Sorcerer" (Albert Pyun), with Lee Horsley.
From Aug. 20: "The Beastmaster" (Don Coscarelli), with Marc Singer.

R.K.O. Century 86th St. Twin, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: Through Aug. 19: "Night Shift" (Ron Howard), with Henry Winkler. Aug. 20-26: "The Road Warrior" (George Miller; an Australian film), with Mel Gibson. From Aug. 27: To be announced.
Theatre 2: Through Aug. 26: "Things Are Tough All Over" (Tom Avildsen), with Cheech Marin and Thomas Chong. From Aug. 27: To be announced.

WEST SIDE

Film Forum 1 and 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Theatre 1: Through Aug. 24: "Dress Rehearsal" (1981; directed by Werner Schroeter; in French), with Pat Olesko. From Aug. 25: "The Judge and the Assassin" (1975; Bertrand Tavernier; in French), with Philippe Noiret, Michel Galabru, and Isabelle Huppert.
Theatre 2: Aug. 18: "The Misfits" (1961; John Huston), with Clark Gable, Marilyn Monroe, and Montgomery Clift; and "Midnight Cowboy" (1969; John Schlesinger), with Dustin Hoffman and John Voight. Aug. 19-21: "A Day at the Races" (1937; Sam Wood) and "A Night at the Opera" (1935; Sam Wood), both with the Marx Brothers. Aug. 22-23: "The Adventures of Robin Hood" (†); and "Captain Blood" (1935; Michael Curtiz), with Errol Flynn, Olivia de Havilland, and Basil Rathbone. Aug. 24-25: "Now, Voyager" (†) and "Mildred Pierce" (†). Aug. 26-28: "Blow-Up" (†) and "The Passenger" (†).

Waverly 1 and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: "Tron" (Steven Lisberger), with Jeff Bridges and David Warner.
Theatre 2: "Diner" (†).

Greenwich Playhouse 1 and 2, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: Through Aug. 26: "The Chosen" (Jeremy Paul Kagan), with Maximilian Schell and Rod Steiger. From Aug. 27: To be announced.
Theatre 2: Through Aug. 26: "Raiders of the Lost Ark" (†). From Aug. 27: To be announced.

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: Through Aug. 19: "The Sword and the Sorcerer" (Alan Pyun), with Lee Horsley. From Aug. 20: "La Vie Continue" (Moshe Mizrahi; in French), with Annie Girardot and Jean-Pierre Cassel.
Theatre 2: Through Aug. 19: "La Cage aux Folles" (†). From Aug. 20: "Don's Party" (Bruce Beresford; an Australian film), with John Hargreaves.
Theatre 3: "Ciao! Manhattan" (1973; John Palmer and David Weisman).
Theatre 4: "Bob le Flambeur" (1955; Jean-Pierre Melville; in French), with Isabel Corey and Roger Duchesne.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"Annie" (†).

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Pink Floyd, The Wall" (Alan Parker).

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
"Diner" (†).

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
Through Aug. 19: "Not a Love Story" (Bonnie Sherr Klein; a Canadian film).
From Aug. 20: "La Vie Continue" (Moshe Mizrahi; in French), with Annie Girardot and Jean-Pierre Cassel.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
Through Aug. 19: "La Vie Continue" (Moshe Mizrahi; in French), with Annie Girardot and Jean-Pierre Cassel.
From Aug. 20: "Birgitt Haas Must Be Killed" (Laurent Heynemann; in French and German), with Philippe Noiret and Jean Rochefort.

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"Mephisto" (†).

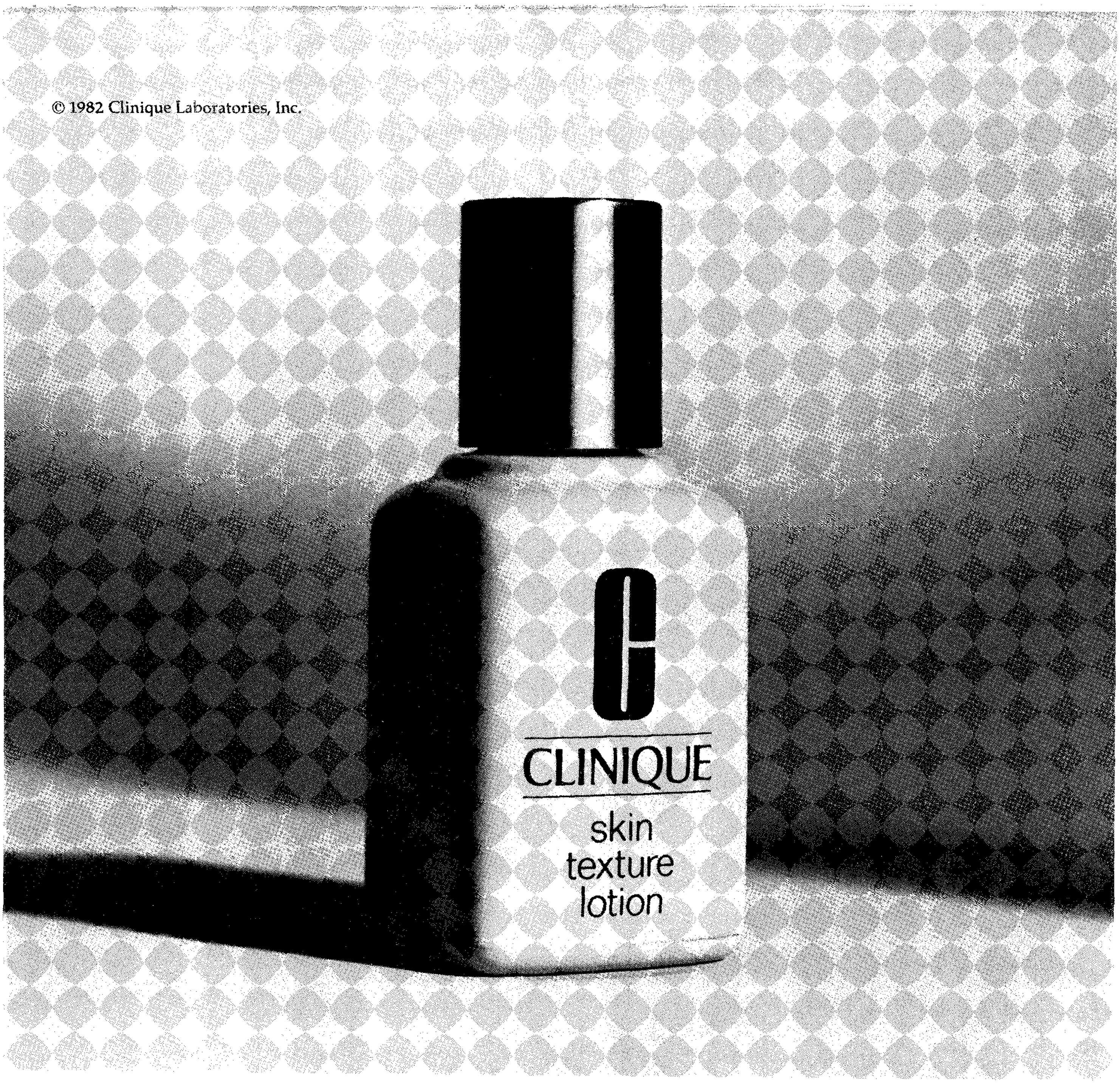
Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Annie" (†).

Lincoln Plaza 1, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "Lola" (Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German).
Theatre 2: "My Dinner with André" (†).
Theatre 3: "Gregory's Girl" (Bill Forsyth), with Gordon John Sinclair.

Cinema Studio 1 and 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Theatre 1: "A Midsummer Night's Sex Comedy" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Aug. 24: "Chan Is Missing" (Wayne Wang), with Wood May. From Aug. 25: "Le Beau Mariage" (Eric Rohmer; in French), with Béatrice Romand and Arielle Dombasle.

Embassy 72nd St. 1 and 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Theatre 1: "Chilly Scenes of Winter" ("Head Over Heels;" 1979; Joan Micklin Silver), with John Heard and Mary Beth Hurt.
Theatre 2: "Demon Pond" (Masahiro Shinoda; in Japanese), with Tamasaburo Bando.

Loews 83rd Quad, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: Through Aug. 26: "The World According to Garp" (†). From Aug. 27: To be announced.
Theatre 2: Through Aug. 19: "The Sword and the Sorcerer" (Albert Pyun), with Lee Horsley. From Aug. 20: "The Road War-



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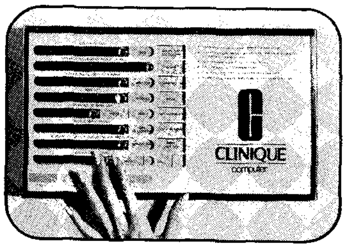

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rior" (George Miller; an Australian film), with Mel Gibson.

Theatre 3: Through Aug. 26: "The Best Little Whorehouse in Texas" (†). From Aug. 27: To be announced.

Theatre 4: Through Aug. 26: "Star Wars" (†) From Aug. 27: To be announced.

New Yorker I and 2, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)

Theatre 1: "Diner" (†).

Theatre 2: "Tron" (Steven Lisberger), with Jeff Bridges and David Warner.

Olympia Quad, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)

Theatre 1: Through Aug. 19: "Reds" (Warren Beatty), with Beatty, Diane Keaton, and Jack Nicholson. Aug. 20-22: "Tess" (1980; Roman Polanski), with Nastassia Kinski, Peter Firth, and Leigh Lawson. Aug. 23-24: "Doctor Zhivago" (†). Aug. 25-26: "Close Encounters of the Third Kind" (†). From Aug. 27: "Young Doctors in Love" (Garry Marshall), with Michael McKean and Sean Young; and "History of the World—Part I" (†).

Theatre 2: Through Aug. 19: "The Sword and the Sorcerer" (Alan Pyun), with Lee Horsley. From Aug. 20: "Class of 1984" (Mark Lester), with Perry King.

Theatre 3: Through Aug. 26: "Poltergeist" (†); and "Eye of the Needle" (1981; Richard Marquand), with Donald Sutherland and Kate Nelligan. From Aug. 27: "Beau Père" (Bertrand Blier; in French) with Patrick Dewaere and Ariel Besse; and "Get Out Your Handkerchiefs" (†).

Theatre 4: Through Aug. 19: "La Cage aux Folles" (†). From Aug. 20: "The Beastmaster" (Don Coscarelli), with Marc Singer.

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Theatres, B'way at 44th. (582-1795)

Theatre 1: Through Aug. 19: "Firefox" (directed by Clint Eastwood), with Eastwood. From Aug. 20: "Six Pack" (Daniel Petrie), with Kenny Rogers.

Theatre 2: "The World According to Garp" (†).

Theatre 3: "The Thing" (John Carpenter), with Kurt Russell.

Theatre 4: Through Aug. 19: "Blade Runner" (†). From Aug. 20: "Night Shift" (Ron Howard), with Henry Winkler.

Theatre 5: "Rocky III" (†).

Theatre 6: "Porky's" (Bob Clark), with Dan Monahan and Mark Herrier.

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)

"Raiders of the Lost Ark" (†).

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)

Theatre 2: "Tron" (Steven Lisberger), with Jeff Bridges and David Warner.

Theatre 3: "Poltergeist" (†).

Theatre 4: Through Aug. 19: "Star Trek II: The Wrath of Khan" (†). From Aug. 20: To be announced.

Loews Astor Plaza, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)

"An Officer and a Gentleman" (†).

Loews State I and 2, B'way at 45th. (582-5060)

Theatre 1: Through Aug. 26: "Things Are Tough All Over" (Tom Avildsen), with Cheech Marin and Thomas Chong. From Aug. 27: To be announced.

Theatre 2: Through Aug. 26: "Friday the 13th, Part 3" (Steve Miner). In 3-D. From Aug. 27: To be announced.

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Movieland, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)

"E.T. The Extra-Terrestrial" (†).

New Embassy 49th Street, Seventh Ave. at 49th. (757-7003)

To be announced.

Rivoli I and 2, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)

Theatre 1: Through Aug. 19: "The Best Little Whorehouse in Texas" (†). From Aug. 20: "Class of 1984" (Mark Lester), with Perry King.

Theatre 2: "The Secret of NIMH" (Don Bluth), an animated film.

R.K.O. Century Cinerama Twin, B'way at 47th. (975-8366/8369)

Theatre 1: Through Aug. 26: "The Sword and the Sorcerer" (Albert Pyun), with Lee Horsley. From Aug. 27: To be announced.

Theatre 2: Through Aug. 19: "Night Shift" (Ron Howard), with Henry Winkler. Aug. 20-26: "The Road Warrior" (George Miller, an Australian film), with Mel Gibson. From Aug. 27: To be announced.

R.K.O. Century National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)

Theatre 1: "Star Wars" (†).

Theatre 2: Through Aug. 19: "Young Doctors in Love" (Garry Marshall), with Michael McKean and Sean Young. Aug. 20-26: "The Beastmaster" (Don Coscarelli), with Marc Singer. From Aug. 27: To be announced.

REVIVAL HOUSES

Agee Room, 144 Bleecker St. (473-8306; theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

"Taxi Zum Klo" (1981; directed by Frank Ripploh; in German).

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)

Aug. 18: "Breaker Morant" (1980; Bruce Beresford; an Australian film), with Edward Woodward.

Aug. 19: "Picnic at Hanging Rock" (1975; Peter Weir; an Australian film), with Rachel Roberts and Dominic Guard; and "The Plumber" (1978; Peter Weir; an Australian film).

Aug. 20: "Monty Python Meets Beyond the Fringe" (1979; Roger Graef); and "The Ruling Class" (1972; Peter Medak), with Peter O'Toole and Arthur Lowe.

Aug. 21: "The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie" (1972; Luis Buñuel; in French), with Fernando Rey, Stéphane Audran, and Delphine Seyrig; and "That Obscure Object of Desire" (1977; Luis Buñuel; in French), with Fernando Rey, Carole Bouquet, and Angela Molina.

Aug. 22: "Saló, 120 Days of Sodom" (1977; Pier Paolo Pasolini; in Italian).

Aug. 23: "Lenny Bruce Without Tears" (1972); and "The Lenny Bruce Performance Film" (1974).

Aug. 24: "Musashi and Kojiro: Eve of the Showdown" (1959; Tatsuo Ohsone; in Japanese), with Miki Mori; and "Tange Sazen" (1963; Seiichiro Uchikawa; in Japanese), with Tetsuro Tamba.

Aug. 25: "Walkabout" (1971; Nicolas Roeg; an Australian film); and "The Devil's Playground" (1976; Fred Schepisi; an Australian film), with Arthur Dignam and Nick Tate.

Aug. 26: "The Last Wave" (1978; Peter Weir; an Australian film), with Richard Chamberlain, Gulpilil, Nandjiwarra Amagula, and Olivia Hamnett; and "The Cars That Ate People" (1974; Peter Weir; an Australian film).

Aug. 27-28: "Tommy" (1975; Ken Russell), with Ann-Margret, Oliver Reed, and Roger Daltrey; and "The Kids Are Alright" (1979; Jeff Stein), with The Who.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)

Aug. 18: "Tales from the Vienna Woods" (1981; Maximilian Schell; in German); and "The Willi Busch Report" (1981; Niklaus Schilling; in German).

Aug. 19: "The Man Who Fell to Earth" (1976; Nicolas Roeg), with David Bowie, Rip Torn, Candy Clark, and Buck Henry.

Aug. 20-21: "Monty Python and the Holy Grail" (1975; Terry Gilliam and Terry Jones), with Graham Chapman; and "Jabberwocky" (1977; Terry Gilliam), with Michael Palin.

Aug. 22-23: "Providence" (†) and "Morgan!" (†).

Aug. 24: "A Special Day" (1977; Ettore Scola; in Italian), with Sophia Loren and Marcello Mastroianni; and "The Garden of the Finzi-Continis" (†).

Aug. 25: "State of Siege" (1973; Costa-Gavras; in French), with Yves Montand; and "Coup de Grâce" (†).

Aug. 26: "Z" (1969; Costa-Gavras; in French), with Yves Montand, Jean-Louis Trintignant, and Irene Papas; and "Man on the Roof" (1977; Bo Widerberg; in Swedish), with Carl-Gustaf Lindstedt.

Aug. 27-28: "Mississippi Mermaid" (†) and "The Bride Wore Black" (†).

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)

Through Aug. 19: Two programs from the New York Erotic Film Festival.

Aug. 20-21: "Romeo and Juliet" (1968; Franco Zeffirelli), with Leonard Whiting and Olivia Hussey; and "Brother Sun, Sister Moon" (1973; Franco Zeffirelli), with Graham Faulkner as Francis of Assisi.

Aug. 22-24: "Raging Bull" (1980; Martin Scorsese), with Robert De Niro, Cathy Moriarty, and Joe Pesci; and "Mean Streets" (1973; Martin Scorsese), with Robert De Niro and Harvey Keitel.

Aug. 25-26: "Shoot the Moon" (1982; Alan Parker), with Diane Keaton and Albert Finney; and "The French Lieutenant's Woman" (1981; Karel Reisz), with Meryl Streep and Jeremy Irons.

Aug. 27-28: "Health" (1980; Robert Altman), with Carol Burnett, Glenda Jackson, Lauren Bacall, and James Garner.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

Through Aug. 19: "The Grateful Dead" (1977), a filmed concert; and "Monterey Pop" (1969; Donn Pennebaker), a documentary on the 1967 Monterey International Pop Festival.

From Aug. 20: "The Road Warrior" (George Miller; an Australian film), with Mel Gibson.

Hollywood Twin Cinema 1, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)

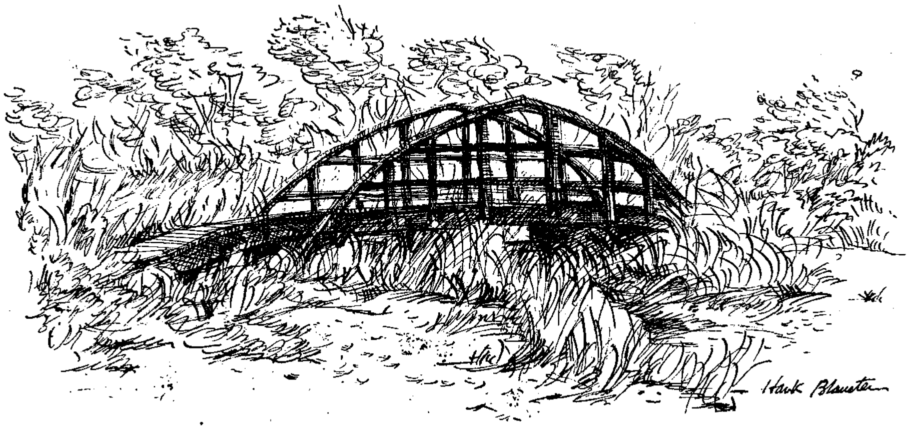
Through Aug. 21: "Popeye" (1980; Robert Altman), with Robin Williams, Shelley Duvall, and Ray Walston; and "Li'l Abner" (1959; Melvin Frank), with Peter Palmer, Leslie Parrish, and Stubby Kaye.

Aug. 22-24: "The Kid" (1921; Charlie Chaplin; a silent film), with Chaplin and Jackie Coogan; and "Limelight" (†).

Aug. 25-28: "Fortune and Men's Eyes" (1971; Harvey Hart), with Wendell Burton and Michael Greer; and "Midnight Express" (1978; Alan Parker), with Brad Davis, Randy Quaid, John Hurt, and Mike Kellin.

Hollywood Twin Cinema 2, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)

Through Aug. 21: "Hercules" (1959; Gene



Fowler) and "Hercules Unchained" (1960; Pietro Francisci), both films with Steve Reeves and Sylva Koscina.

Aug. 22-24: "War of the Worlds" (1953; Byron Haskin), with Gene Barry; and "Barbarella" (1968; Roger Vadim), with Jane Fonda, John Phillip Law, and David Hemmings.

Aug. 25-28: "Goldfinger" (1964; Guy Hamilton) and "Thunderball" (1965; Terence Young), both with Sean Connery as James Bond.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

Aug. 18: "The Lords of Flatbush" (1974; Stephen F. Verona and Martin Davidson), with Sylvester Stallone, Perry King, Henry Winkler and Susan Blakely; and "Saturday Night Fever" (1977; John Badham), with John Travolta and Karen Lynn Gorney.

Aug. 19-21: "Babes on Broadway" (1941; Busby Berkeley), with Judy Garland, Mickey Rooney, Richard Quine, and Ray McDonald; and "Easter Parade" (1948; Charles Walters), with Fred Astaire, Judy Garland, and Peter Lawford.

Aug. 22: "The Godfather" (1972; Francis Ford Coppola), with Marlon Brando and Al Pacino.

Aug. 23: "The Godfather, Part II" (1974; Francis Ford Coppola), with Al Pacino, Robert Duvall, Diane Keaton, and Robert De Niro.

Aug. 24-25: "An Unmarried Woman" (†); and "Kramer vs. Kramer" (1979; Robert Benton), with Dustin Hoffman, Meryl Streep, and Jane Alexander.

Aug. 26-28: "The Apartment" (1960; Billy Wilder), with Jack Lemmon, Shirley MacLaine, and Fred MacMurray; and "Sweet Smell of Success" (†).

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

Aug. 18: "The Valley of Gwangi" (1969; James O'Connolly), with James Franciscus, Gila Golan, and Richard Carlson; and "The Beast from 20,000 Fathoms" (1953; Eugene Lourie), with Paula Raymond and Paul Christian.

Aug. 19: "Trapped, The Crimson Bat" (1969; Teiji Matsuda; in Japanese), with Yoko Matsuyama; and "Tange Sazen" (1963; Seiichiro Uchikawa; in Japanese), with Tetsuro Tamba.

Aug. 20-21: "Breaker Morant" (1980; Bruce Beresford; an Australian film), with Edward Woodward; and "Caddie" (1976; Donald Crombie; an Australian film), with Helen Morse.

Aug. 22: "Sons and Lovers" (†) and "The Virgin and the Gypsy" (†).

Aug. 23: "The Last Picture Show" (1971; Peter Bogdanovich), with Timothy Bottoms, Jeff Bridges, Cybill Shepherd, and Ben Johnson; and "The King of Marvin Gardens" (†).

Aug. 24: A program of cartoons.

Aug. 25: "Dead Ringer" (1964; Paul Henreid), with Bette Davis, Karl Malden, and Peter Lawford; and "Strait-Jacket" (1964; William Castle), with Joan Crawford, Diane Baker, and Leif Erickson.

Aug. 26: "Bandit vs. Samurai Squad" (1978; Hideo Gosha; in Japanese), with Tatsuya Nakadai and Shima Iwashita.

Aug. 27-28: "Pixote" (†); and "Bye Bye Brazil" (1980; Carlos Diegues; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese), with Betty Faria and Jose Wilker.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Aug. 18: "On the Waterfront" (1954; Elia Kazan), with Marlon Brando, Lee J. Cobb, Eva Marie Saint, Karl Malden, and Rod Steiger; and "The Wild One" (1954; Laslo Benedek), with Marlon Brando, Mary Murphy, and Lee Marvin.

Aug. 19: "Belle of the Nineties" (1934; Leo McCarey), with Mae West; and "Klondike Annie" (1936; Raoul Walsh), with Mae West and Victor McLaglen.

Aug. 20-21: "Charlie Chan on Broadway" (1937; Eugene Forde), with Warner Oland as Chan; and "Murder Over New York" (1940; Harry Lachman), with Sidney Toler as Charlie Chan.

Aug. 22: "The Wizard of Oz" (1939; Victor Fleming), with Judy Garland, Bert Lahr, Frank Morgan, Ray Bolger, and Jack Haley; and "Singin' in the Rain" (1952; Gene Kelly and Stanley Donen), with Kelly, Debbie Reynolds, Donald O'Connor, and Jean Hagen.

Aug. 23: "La Bête Humaine" (†) and "La Grande Illusion" (†).

Aug. 24: "Design for Living" (1933; Ernst Lubitsch), with Fredric March, Miriam Hopkins, and Gary Cooper; and "Bluebeard's Eighth Wife" (1938; Ernst Lubitsch), with Claudette Colbert, Gary Cooper, David Niven, and Herman Bing.

Aug. 25: "International House" (1933; Eddie Sutherland), with W. C. Fields; and "We're Not Dressing" (1934; Norman Taurog), with Bing Crosby, Ethel Merman, Carole Lombard, and Burns and Allen.

Aug. 26: "I Want to Live!" (†) and "I'll Cry Tomorrow" (†).

Aug. 27-28: "Death on the Nile" (1978; John Guillermin), with Peter Ustinov as Agatha Christie's Hercule Poirot; and "Murder on the Orient Express" (1974; Sidney Lumet), with Albert Finney as Poirot.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

The Adventures of Robin Hood (1938)—One of the most popular of all adventure films—stirring for children and intensely nostalgic for adults. As Robin, Errol Flynn slings a deer across his shoulders with exuberant aplomb; he achieves a mixture of daring and self-mockery, like that of Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., in the twenties. The film gives the legend a light, satirical edge: everyone is a bit too much of what he is. (The archetypal roles that the actors played here clung to their later performances.) With improbably pretty Olivia de Havilland as Maid Marian, Alan Hale as Little John, Ian Hunter as Richard the Lion-Hearted, Basil Rathbone and Claude Rains as the villains, and Herbert Mundin, Patric Knowles, Melville Cooper, Una O'Connor, Montague Love, and Robert Warwick. The story is clear, the color ravishing, the acting simple and crude. The marvellous score was done by Erich Wolfgang Korngold; the script is by Norman Reilly Raine and Seton I. Miller; the rousing, buoyant direction is credited to Michael Curtiz and William Keighley, the former having replaced the latter. (Film Forum; Aug. 22-23.)

Annie—As the head of the orphanage where Annie lives till the age of ten, Carol Burnett is gloriously macabre. But the rest of this big movie (which is set in 1933) has the feel of a manufactured romp. Annie (Aileen Quinn) and the other little orphans seem to have been trained by Ethel Merman; they belt in unison. Children from about four to about eleven will probably enjoy the picture—how often do they get to see a musical that features a little girl conquering all? Produced by Ray Stark and directed by John Huston. As Daddy Warbucks, Albert Finney gives a smooth, amused performance. With Ann Reinking as Warbucks' secretary, Tim Curry as Rooster, Geoffrey Holder as Punjab, Bernadette Peters as Lily, Edward Herrmann as F.D.R., and the little scene-stealer Toni Ann Gisondi as Molly. Script by Carol Sobieski; music by Charles Strouse; lyrics by Martin Charnin; choreography by Arlene Phillips; and musical sequences by Joe Layton. (Reviewed in our issue of 5/31/82.) (Guild, and Loews Paramount.)

Barbarosa—The most spirited and satisfying new Western epic in several years—it may seem a little loose at first, but it gets better and better as it goes along and you get the fresh, crazy hang of it. Directed by the Australian Fred Schepisi, from a script by the Texas-born William D. Wittliff, it has some of the psychedelic ambience of Sergio Leone spaghetti Westerns—the West seen in a fever. Willie Nelson has a great screen presence; he has an aura—his scruffiness is part of his grace. As the legendary outlaw Barbarosa, a desert rat mythologized by those who grow up fearing him, he's like the dragon in the fairy tale who threatens the community (and keeps it strong). The period is the eighteen-eighties and the film was shot along the Rio Grande, in an area of extremes that's either Texas mountains or mustard-colored mesa and desert. Gary Busey plays a lumpy, raw farm boy who gets in trouble with his in-laws and has to run off to hide; he joins up with Barbarosa, and without intending to becomes an apprentice desperado. Busey is a magical shambles; as the farm boy he's an outlaw-galoot—Mark Twain might have dreamt him up. Working with the cinematographer Ian Baker and the composer Bruce Smeaton, Schepisi shows the fullness of his approach to moviemaking; Willie Nelson doesn't need to sing here—the whole picture is a ballad. With Gilbert Roland, Howland Chamberlin, Isela Vega, Danny De La Paz, and George Voskovec. (8/9/82) (Cinema II; through Aug. 26. . . . ¶ Manhattan; starting Aug. 27.)

The Best Little Whorehouse in Texas—The moviemakers pile on the coy Americana; they appear to have distrusted anything original in the material—the movie is adapted from the long-running Broadway musical based on Larry L. King's 1974 *Playboy* article about a crackbrained crusading TV newsman who attacked a time-honored brothel with such fervor that the authorities had to force the madam to close it. The film's rambunctiousness is off-color yet wholesome, in the worst sense: this is the sort of movie romp in which the frolicking prosties can hardly wait to jump into bed with the fellas. But dimples, wigs, bazooms, and all, Dolly Parton is phenomenally likable as the madam; her whole personality is melodious, and her acting isn't bad at all, even though the director, Colin Higgins, has made her chest the focal point of her scenes. She has the charm to transcend her own cartoonishness and the additional portion inflicted on her. As the local sheriff, Burt Reynolds doesn't give an ostentatiously bad performance—just his usual low-key, embarrassed-to-be-up-here-doing-this-dumb-stuff performance. While Reynolds underplays and looks mortified, Charles Durning, as governor of Texas, steals the honors with his "Sidestep" song-and-dance routine—a demonstration of how a corrupt-to-the-bone politico evades answering probing questions and takes joy in his own slippery skill. This sequence is the only part of the movie that's satisfyingly shaped and has a musical-comedy rhythm. With Dom DeLuise, Jim Nabors, Theresa Merritt, and Lois Nettleton. The script is by King and Peter Masterson (who wrote the Broadway show) and Higgins; seven of the fourteen songs that Carol Hall wrote for the stage version have been retained, and two new ones by Dolly Parton have been added. (8/9/82) (Rivoli; through Aug. 19. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd Quad; through Aug. 26.)

La Bête Humaine (1938)—Jean Renoir's version of the Zola novel, transferred from the Second Empire to the thirties, has a memorable beginning, with Jean Gabin driving the express train on the run from Le Havre to Paris. The train sequences, which are superb—realistic yet poetic—were shot on location and include views of the Gare Saint-Lazare in Paris in 1938. The film has marvellous atmosphere and a fine cast (Simone Simon, Carette, Fernand Ledoux, Blanchette Brunoy, Renoir himself), but the material, which involves brutal, uncontrollable passion seen in a social framework, turns oppressive, and at times Gabin is a lump. (Remade in Hollywood in 1954 as "Human Desire," directed by Fritz Lang, with Glenn Ford and Gloria Grahame.) In French. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Aug. 23.)

Blade Runner—Ridley Scott's futuristic thriller is set in a hellish, claustrophobic city—Los Angeles in the year 2019. Harrison Ford is the blade runner, a police officer who kills "replicants"—the powerful humanoids manufactured by genetic engineers—if they rebel against their drudgery in the space colonies and show up on Earth. He tracks down four replicants (Brion James; Joanna Cassidy; Daryl Hannah, who has killer thighs and does a punk variation on Olympia, the doll automaton of "The Tales of Hoffmann;" and the blue-eyed scenery-chewer Rutger Hauer), but

Ford's mission seems of no particular consequence. The whole movie gives you the feeling of not getting anywhere—of being part of the atmosphere of decay. With Sean Young as Rachael and William Sanderson as the toymaker. From the 1968 novel "Do Androids Dream of Electric Sheep?," by Philip K. Dick. (7/12/82) (Criterion Theatres; through Aug. 19.)

Blow-Up (1966)—When the film came out, Michelangelo Antonioni's mixture of suspense with vagueness and confusion seemed to have had a numbing fascination for some people, which they associated with art and intellectuality. He conducts a leisurely tour of "swinging" London, lingering over the flashiest routes and dawdling over a pot party and a mini-orgy, while ponderously suggesting that the mod scene represents a condition of spiritual malaise in which people live only for the sensations of the moment. Yet despite Antonioni's negativism, the world he presents *looks* harmless, and sex without "connecting" doesn't really seem so bad. The best part of the movie is an ingeniously edited sequence in which the fashion-photographer hero (David Hemmings) blows up a series of photographs and discovers that he has inadvertently photographed a murder. With Vanessa Redgrave, Sarah Miles, Verushka, Jane Birkin, and Peter Bowles. Freely adapted by Antonioni and Tonino Guerra, from a short story by Julio Cortázar, with English dialogue by Edward Bond. Cinematography by Carlo Di Palma. (Film Forum; Aug. 26-28.)

The Bride Wore Black (1968)—Truffaut's film in homage to Hitchcock, with Jeanne Moreau as the racked and elegant widow of a bridegroom shot on the steps of the church. Photographed by Raoul Coutard. The hero worship of Hitchcock seems a bit wasteful, for Truffaut is the infinitely greater filmmaker, imbuing even this mechanical story with something finely detailed and lyric about love. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 27-28.)

La Cage aux Folles (1979)—A brilliant comedy about a pair of aging homosexuals, one of whom has had a son; the son is eager to marry, his fiancée is extremely conventional, and her family wishes to make the acquaintance of his family. Trouble in paradise, here known as Saint-Tropez. Edouard Molinaro directed, with Michel Serrault and Ugo Tognazzi. In French. (Eastside Cinema, Quad Cinema, and Olympia Quad; through Aug. 19.)

Close Encounters of the Third Kind (1977)—Steven Spielberg's celebration of the wonders up there in the skies is the best-humored of the technological-marvel fantasies. It has visionary magic and a childlike comic spirit. The version playing now is called "The Special Edition;" Spielberg has reëdited the film—he has made some trims, put in some outtakes, and shot a few new bits. The action is swifter, and the central character, played by Richard Dreyfuss, is easier to understand, but you may miss some of the scenes that have been cut, and find that the outtakes that Spielberg has substituted for the scenes you remember keep jarring you. With François Truffaut, Melinda Dillon, Teri Garr, Bob Balaban, and Cary Guffey. (11/28/77 and 9/1/80) (Olympia Quad; Aug. 25-26.)

Coup de Grâce (1976)—This Franco-German film version of Marguerite Yourcenar's novel is so gray and bleak and wintry that it's like a classic made in the Soviet Union twenty-five years ago. It's by no means bad; the director, Volker Schlöndorff ("The Tin Drum"), is highly skilled. But the emotions don't fully emerge, and even after it's over one isn't certain what it was about—though probably we're meant to see that the proud Countess Sophie (Margarethe von Trotta) has been deeply wounded because Erich, the Prussian officer she loves (Matthias Habich, a heel-clicking Richard Harris), doesn't love her. And so she throws her life away. Her self-destructive passion is only one element in a movie that has a few too many sexual, historical, and political crosscurrents; some of them, such as Erich's sexual involvement with Sophie's brother Konrad (Rudiger Kirschstein), are presented so elliptically they're like blurred memories of a dream. (Schlöndorff's artistry gets in the viewer's way.) The story takes place in 1919 in the Baltic area (which had just been divided into Latvia, Lithuania, and Estonia) during the sporadic fighting that continued among various factions after the official end of the First World War. Sophie, who is struggling to emancipate herself, is involved with the Communist cause, while Erich is fighting against Red Army units and mopping up Bolshevik guerrillas. Eventually, she is killed by the man she loves, as in the spy melodramas of thirty years ago—only this time there are more layers of ambiguity about the feelings of each. The legendary cabaret artist Valeska Gert (she played the procuress who got Greta Garbo into the brothel in Pabst's 1925 "Joyless Street") now appears as Sophie's half-crazed aunt and is utterly bizarre: shrivelled, yet more intensely alive than anyone else in the movie. The screenplay is by Schlöndorff and von Trotta (his wife). In French and German. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 25.)

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Diner—A wonderful movie, set in Baltimore, in 1959. Five or six young men in their early twenties who've known each other since high school still cling to their late-night bull sessions at the diner—where, magically, they always seem to have plenty to talk about. It's like a comedy club—they take off from each other, and their conversations are all overlapping jokes that are funny without punch lines. They can sound worldly and sharp, but when these boys are out with girls they're nervous, constricted, fraudulent, half crazy. Written and directed by Barry Levinson, "Diner" is a great period piece—a look at middle-class relations between the sexes just before the sexual revolution. It features some of the best young actors in the country: Mickey Rourke, Ellen Barkin, Daniel Stern, Kevin Bacon, Steve Guttenberg, Paul Reiser, and Timothy Daly. (4/5/82) (Waverly, Festival, and New Yorker.)

Diva—An up-to-the-minute romantic thriller from France, made by a new director, Jean-Jacques Beineix, who has a fabulous camera technique and understands the pleasures to be had from a picture that doesn't take itself too seriously. The diva is an awesomely beautiful black American soprano (Wilhelmenia Fernandez) who refuses to make recordings. Frédéric Andrei is the wide-eyed eighteen-year-old postal messenger who adores her; he sneaks his Nagra tape machine into her concert in Paris so he'll be able to listen to her at home—and all hell breaks loose around him. The unfazable heroine (the fourteen-year-old Thuy An Luu) is a post-Godardian tootsie—in her short-short skirts and transparent plastic coat she's a lollipop wrapped in cellophane. The film may remind you of Welles' "Touch of Evil;" it's Welles romanticized, packaged. It's a mixture of style and chic hanky-panky, but it's genuinely sparkling. In French. (4/19/82) (Plaza.)

Doctor Zhivago (1965)—The pure-souled poet-doctor Zhivago (Omar Sharif, with wet, dark eyes) is at the center of the scenarist Robert Bolt's poetic enigma, and the director, David Lean, surrounds him with enormous historical reconstructions of the Russian Revolution. Neither the contemplative Zhivago nor the flux of events is intelligible, and, what is worse, they seem unrelated to each other. (It's hard to know what kind of hero or even what kind of group of people *could* hold these events together.) And in this movie, so full of "realism," nothing really grows—not the performances, not the ideas, not even the daffodils, which are also so "real" they have obviously been planted for us, just as the buildings have been built for us. After the first half hour you don't expect the picture to breathe and live; you just sit there. It isn't shoddy (except for the balalaika music, which is so repetitive you could kill the composer); it's stately, respectable, and dead. It's not in itself a disgraceful failure, but it does have one disgraceful effect: the final shot of a rainbow over the huge dam where Zhivago's lost daughter is working. This banal suggestion that it has all been for the best and that tomorrow will be brighter is not only an insult to the audience, it is a coarse gesture of condescension and appeasement to the Russians. Would Lean and Bolt place a rainbow over the future of England? With Julie Christie, who does have some life as Lara, and Rod Steiger, who brings something powerful, many-sided, and sexual to the role of Komarovsky, and Geraldine Chaplin, Alec Guinness, Tom Courtenay, Siobhan McKenna, Jack MacGowran, Rita Tushingham, Ralph Richardson, Adrienne Corri, Geoffrey Keen, Noel Willman, and Klaus Kinski, with his eyes popping and huge veins bulging out of his forehead as he says, "I am the only free man on this train." From the novel by Boris Pasternak; cinematography by Freddie Young; production design by the aptly named John Box. (193 minutes.) (Olympia Quad; Aug. 23-24.)

E.T. The Extra-Terrestrial—Steven Spielberg's movie is bathed in warmth and it seems to clear all the bad thoughts out of your head. It's the story of a ten-year-old boy, Elliott, who feels fatherless and lost because his parents have separated, and who finds a miraculous friend—an alien inadvertently left on Earth by a visiting spaceship. This fusion of science fiction and mythology is emotionally rounded and complete; it reminds you of the goofiest dreams you had as a kid, and rehabilitates them. It puts a spell on the audience; it's genuinely entrancing. The stars are Henry Thomas, as Elliott, and E.T., who was designed by Carlo Rambaldi. With Drew Barrymore, Robert Macnaughton, Dee Wallace, and Peter Coyote. The script is by Melissa Mathison. (6/14/82) (Bay Cinema, Loews New York Twin, and Movieland.)

The Garden of the Finzi-Continis (1970)—Vittorio De Sica's lyric evocation of a vanished group of people (the cultivated, aristocratic Jewish-Italian landowners) and a vanished mood. Based on Giorgio Bassani's semi-autobiographical novel, the film records how Giorgio, a middle-class outsider (Lino Capolicchio), is drawn into the decaying, enchanted world of the Finzi-Continis by the imperious, contrary Micòl (Dominique Sanda); she and her languid brother (Helmut Berger) are spoiled, beautiful people without the will to save themselves. Perhaps the only film that records the halfhearted anti-Jewish measures of the Mussolini period—which were, however, sufficient to wipe out the Finzi-Continis and all they represented. In Italian. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 24.)

Get Out Your Handkerchiefs (1978)—This sex comedy by the writer-director Bertrand Blier is flagrantly funny in a slangy, buoyant, unpredictable way. Feelings are expressed that hadn't come out in movies before, yet it's all reassuringly quiet; the film's texture is soft and sensual, and there's a velvety underlayer to the scenes. Blier's slapstick poetic logic is so coolly, lyrically sustained that nothing that happens seems shocking. Like his earlier "Going Places," it's about two pals (played by the same actors—Gérard Depardieu and Patrick Dewaere) who don't really understand women, and their not understanding women is part of their bond. This time, the two aren't roughnecks; they're polite, respectable men, for whom women are like another species. Seeing this film, a woman enters a man's fantasy universe stripped of hypocrisy. With the lovely, dark Carole Laure as Depardieu's wife and Dewaere's mistress, Michel Serrault as the neighbor, and Riton as the Mozartean prodigy. Cinematography by Jean

Penzer; music by Mozart, by Georges Delerue (writing in the spirit of Mozart), and by Schubert. In French. (Olympia Quad; starting Aug. 27.)

La Grande Illusion (1937)—In form, "La Grande Illusion" is an escape story; yet who would think of it in this way? It's like saying that "Oedipus Rex" is a detective story. Among other things, this film is a study of human needs and the subtle barriers of class among a group of prisoners and their captors during the First World War. The two aristocrats—the German prison commander, von Rauffenstein (Erich von Stroheim), and his prisoner, the French officer de Boeldieu (Pierre Fresnay)—share a common world of memories and sentiments. Though their class is doomed by the changes that produced the war, they must act out the rituals of noblesse oblige and serve a nationalism they do not believe in. The Frenchman sacrifices his life for men he does not really approve of—the plebeian Maréchal (Jean Gabin) and the Jew Rosenthal (Marcel Dalio). Jean Renoir directed this elegy for the death of the old European aristocracy, and it is one of the true masterpieces of the screen. Von Rauffenstein and de Boel dieu are in a great romantic tradition; Cyrano has his plume, they draw on their white gloves. Maréchal, the mechanic who has become an officer, is uneasy in the presence of urbanity and polish, but he has natural gallantry, and he's the one with survival power. The performances of von Stroheim, Fresnay, and Gabin are in three different styles of acting, and they illuminate one another. With Gabin, you're not aware of any performance; with von Stroheim and Fresnay, you *are*—and you should be: they represent a way of life that is dedicated to superbly controlled outer appearance. With Dita Parlo, Gaston Modot, Julien Carette, Jean Dasté, Georges Péclet, and Jacques Becker (who was the assistant director). Written by Charles Spaak and Renoir; the music is by Kosma; the camerawork is by Christian Matras and Claude Renoir. In French, with the German and English characters speaking in their own languages. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Aug. 23.)

History of the World—Part I (1981)—An all-out assault on taste and taboo. Mel Brooks is the writer, the director, and the star of this series of bawdy sketches. It's a floating burlesque show that travels from one era to the next, lampooning the particular infamies of each age. Brooks is Moses, a singing and dancing Torquemada, Louis XVI, and Comicus, a standup philosopher who performs for Nero—played by Dom DeLuise, embracing rottenness with blissful abandon. Also with Gregory Hines, Bea Arthur, Madeline Kahn, Paul Mazursky, Ron Carey, Sid Caesar, Cloris Leachman, Harvey Korman, Spike Milligan, and John Hurt. (6/29/81) (Olympia Quad; starting Aug. 27.)

I'll Cry Tomorrow (1956)—This maudlin M-G-M bio-pic, based on Lillian Roth's book (written with Mike Connolly and Gerold Frank) about how she rose to fame as a singer-actress and then drank her way to shame, has a low-grade, sordid, masochistic appeal. Susan Hayward was close to forty when she played the part, and her scenes as the teen-age Lillian lack the necessary eagerness and vividness. She deepens her speaking voice, and though it is said that she did her own singing, the big, low, rather toneless voice doesn't seem to emanate from her, and when she stands with her chest pushed out and imitates the movements Roth made when she sang, there's no drive behind what she's doing—nothing to suggest what made Lillian Roth a headliner. There's very little left to suggest what made Hayward a star, either; she falls back on tired technique and flaccid, self-pitying nobility. (You have to see her in something like "Deadline at Dawn" of 1946 to get an idea of how much she's slipped.) Eddie Albert gives the booby-prize performance, as the Alcoholics Anonymous man who brings about Lillian's spiritual rebirth; he keeps his square jaw tilted upward—humility lifts his every thought to heaven. Considering the feeble script (by Helen Deutsch and Jay Richard Kennedy), it's surprising that the director, Daniel Mann, managed to hold viewers at all. He doesn't establish a sense of period or of locale or of the passage of time. The only scenes that have any energy are those with Richard Conte as Lillian's sadistic husband; the viewer feels a queasy curiosity and dread. There's a classic pulp ending: the heroine walks forward to the stage for a "This Is Your Life" show, her face bathed in celestial light. With Jo Van Fleet as Lillian's monomaniacal stage mother, Ray Danton, Don Taylor, Margo, Virginia Gregg, and Don Barry; Carole Ann Campbell, the little girl who plays Lillian at eight, is uncannily like both Roth *and* Hayward. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Aug. 26.)

I Want to Live! (1958)—Susan Hayward in a brassy treatment of the life of Barbara Graham as she made her way to the California gas chamber. Tabloid journalism that has the nerve to get pious about detesting capital punishment. Robert Wise directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Aug. 26.)

The King of Marvin Gardens (1972)—Indecipherable dark-toned movie about brothers and spurious goals and the American Dream. Set in the then decaying playground of Atlantic City in the gray, wintry off-season, it keeps declaring its alienation. Bruce Dern works hard trying to be charismatic as the promoter brother, who fronts for black gangsters. (Scatman Crothers is the big boss.) Jack Nicholson is the artist brother, who does monologues on late-night FM radio, issuing such pronouncements as "Goodbye, written word" and referring to his own life in terms like "Tragedy isn't Top Forty—which is just as well." Trying to act intellectual, Nicholson wears a prissy expression, huddles in his overcoat, and gives a dim, ploddingly serious performance. (If the roles had been reversed, the film might have had a *little* energy.) As Dern's aging, rejected mistress, who is being replaced in his affections by her own stepdaughter, Ellen Burstyn works valiantly, but her role is a series of florid gestures—it's like all Claire Trevor's biggest scenes put together. This is an unqualified disaster of the type that only talented people have; the producer-director, Bob Rafelson, and the scriptwriter, Jacob Brackman, seem to be saying "Let them eat metaphors." With Julia Anne Robinson as the stepdaughter, Charles Lavine as the brothers' grandfather, and Gary Goodrow, Sully Boyar, and Josh Mostel. Cinematography by Laszlo Kovacs. (Thalia; Aug. 23.)

Last Tango in Paris (1972)—Exploitation films had been supplying mechanized sex—sex as physical stimulant without passion or emotional violence. Then, in this film, Bernardo Bertolucci used sex to express the characters' drives. Marlon Brando, as the aging American, Paul, is working out his aggression on the young bourgeois French girl, Jeanne (Maria Schneider), and the physical menace of sexuality that is emotionally charged is such a departure from everything that audiences had come to expect at the movies that the film created a sensation. It's a bold and imaginative work—a great work. When Brando improvises within Bertolucci's structure, his full art is realized; his performance is intuitive, rapt, princely. Working with Brando, Bertolucci achieves realism with the terror of actual experience still alive on the screen. With Jean-Pierre Léaud, Massimo Girotti, Catherine Allegret, and Maria Michi. Script by Bertolucci and the editor, Franco Arcalli; cinematography by Vittorio Storaro; music by Gato Barbieri; production design by Ferdinando Scarfiotti. In French and English. (D. W. Griffith; starting Aug. 19.)

Limelight (1952)—Chaplin's sentimental and high-minded view of theatre and himself. His exhortations about life, courage, consciousness, and "truth" are set in a self-pitying, self-glorifying story. As Calvero, the old, impoverished English clown, he appears at a gala benefit and shows the unbelievers who think him finished that he is still the greatest, and then dies in the wings as the applause fades; this is surely the richest hunk of self-gratification since Huck and Tom attended their own funeral—and Chaplin serves it up straight. The mediocrity of Calvero's stage routines may be the result of Chaplin's aiming at greatness. At one point, Calvero awaits a young ballerina (acted with authority by Claire Bloom, in her movie début, and danced with authority by Melissa Hayden). In the darkened theatre after she has performed, he says to her, "My dear, you are a true artist, a true artist," and the emphasis is on *his* eyes, *his* depth of feeling. And is it because Chaplin didn't talk on screen until late in his career that he doesn't seem to have a dramatic instinct for language? (He talks high-mindedly and incessantly.) With Sydney Chaplin, Nigel Bruce, Norman Lloyd, André Eglevsky, and, all too briefly, Buster

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Keaton. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; Aug. 22-24.)

Mephisto—István Szabó's indictment of a soulless actor, Hendrik Höfgen (played by Klaus Maria Brandauer), who, because he wants to go on performing, truckles to those in power and becomes the leading actor in Nazi Germany. Szabó sets up the willful, unpredictable Höfgen as a symbolic actor—a man who is merely the sum of the roles he plays offstage and on, and at the outset Brandauer suggests an *enfant terrible*, a baby-faced killer-genius, like the young Orson Welles. Höfgen isn't allowed to be a great actor, though, and he seems too small for the epic scale of the attack. The picture is like "Citizen Kane" with somebody like John Dean at the center. With Rolf Hoppe as the General, a Göring-like figure, and the superb, feline Karin Boyd as Höfgen's dancer mistress, and a multinational cast—some of them dubbed. In German. (5/17/82) (Cinema 3.)

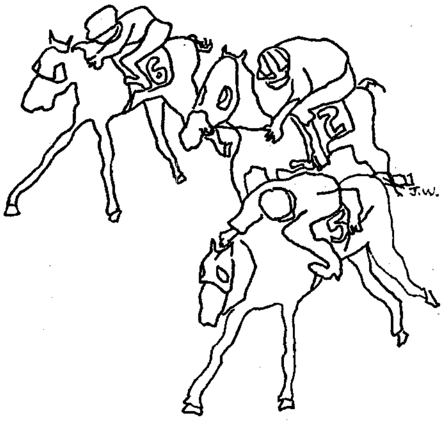
A Midsummer Night's Sex Comedy—Woody Allen's overrefined reworking of Bergman's "Smiles of a Summer Night." This time, it's an American weekend in the country, early in the century, and Woody Allen is the host; he works on Wall Street but dabbles in inventions. Mary Steenburgen plays his wife, and the guests are José Ferrer, a pompous genius professor who is a free thinker in sexual matters; Mia Farrow, the prof's glamorous young fiancée; Tony Roberts, a lecherous doctor; and Julie Hagerty as a nurse who's the most trusting and gullible of all human creatures, and is avid for sex (she's the best thing in the movie). The group is rather amusing, but the talk seems somnambulistic and nothing really develops. Woody Allen is trying to please, but his heart isn't in it, and his talent isn't, either. (7/26/82) (Cinema Studio. . . . ¶ Beekman; through Aug. 19. . . . ¶ R.K.O. Century Art; through Aug. 26. . . . ¶ Baronet; starting Aug. 20.)

Mildred Pierce (1945)—Joan Crawford rises from poverty to affluence and then suffers glamorously in beach house, roadhouse, and mansion from the nasty semi-incestuous goings on of her cad husband (Zachary Scott) and her spoiled daughter (Ann Blyth). Miss Crawford's heavy breathing was certified as acting when she won an Academy Award for her performance here. Michael Curtiz directed this glossy adaptation of the James M. Cain novel. With Jack Carson and Eve Arden. (Film Forum; Aug. 24-25.)

Mississippi Mermaid (1970)—A small, appealing film by Truffaut, bungled as a thriller but gently expressive as a love story. Jean-Paul Belmondo plays a rich colonialist on a tropical island who orders a bride (Catherine Deneuve) from France through the classified ads. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 27-28.)

Morgan! (1966; called "Morgan—A Suitable Case for Treatment" in England)—Morgan (David Warner) is a slightly crazy left-wing artist who is losing his beautiful, well-heeled wife (Vanessa Redgrave). In his fantasy life, he is King Kong. So when he's frustrated and upset he wears a gorilla suit; it's symbolic, of course. Morgan is the misfit as hero, and he's a childlike romantic rebel, anarchist, outsider, nonconformist. Directed by Karel Reisz, from David Mercer's adaptation of his own TV play, this satirical tragicomedy often seems to be out of control as it teeters along, sometimes presenting its hero as cute and funny, other times as tragic and in pain. The film's grotesque and discordant elements seemed to touch a nerve for American college students in the late sixties: Morgan was mad in a pop way—it was madness as the ultimate irresponsibility for the rebel, the only sanity for those who see what the "responsible" people supposedly did to the world. The picture came out just when these attitudes were becoming popular—when the counterculture was taking shape. With Robert Stephens and Irene Handl. Music by Johnny Dankworth. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 22-23.)

My Dinner with André—It's like a mad tea party or a mad, modern platonic dialogue about the meaning of life. Self-effacingly directed, by Louis Malle, it creates the illusion that we are simply listening in on a dinnertime conversation between the playwright Wallace Shawn and the former avant-garde theatre director André Gregory. Wally persuades André to tell him what he has been up to, and the suave, hawklike André, a crackpot glittery-eyed charmer, pours out the record of his transcendental experiences in Poland, in Scotland, in India and Tibet, in the Sahara, and even in Montauk, where he was buried alive in a death-and-rebirth ceremony. What he acts out for us is the questing that has torn so much of the modern theatre apart. When Wally, the pragmatist and sensualist, begins to talk, he plays warthog to André's soaring flights of mysticism. They're perfect foils. This is a bizarre and surprisingly entertaining satirical comedy: the story of the search beyond theatre turned into theatre—or, at least, into a movie. (1/4/82) (Lincoln Plaza.)



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Now, Voyager (1942)—A campy tearjerker variation on the Cinderella story: a psychiatrist (Claude Rains) enables the sexually repressed, neurotically dowdy Bostonian Charlotte Vale (Bette Davis) to become an attractive, confident woman. The scenarist, Casey Robinson, adapted the novel by Olive Higgins Prouty, the genius of kitsch who also wrote "Stella Dallas;" both novels are about the glories of female self-sacrifice. A couple of the most quoted bits in film history come from this movie: Paul Henreid lighting two cigarettes and tenderly handing one to Davis, and her parting line to him: "Don't ask for the moon—we have the stars." The best scene may actually be Charlotte's brisk dismissal of her priggish suitor, played by John Loder—"Let's not linger over it." The score, by Max Steiner, aims right for the jugular; the director, Irving Rapper, is just barely competent, and the action plods along, yet this picture is all of a piece, and if it were better it might not work at all. This way, it's a schlock classic. With Gladys Cooper, Bonita Granville, Lee Patrick, Ilka Chase, Charles Drake, Franklin Pangborn, James Rennie, Frank Puglia, and Janis Wilson as Tina. (Film Forum; Aug. 24-25.)

An Officer and a Gentleman—With Richard Gere, Debra Winger, and Louis Gossett, Jr.; directed by Taylor Hackford. (Reviewed in this issue.) (34th St. East, Coronet, and Loews Astor Plaza.)

The Passenger (1975)—Antonioni's film about an estranged London TV-news reporter trying to flee the coop of himself. Everything has staled for him—work and personal life both—and Antonioni makes, for the first time in his career, a clear causal connection between a character's situation and his environment. The reporter is on the track of a story in a remote part of Africa. He seizes the chance to exchange his identity for a dead man's, and takes on the dead man's slowly revealed undercover missions, which endow him with political purpose. The film is psychologically complex, dwelling on parallel themes about disjuncture and ambiguity, but also declarative in a way that is unique in Antonioni's work; it is a picture of astonishing aesthetic beauty and technical innovation. Jack Nicholson, as the reporter, gives a performance that is a marvel of insight about a man whose chances are running out. Maria Schneider exquisitely plays a soft-voiced, attentive stranger whom he meets in his new identity. (Film Forum; Aug. 26-28.)

Pixote—A shockingly lyrical Brazilian film about the life of abandoned children who learn to pick pockets and grab purses and hustle—it's their only way of surviving. Thrown into a reformatory, the ten-year-old Pixote watches as several of the larger boys gang-rape a kid not much older than he is, and his truculent baby face is indifferent, but he's a little camera taking it all in. A group of boys, including Pixote, break out, and he and three others snatch enough purses and wallets to make their way to Rio de Janeiro and begin dealing in cocaine. Outsmarted by the adult criminals, the kids buy an aging, drunken prostitute from a pimp and go into business with her: she brings men home, and they rob them at gunpoint. As the director, Hector Babenco (who appears in a prologue), sees it, Pixote is a snub-nosed infant asserting his wants, and when they're denied he changes into a baby gangster—a runt Scarface, who kills innocently, in the sense that he doesn't understand the enormity of the crime. The thesis is too pat, but two of the characters—Lilica (Jorge Julião), a flamingly nelly seventeen-year-old transvestite homosexual, and the whore Sueli (Marília Pera), the whoriest whore imaginable—transcend it. Dusky and aquiline-faced, Marília Pera has an Anna Magnani-like presence—horrifying and great. Her display of passion wipes the little non-actor kids off the screen. She's the whore spawned out of men's darkest imaginings, and in her scenes the movie achieves a raw, garish splendor. In Portuguese. (11/9/81) (Thalia; Aug. 27-28.)

Poltergeist—Steven Spielberg's suburban gothic about a family besieged by nasty, prankish ghosts is no more than an entertaining hash designed to spook you. It's "The Amityville Horror" done with insouciance and high-toned special effects. Because Spielberg is a dedicated craftsman and a wit, he can make a much better low-grade, adolescent entertainment than most directors. If the picture succeeds to a degree, it's because of the warmth of the family. The cool, jazzy mother (Jobeth Williams) and the blandly handsome father (Craig T. Nelson) are terrific, groovy people—they're kids at heart. The four-feet-three-inch actress Zelda Rubinstein, as the psychic Tangina who comes to "cleanse" the house, gives the movie new life and makes a large chunk of it work. With Beatrice Straight, who, as a doctor of parapsychology, bores the audience blind, and, as the two younger kids, Oliver Robins and Heather O'Rourke. The credits indicate that Tobe Hooper is the director, but Spielberg wrote the initial story, rewrote the other writers' work on the script, storyboarded the shots, produced the picture, and supervised the final edit. It appears that he also took over, in considerable part, on the set. (6/14/82) (Embassy. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema, Manhattan, and Olympia Quad; through Aug. 26.)

Providence (1977)—Alain Resnais, working in English, directed this intricately planned Freudian-puzzle movie, mostly set inside the mind of a dying writer (John Gielgud). Alone at night, in pain, the elderly writer drunkenly plots a novel about the members of his family (Dirk Bogarde, Ellen Burstyn, David Warner, Elaine Stritch). The effect of the pearl-gray tones and the swift, smooth cutting is peculiarly fastidious and static; you feel as if the movie, with all its technique and culture, were going to dry up and blow away. With a longer death scene than Camille's, Gielgud is the only one who looks alive. He's lean and wiry, turkey-faced, a tough old bird; he bounces through his bitchy role, savoring every mean syllable. David Mercer wrote the script, which is impossibly elocutionary. Gielgud delivers himself of flourishes like "How darkness creeps into the blood—darkness, the chill obsidian fingers." No doubt Mercer intended this writer's thoughts to have an edge of florid fatuity. But when Bogarde—a barrister—is asked (by his mistress) how he and his wife live, he answers, "In a state of unacknowledged mutual exhaustion, behind which we scream silently." Is this, too, only part of the old man's second-rate novel? Some people have a surprising tolerance for this sort of thing; the movie is widely regarded as a masterpiece, and it was chosen as the greatest film of the seventies by an international jury of critics. Music by Miklós Rósza. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 22-23.)

Raiders of the Lost Ark (1981)—Steven Spielberg directed this high-powered cliff-hanger about the exploits of Indiana Jones (Harrison Ford), an adventurer-archeologist. The time is 1936, and Indy, working for the United States government, is trying to find the Ark of the Covenant (a chest holding the broken stone tablets of the Ten Commandments) ahead of his arch-enemy, the suave, amoral Belloq (Paul Freeman), who is in cahoots with the Nazis. Hitler means to use the Ark's invincible powers to lay waste opposing armies and proclaim himself the Messiah. Conceived by George Lucas, the picture is an amalgam of Lucas's follies—plot for its own sake, dissociated from character or drama; the affectless heroine, Marion (Karen Allen), who's a tougher version of Princess Leia in "Star Wars" (see below)—and effects that Spielberg the youthful magician has already dazzled us with. Kinesthetically, the film gets to you, but there's no exhilaration, and no surge of feeling at the end. It seems to be edited for the maximum number of showings per day. With John Rhys-Davies as Sallah, Ronald Lacey as Toht, and Denholm Elliott. Cinematography by Douglas Slocombe; score by John Williams. Written by Lawrence Kasdan, from a story idea worked up by Lucas and Philip Kaufman. (6/15/81) (Embassy 1. . . . ¶ Greenwich Playhouse; through Aug. 26.)

Rocky III—Whatever oddball charm and silliness the first "Rocky" had is long gone. "Rocky III" starts with the hyped climax of "II" and then just keeps going on that level. The movie really works you over. You're pummelled by the noise and the rock music and the images of bodies being whammed. The first "Rocky" was primitive in a relatively innocent way. This picture is primitive, but it's also shrewd and empty and inept. Written and directed by its star, Sylvester Stallone; with Carl Weathers, whose physique makes Rocky look like a lump, and who gives a likable, unaffected performance; an actor called Mr. T as Clubber Lang; and Burgess Meredith, Talia Shire, and Burt Young. (5/31/82) (Criterion Theatres. . . . ¶ 72nd Street East, and U. A. 85th St. East; through Aug. 19.)

Sons and Lovers (1960)—A sensitive and intelligent (though not altogether satisfying) version of D. H. Lawrence's autobiographical novel, adapted by Gavin Lambert and T. E. B. Clarke, and directed by Jack Cardiff. Visually, it's extraordinarily fine, though the visual beauties aren't informed by Lawrence's passionate sense of life. The artist's fire simply isn't here—the movie is temperate, earnest, episodic. But Dean Stockwell does well in the role of Lawrence, and Wendy Hiller as the mother and Trevor Howard as the drunken miner father are superb; it's possible that Howard has never done anything to match his work here. There are scenes—such as the one of the father getting his weekly bath—that are so remarkable that they almost do Lawrence justice; other scenes are merely conscientious. The most embarrassing sequences are the two post-coital discussions. In the book, they're the culminations of relationships that have been developed over hundreds of pages; in the film it's as if as soon as two people hit the sack they know exactly what's wrong with the relationship and why it has got to end. With Mary Ure as Clara the suffragette, Heather Sears as Miriam, Rosalie Crutchley as Miriam's mother, and Ernest Thesiger and Donald Pleasence. Cinematography by Freddie Francis; the assistant director was Peter Yates. In CinemaScope. (Thalia; Aug. 22.)

Star Trek II: The Wrath of Khan—Wonderful dumb fun. The director, Nicholas Meyer, hits just the right amused, slightly self-mocking note in the opening scenes, and the same actors who looked flabby and embarrassed in the 1979 "Star Trek—The Motion Picture" turn into a troupe of confident, witty professionals. The prim, smug Admiral Kirk (William Shatner) takes a three-week cruise on his old starship, the Enterprise, encountering his old enemy, the maniacal Khan (Ricardo Montalban), and wakes up. Montalban plays his fiery villainy to the hilt; his bravado is grandly comic. The regulars are all present: Mr. Spock, "Bones" McCoy, Sulu, Uhura, Scotty, and the fuddled Chekov. And the crew has acquired the voluptuous, half Vulcan Saavik, played by Kirstie Alley. Such guest performers as Paul Winfield, Bibi Besch, and Judson Scott shine in their roles, and DeForest Kelley makes the prickly Bones more crisply funny than he used to be; his performance helps to compensate for the disappointment of Leonard Nimoy's ashen, dried-out Spock. By the end, all the large, sappy, satisfying emotions get through to you. (6/28/82) (Embassy; through Aug. 19.)

Star Wars (1977)—As of now, the biggest box-office success in movie history—probably because for young audiences it's like getting a box of Cracker Jack that is all prizes. Written and directed by George Lucas, the film is enjoyable in its own terms, but it's exhausting, too—like taking a pack of kids to the circus. There's no breather in the picture, no lyricism; the only attempt at beauty is in the image of a double sunset. The loudness, the smash-and-grab editing, and the relentless pacing drive every idea from your head, and even if you've been entertained, you may feel cheated of some dimension—a sense of wonder, perhaps. It's an epic without a dream. Maybe the only real inspiration involved was to set its sci-fi galaxy in the pop-culture past, and to turn old-movie ineptness into conscious Pop Art. And maybe there's a touch of genius in keeping the film so consistently what it is, even if this is the genius of the plodding. Lucas has got the tone of bad movies down pat: you never catch the actors deliberately acting badly; they just seem to be bad actors, on contract to Monogram or Republic, their klunky enthusiasm polished at the Ricky Nelson school of acting. In a gesture toward equality of the sexes, the high-school-cheerleader princess-in-distress (played by Carrie Fisher) talks tomboy-tough—Terry Moore with spunk. (Is it because the picture is synthesized from the mythology of serials and old comic books that it didn't occur to anybody that *she* could get the Force?) With Mark Hamill as Luke Skywalker, Harrison Ford as Han Solo, and Alec Guinness as Ben Kenobi. (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Gemini, Loews Orpheum, and R.K.O. Century National Twin. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd Quad; through Aug. 26.)

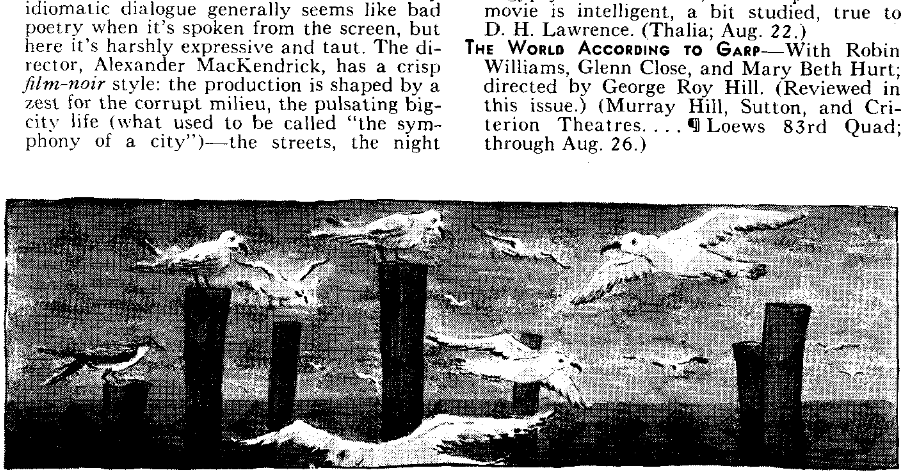
Sweet Smell of Success (1957)—For several years, Tony Curtis had been a virtual guarantor of box-office success, and the New York locations for this film were invaded by thousands of teen-agers, who broke through police barricades to get to their idol. But these throngs ignored the completed picture, in which Curtis grew up into an actor and gave what will probably be remembered as the best performance of his career. Even the presence of that other box-office guarantor, Burt Lancaster, did not lift the picture from the red ink. This is understandable, for the movie is a sweet slice of perversity—a study of dollar and power worship, with Lancaster as a Broadway gossip columnist and Curtis as an ingratiating, blackmailing press agent. Clifford Odets never came through more pungently as a screenwriter; his distinctively idiomatic dialogue generally seems like bad poetry when it's spoken from the screen, but here it's harshly expressive and taut. The director, Alexander MacKendrick, has a crisp *film-noir* style: the production is shaped by a zest for the corrupt milieu, the pulsating big-city life (what used to be called "the symphony of a city")—the streets, the night clubs, the cynical types, the noise and desperation. MacKendrick's temperament enables us to respond to the vitality in this decadence. The weakest part is in the contrasting sweetness and light of the young lovers, Martin Milner and Susan Harrison. The melodrama is somewhat synthetic and is pitched very high, but the film has body and flavor; even Tony Curtis's name (Sidney Falco) stays with one—that, and the inflection he gives to "avidly." With Barbara Nichols, Sam Levene, and Emile Meyer; script by Odets and Ernest Lehman, from a short story by Lehman. Score by Elmer Bernstein, with considerable assistance from the Chico Hamilton Quintet; cinematography by James Wong Howe. (Regency; Aug. 26-28.)

True Confessions—The idea is to take the lovable Irish brothers of thirties movies—the cop and the priest—and turn them inside out. Robert Duvall plays an L.A. police detective who finds evidence linking his brother (Robert De Niro), a monsignor who is chancellor of the Los Angeles archdiocese, to corrupt business deals and, indirectly, to the murder of a hooker. Repelled by the hypocrisy, the detective brings his brother down. But the movie is in a stupor; everything is internalized. Duvall is locked in, and De Niro is in his chameleon trance—he seems flaccid, preoccupied. The director, Ulu Grosbard, dulls out the material, and the writers—John Gregory Dunne, who wrote the 1977 novel that the film is based on, and his wife, Joan Didion, who collaborated with him on the script—carry their hardboiled detective fiction to a virtually abstract level. You have to put up a struggle to get anything out of this picture. What we need to know—what the movie is supposed to be about—is what the brothers are mulling over on their silent, troubled walks alone and together (and still alone). With Kenneth McMillan, who gives the only performance with any juice in it, and Charles Durning, Ed Flanders, Burgess Meredith, Cyril Cusack, Rose Gregorio, Jeanette Nolan, and Louisa Moritz. (10/26/81) (St. Marks Cinema; Aug. 20-26.)

An Unmarried Woman (1978)—Paul Mazursky wrote and directed this buoyant, enormously friendly comedy about Erica (Jill Clayburgh) and her attempt to get back into "the stream of life" after her marriage of sixteen years breaks up. It's a tenderhearted feminist picture. What may be disappointing to those who love Mazursky's earlier work is that in trying to identify with Erica and tell the story from a woman's point of view, he shies away from having her look foolish; in crucial parts, he suppresses his sense of satire, and the picture becomes virtuous. With Michael Murphy, Lisa Lucas, Pat Quinn, Kelly Bishop, Linda Miller, Cliff Gorman, Mazursky himself as Hal, and Alan Bates, whose fine comic, expansive performance as Saul Kaplan, a famous painter, overpowers the movie. Saul is such a rich, loamy Father Earth figure that when Erica resists him in order to satisfy her yearnings for independence she seems puny and a bit of an idiot. (Regency; Aug. 24-25.)

The Virgin and the Gypsy (1970)—Maurice Denham is an Anglican vicar with a taste for depressing hymns; he sends one of his virgin daughters (Joanna Shimkus) into the arms of a gypsy (Franco Nero). Christopher Miles' movie is intelligent, a bit studied, true to D. H. Lawrence. (Thalia; Aug. 22.)

The World According to Garp—With Robin Williams, Glenn Close, and Mary Beth Hurt; directed by George Roy Hill. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Murray Hill, Sutton, and Criterion Theatres. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd Quad; through Aug. 26.)



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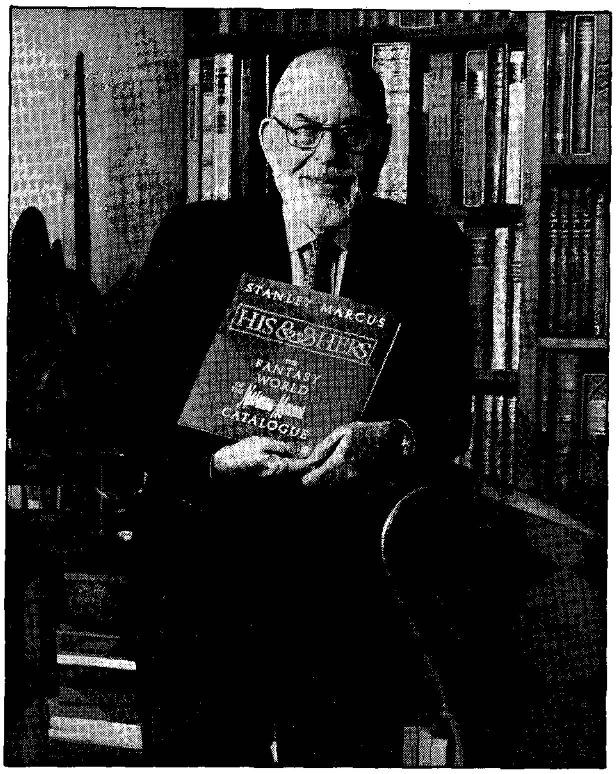

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

WE have a city friend who anticipates her equinoxes ceremoniously. By late August, she is well into her annual deadheading of the summer season. This woman, an adoptive New Yorker with a prejudice *for* vacant lots, which she calls weedlots, prefers inner-city wild flowers to the ones in the country. The inner-city wild flower, she figures, is a much tougher blossom. From early summer, she hikes the weedlots—especially those of Brooklyn and those west of Wall Street—identifying the wild flowers and noting their bloom sequence. Her favorites are Queen Anne's lace, evening primrose, black-eyed Susan, wild petunia, moth mullein, chicory, the piccolo sunflower, the goldenrods, and the asters. As August moves toward September and blooms fade to seed, she gets busy. Very early each morning, she drops a few plastic collecting bags in a knapsack and heads for the weeds. She browses through the waist-high flora, carefully harvesting the ripest gone-to-seed deadheads, and bags them according to kind. On her way home, or late at night while she is walking the dog, she casually tosses her harvest over the fences of neglected front yards in her neighborhood, or through the chain-link fences of used-car lots on Flatbush Avenue. What was at first a modest idea has become an obsession, and she has enlarged the range of her guerrilla seed operations to include the eight square blocks radiating from her front stoop. She cannot resist pitching feral flower seeds into trashy front yards. Indeed, she feels an obligation to do so. She is determined to make the whole neighborhood *bloom*—and bloom it has done, for two summers, in a haphazard, near-wild, semi-kempt way. As fall approaches, she is already looking forward to the appearance next summer of new streetside micro-meadows.

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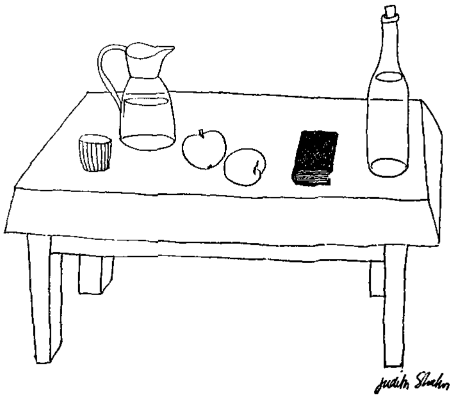
Street Music

EVEN not counting the shower of bricks falling into a dumpster on East Thirty-ninth Street with a reverberating crash (on the frontiers of art one man's industrial hubbub may well be another's symphony), or the hand bells rung by purveyors of a particular sort of cookie-encased ice cream, or several men whistling to themselves, there was a lot of harmony and rhythm in midtown Manhattan one recent sunny lunch hour. In fact, a forty-minute census of just twenty blocks along Fifth Avenue disclosed six guitars, five sets of drums, and a good many other things capable, in the right hands, of producing music.

Between Fifty-first and Fifty-second, for instance, a young lass was tootling on the bagpipes. "I've heard rumors of some other bagpipe-players on the street, but I've never seen them," said the piper, who was not in the least red-faced from her exertions. She told us that some people walk by her "with their fingers in their ears" but that others stand and listen attentively. Although she's happy to play requests, she went on, just about the only thing people can think of to ask for is the Old Spice commercial theme. "They say 'Can you play Old Spice?' and I know what they mean," she said. "The beginning sounds like 'Scotland the Brave,' but then it changes."



A little farther uptown, right on the edge of Central Park, a guitar-and-piano combo whose placard identified it as Hot Duck Sauce was entertaining a very small crowd with a version of "Motherless Child." "If everybody could just hold hands with the person standing next to you, even if they're a stranger, and sway back and forth," the vocalist requested before the song began. No one, however, made any move toward holding hands, and the swaying, if any, was very slight. A sign propped up on the piano said, "SEND A MUSICIAN TO ~~ARUBA~~ ~~WEST PALM BEACH~~ ~~BRIGHTON BEACH~~ TRADER VIC'S," but in the few minutes we watched Hot Duck Sauce it collected only about enough to share a souvlaki from a cart nearby.

Back downtown, on the edge of Bryant Park, some men were playing hand cymbals, maracas, a harmonium, a drum, and something from Pakistan that we were told was a "pentonic belltree." The musicians, all Hare Krishnas, sat cross-legged in front of signs explaining phenomena like "the protein myth," and chanted. "When the names of God are chanted by persons aspiring—even with persons who aren't aspiring, it works, but not as well—to free themselves from material happiness, it produces a sort of pure and unadulterated happiness," one young man told us. "This chanting actually produces eternal happiness. You know what I mean?" We weren't entirely sure that we did, but before we could pursue the matter the Hare Krishnas had gone back to their chanting.

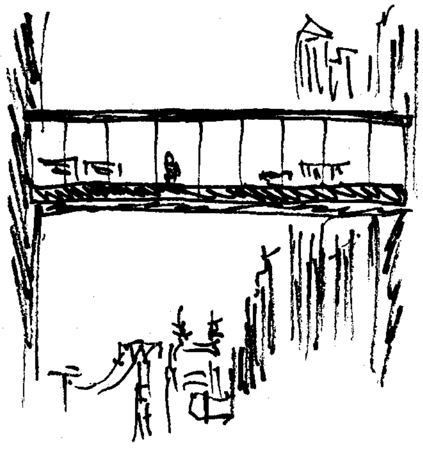
Right next to the library lions, A'yan Falu was pounding on a well-worn set of drums. We had last met Falu in the fall of 1980, when we noticed him practicing with his kit near Grant's Tomb. Recently, he's added two young boys to his act. They can dance in an uncanny way that makes it look as if they were skating across the pavement, and then they clap hands and rap for a while, with the drumbeat in the background, and then they pass the hat. "We make enough," Falu said. "And there are no summer jobs this summer."

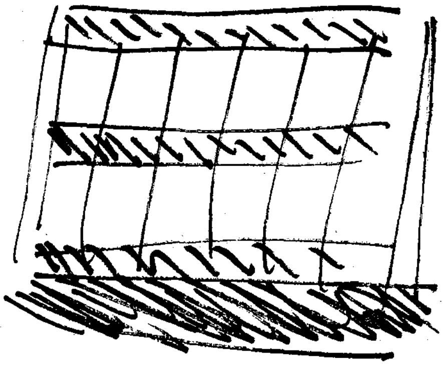
The next noon, we found Victor Brady at almost exactly the same spot and learned a little of the history of New York street music. He interrupted his workout on the steel piano—which looks very much like a steel drum—to tell everyone within the range of his powerful voice, "This whole carnival experience, this whole cultural renaissance on the streets of New York, was started by *me*, Victor Brady. By *me!* I've got clippings, I've got proof. When you see all this, you take it for granted. But I started it all. I! I! I! I! I! In 1969, I was in Central Park trying to get John Lindsay elected mayor again. I would play, and people would pass out leaflets. And after Lindsay won I just kept playing on the streets. I was the first since the Depression days. In 1969, the only other time you saw music on the streets was at Christmastime, when the Salvation Army would come out and play some carols. New York was DEAD! Dead, man!"

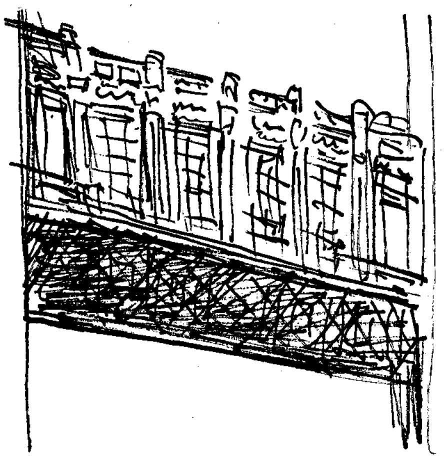
Representatives of a company interested in making a movie about street music in New York had recently been in touch with him, Brady said to us, in a lower tone. He went on, "I told them, 'If you make that movie without me, it's like making a movie about American history without George Washington.' "

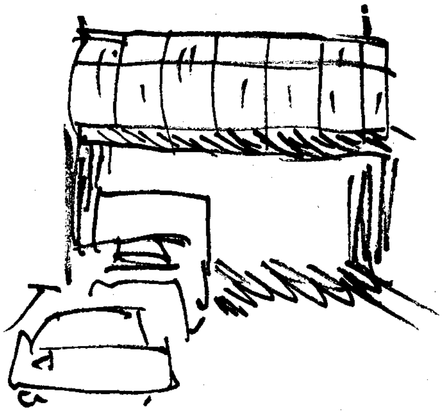
Aerial

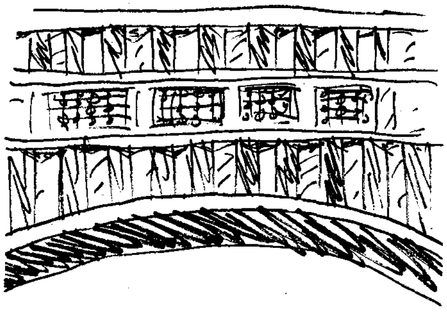
MOST Manhattan buildings are solitary islands with limited possibilities for pedestrians. People walk in from the street, go up, go down, walk out again—that's about it. But a few buildings offer an extra dimension: they are connected to a neighbor across the street by an aerial passageway—generally an enclosed bridge. These alternate routes come in various sizes and architectural styles. Bloomingdale Boulevard, which crosses Sixtieth Street between Lexington and Third, is a good example of the simple, straightforward, and dull (*Illus. A*). Shadowy forms occasionally move behind its murky panes. A larger version, in brown, can be seen eight floors above Twenty-fourth Street, uniting 1107 Broadway with 200 Fifth Avenue at Madison Square. It has twenty-four windows and a park view. An important-looking bridge in the S.S. & D. category is the Charlie-Wally, a dark modern-style passage across Thames Street at Trinity Place, which enables people inside the N.Y.U. Graduate School of Business Administration to get from Charles E. Merrill Hall to C. Walter Nichols Hall, and vice versa. A two-decker S.S. & D. connects a couple of buildings at the intersection of Pine Street and Pearl Street (*Illus. B*). One of the buildings contains a United States Post Office. (The bridge could be used by post-office employees who might wish to carry the letters up to the sixth floor of their building, over to the seventh floor of the adjacent one, then up to the eighth floor, back across the bridge, and down to the post office before sorting.) There's a stately Beaux-Arts overpass high above Exchange Place, between the handsome old First National City Bank building that faces Wall Street and the office building at 22 William Street (*Illus. C*). Only a block away—just downhill from the New York Stock Exchange—but at the other aesthetic extreme, a silvery, futuristic mezzanine-level tube joins 20 Broad Street with 30 Broad Street (*Illus. D*). Both are stock-exchange buildings. The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company has three buildings between Twenty-third and Twenty-fifth Streets. One was once the world's tallest skyscraper; the two others are joined across Twenty-fourth Street by an impressive Art Deco bridge with stainless-steel panels and sculptured windows (*Illus. E*).


Illus. A

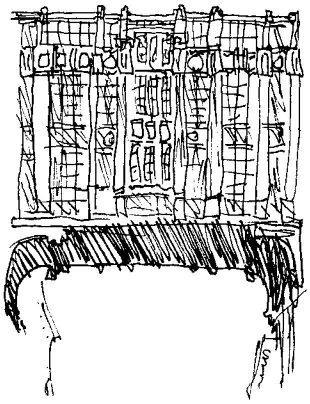

Illus. B


Illus. C

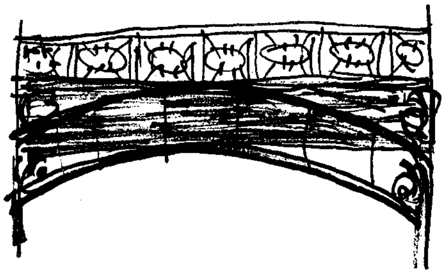

Illus. D


Illus. E

One of the rare passageways that cross an avenue—Lexington, in this case, between Sixty-seventh and Sixty-eighth—is Hunter College Highway, which is still under construction. It will have two major arteries, which, in the event of a funding shortfall, could be joined to create a new office building. The most magnificent structure remains the Gimbels bridge (*Illus. F*), which stands astride Thirty-second Street between Sixth and Seventh Avenues, and is the Chartres of aerial tunnelry, with lots of windows, columns, panels, medallions—all sheathed in copper that is turning Landmark Green. One of the pleasantest inter-building supra-street traverses is some twenty stories above Broadway just north of Trinity Church and Trinity Churchyard: an elegant open bridge that goes across Thames Street from the roof of the United States Realty Building to the roof of the Trinity Building (*Illus. G*).

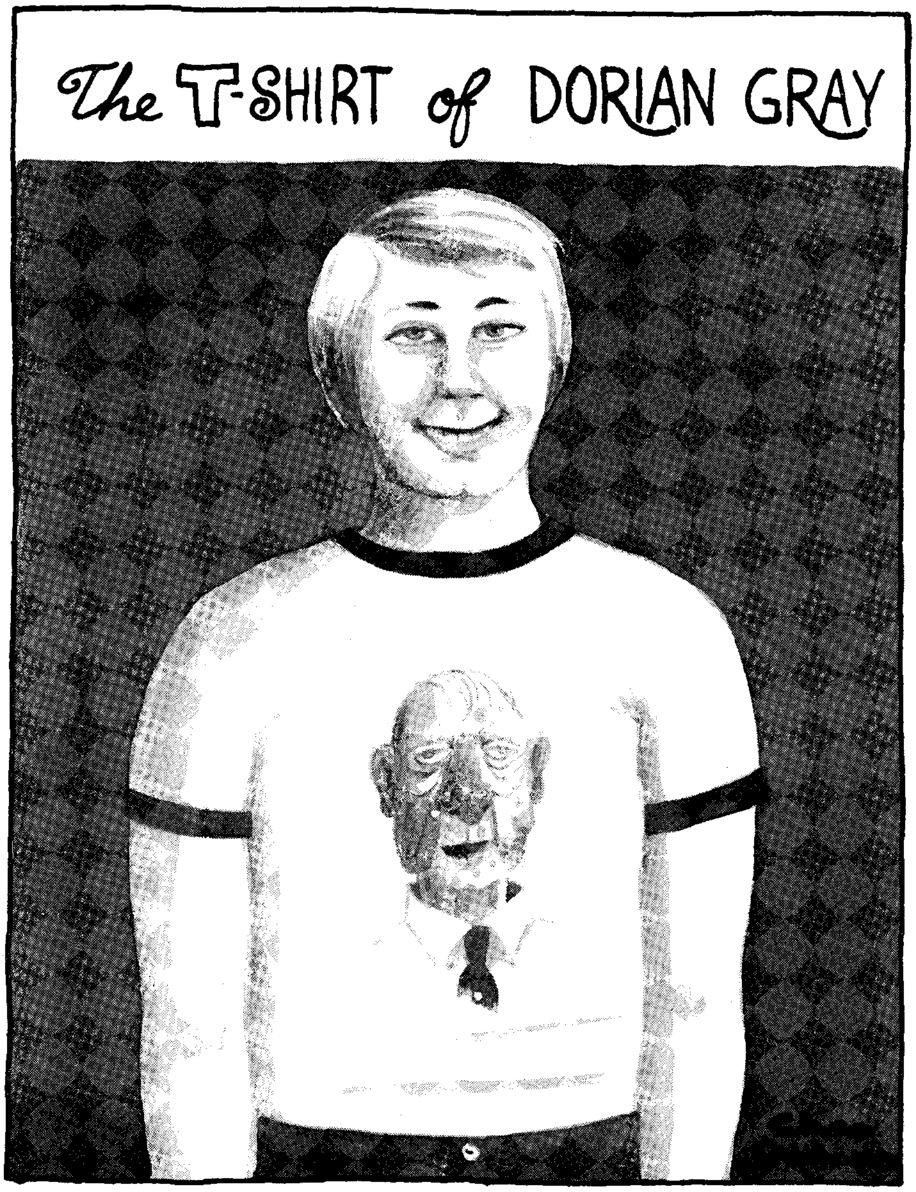


Illus. F



Illus. G

On a hot August day, it must offer a delightful stroll—brief but breezy—for the weary cleric or the realtor in need of refreshment.


The T-SHIRT of DORIAN GRAY

Coney Island Home

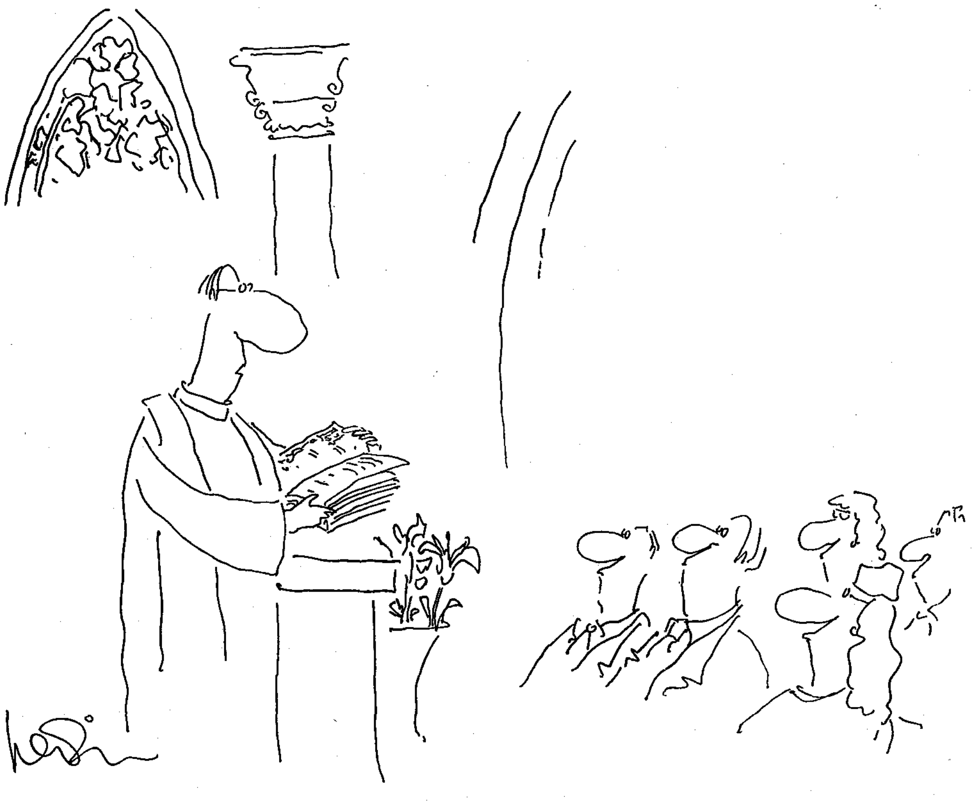
MAY TIMPANO lives, with three German shepherds and a Great Dane, on the top floor of a two-story gray house with turquoise trim in the Coney Island section of Brooklyn, and in the summer when she returns home after shopping she's never surprised to find that some of the objects in her home have changed position. Miss Timpano's perfume tray, for example, normally sits on the top of the dresser in her bedroom, but occasionally she'll come home and find it and all the bottles of perfume it holds in a heap on the carpet at the foot of her dresser. Then, there are the paintings on her walls. It's not unusual for Miss Timpano to find them hanging crooked after she's been away. "I came home once," she told us recently, "and this statue of a woman with her hands in the air that my sister had brought back all the way from Portugal—the woman had the most beautiful hands—had crept right off the television and broken to pieces." Miss Timpano's house is directly beneath the Thunderbolt roller coaster in the amusement section of Coney Island, and from about Memorial Day until a week after Labor Day a train speeds overhead every few minutes and gives her home a good shaking. And with some real authority: the steel beams holding up the track of the Thunderbolt run straight down through her house and into the ground below it.

Miss Timpano is a pretty, blond-haired woman in her fifties, and during a recent visit we paid her at her home she used a long cigarette between her fingers to point out the steel beams to us; they'd been panelled over and painted white to match the rest of the living room. Just as she did so, there were rumbles and screams and the living room trembled. Three lampshades around the room swung in little circular dances over their bases, and a large population of houseplants quivered. “That was the coaster taking the top loop,” Miss Timpano told us, raising her voice. “There are two loops that curve right over my roof. In a little bit—maybe fifteen seconds—it’ll hit the bottom loop. That one’s about three feet above the roof.” For about fifteen seconds, Miss Timpano told us about the family scenes in Woody Allen’s movie “Annie Hall” that were shot in the dining room behind us, and then the living room and its contents trembled harder than they had the first time. We felt the tremors pass through our feet, and saw a baby grand piano in the far corner of the room shudder on its legs. Some yellow chrysanthemums in a vase on top of the piano shivered and swayed, and, next to them, a large black-and-white photograph of a handsome young man shook, too. After things had settled down again, Miss Timpano told us that the young man was Fred Moran, a former owner and operator of the Thunderbolt, who had also owned the house, and lived in it, until his death, last January. Fred took over at the Thunderbolt in 1965, when his father, George H. Moran, died. Miss Timpano had met Fred a dozen years before that, while she was a waitress at Kirsch’s, a former Coney Island restaurant, and she was Fred’s companion for thirty years. She had been coming to the house for all those thirty years and had lived there with Fred for the last six of them.

“It isn’t that bad,” Miss Timpano explained to us. “You get used to it. I sleep through it. Of course, I’m a good sleeper, so I don’t know if you can go by me. But anyway in the winter it’s like living in the country, it’s so quiet.”

What we really wanted to know, though, was how the house came to be situated beneath the Thunderbolt roller coaster in the first place. And here’s what we found out: The Thunderbolt was built by George Moran and several partners in 1925. (That was the year that Coney Island began holding annual beauty contests limited to red-haired girls.) The land they’d bought for their coaster came with something extra—the Kensington, an old hotel that had seen its best years. Instead of tearing it down, George Moran and his partners took part of the top off and just built the roller coaster right over it. “They used it for an office during the construction,” Miss Timpano told us, “and George kept it for one when the ride was finished.” George Moran worked such long hours running the completed coaster, though, that he wound up sleeping there most summer nights. So his wife, Mollie, sometimes travelled over from Brighton Beach, where they lived, to stay with him. Then she began fixing it up. The office remained on the first floor, and soon the six rooms on the top floor—where Miss Timpano lives now—became their home.

Matthew Kennedy, who is a member of the Coney Island Chamber of Commerce, was a friend of the Morans’ back then. “See,” he told us when we talked with him recently, “the average guy working out at Coney Island worked at least a hundred hours a week. And many a marriage broke up because of it. But Mollie and George really made it into a home, and they were a very happy couple.”



“Let me preface today’s sermon with a few stats from the Bible.”

A Summer Conversation

WE’VE received the following letter from a friend who is spending his vacation in a stone cottage he has rented in a village in County Cork, near the Fastnet Light, in southwesternmost Ireland:

My place is halfway up a hillside overlooking pastures in fifteen shades of velvety-looking green—it’s like an open-air billiard-table showroom with a wide selection. The fields are dotted here and there with cows, which look like— well, cows look like nothing else in the world, if you stop to think about it. And which, I’m ashamed to say, I’m afraid of. Below this land are Long Island Channel, Long Island itself, and, in the distance, Cape Clear Island. At sunset—around nine o’clock here right now—I usually take my binoculars and walk along a short road and then up a lane to the top of the hill in back of my place. A driveway up there leads to a modern house that until a couple of weeks ago was being rented by six Oxford undergraduates (I would meet them from time to time in the town pub, where they listened courteously to the most vitriolic anti-British ballads imaginable) and has been empty since.

Last night, when I turned to descend to my cottage, I saw a girl ten or eleven years old, followed by a long but very small, waddly dog, walking up the lane toward me. She stopped a few feet away and waved a hand toward the Oxonians’ former residence.

Girl: Elsie O’Brien, as keeps the keys, says there’s some people coming soon to let this house who have two bulldogs. They told her in a letter that

MUSTARD
KLEAN'S SOAP
21
BOOTH

"The way I see it, Wendy, you only go around once."

• •

the bulldogs attack other dogs and children, and the people don't want to be bothered with anyone coming up here. It's a shame, isn't it?

Me: Yes, it is. What will your little dog do? I've seen her wandering all over the place.

Girl: Cindy's pregnant, too, you know.

Me: I wondered about that, from her looks.

Girl: Yes. The last time, she had only one pup, and it grew up much bigger than she. I guess I'll have to keep watch over her.

Me: It couldn't have grown up much smaller.

Girl: I'll have to look out for my brothers and my sister, too.

Me: How large is your family?

Girl: There's Denise—she's the baby, two years old. Then there's Tommy and Gerry, and then me. I'm the oldest. Denise was very ill after she was born, and she was at home for only a month of the first year. Otherwise, she was in hospital up in Cork City, and they said she hadn't a chance. Finally, didn't a priest as had many relics about him come to see her. It's that which saved her, they say.

Me: And she's all right now?

Girl: Oh, yes, she's fine, thank you.

Me: Is that your house down there?

Girl: Yes, it is, yes. Would you believe that our lawn was nothing but rocks when we moved here? The house we lived in in Bristol, in England, was haunted. I was the only child then, and, ooh, it was lovely having all the attention. Anyway, a lady in white would appear on the balcony sometimes, and one night my Aunt Nancy and I were sitting in the parlor when the door just opened and closed. It could have been a gush of wind, I suppose. But then a knife and fork just swept off the table.

Me: *That* couldn't have been a gush of wind.

Girl: No, it couldn't, no.

Me: Well, it's getting chilly, and there isn't much of a sunset tonight. And anyway on some nights the farmer next door to my place takes the cows along the road and puts them in the field below at about this time. I know it's silly, but I'm a bit scared of them.

Girl: You're not!

Me: I am.

Girl (teasingly): Well, and they do say that a mean cow can be trickier than a good bull.

Me: I don't want to hear about it. But before I go maybe you'd like to look through these. (I hand her the binoculars.)

Girl (looking at Fastnet Light): Oh, it's so close. (At telephone pole) It's like it was right here. (At her arm) I couldn't see this at all. (She gives the binoculars back.) They're good, aren't they? I think I hear the cows coming, though.

Me: *Please.*

Girl: And the midges are starting up. If the bluebottles get into your house, they lay eggs. It's disgusting.

Me: But I see that your windows are open.

Girl: You have to, or wouldn't you suffocate. Just let me take a look at the clouds through them—I love to see what shapes they do. (She takes the binoculars, looks at the sky, and hands them back.) Lovely.

Me: Well, so long. Maybe I'll see you up here again. Take care of Cindy when the bulldogs come, and yourself, too.

Girl: Them would be Johnny Brosnan's cows, I believe—the ones that come up the road. And doesn't one of them, the blackest, bite.

Me: Good night.

I went down the lane and along the road. When I was about halfway to my cottage, I heard the girl call out, "Better run! Here they come!" I didn't run, but I did walk a little faster. Of course, the cows didn't come at all that night.

THE WISDOM OF "ROCKY," VOLUME II

(A SAMPLER OF INSPIRATIONAL QUOTATIONS FROM "ROCKY XXI" THROUGH "ROCKY XXXIX;" "ROCKY XL" THROUGH "ROCKY LXVII" WILL BE TREATED IN VOLUMES TO BE RELEASED THIS FALL.)

I DIDN'T come this far to go all the way back. When a man's run as far as he can, that's when it's time to go the extra mile.

But who are you running *for*, Rocky? Or are you running *from* something? Something you're afraid to face?

Sometimes you can't tell which way is right or wrong, so you gotta turn where your heart is. And my heart's with you and the kids. You know that.

Is it, Rocky? Is it? Is what you're doing *for* us worth what it might do *to* us, and to you?

I can't answer that. Listen, I love you and you love me, but you can't love me unless I keep being what I am, which is a man. You can't be what you can be until you've been what you are, no matter how tough it is, and you've got to be true to that, because that's all you can do, even if it hurts.

—Rocky, Jr., and Anna Marie,
"Rocky XXI."

What do you want from me, anyway?

You. I want you to be you, because unless you're you you're not the man I married, which is the only man I love.

But am I me unless I give it my best shot?

I don't know the answer to that. And you won't know, either, unless you stop lying to yourself. Because when you lie to yourself you lie to everybody, even the baby.

But everything's a lie unless you believe in what you are.

If you believe that. But what if what you're believing in is not really you?

Is that what you believe?

—Rocky, Jr., and Anna Marie,
"Rocky XXII."

I'm not afraid to say I'm afraid, Grandma. What would Granddad have done? Would he have fought a man he couldn't possibly defeat?

He could, he would, he did. And what you've got to remember is that Hogshead Malrequez is just another man, but you're not—you're your father's son, and that's something nobody can ever take away from you, even if they take the title, because that's the greatest gift of all, and that's more than he'll ever be. You know, your father once told me he was afraid.

!!!

That's right. Don't be so surprised. And you know what I said to him?

You said, "I'm afraid, too. I'd be afraid if I weren't afraid. So what are we gonna do? Quit or try?"

You're your grandfather's grandson, all right.

I just hope I can do them both proud.

Tie your shoes tight, and take your punches like a man, and you will.

—Rocky the Younger and Adrian,
"Rocky XXIV."

You've got to be true to what you've been, because that's who you are, and without that you've got nothing, whether you're a bum or a king, because no matter how big you've been, when that first bell rings and there's nobody out there but you and a fighter who wants to drop-kick your head to the back row, then you know, and without that you haven't become what you should have.

(*A pause.*)

Yeah, but what if you don't believe in what you've been?

Then stick out your jaw and stand tall and do what you've gotta.

But can you do more than all that you can?

It's the least you can do.

—Rocky the Younger and the Ghost
of Original Rocky, "Rocky XXV."

I don't think I can win. Your father knew my grandfather. What do you think he would have said?

Only you know what you're asking.

He would have said, "Do it." But what if "doing it" isn't right for me?

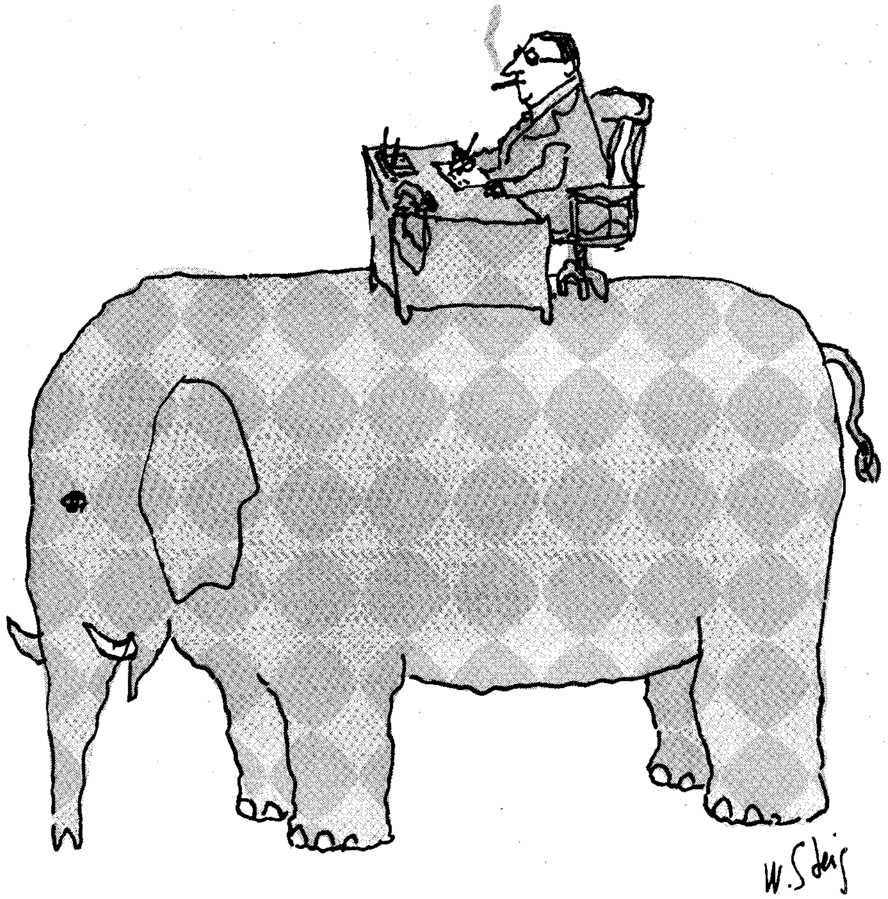
You've got to think about more than just yourself now.

You mean my family?

Not just them. Every person in this whole damn town owns a little piece of your heart, whether you like it or not. No one said it would be easy, but it's gotta hurt if it's gonna be worth doing, because if it's done without pain you may as well not have done it at all. It's easy to go through life without hurting, but it hurts to go through life without living, and you haven't really lived unless you have.

—Rocky the Younger and
Apollo Creed, Jr., "Rocky XXVI."

You know, you don't really know how hard you can hit until you've been hit by a man who can hit harder. And



Big Businessman

you don't know how tall you stand until you stand next to a man who stands taller. I'm gonna lose this match. That Whalehead Blubboon is just too big. But I know I've given this city my best—my heart and soul taped to the ends of two stinking gloves. And if I do go down, I want to go down the way Dad would have—standing up. All I want them to say is "He went down trying."

You talk like somebody owed you something.

—Rocky the Youngest and Son of Mickey, "Rocky XXVIII."

("Rocky XXXI" through "Rocky XXXV" have been lost.)

He did what he wanted even though it went against his father. Now I gotta do what he wants even though it's against myself? That doesn't make sense.

Your father loves you, don't forget that, and he's got pride as big as Madison Square Garden has seats. Your grandfather once said, "If you fight for what you believe in, it doesn't matter what you're fighting against, because as long as you fight for what's right, nobody can make you believe different," and your father believes that. It's just that he's as stubborn as he is proud, and he'll only believe you if he's convinced that you *really believe* you want to play the ocarina.

I don't know what I believe anymore.

Join the club, kid. None of us do. Believe me.

—Little Rocky and Son of Mickey, "Rocky XXXVI."

You're not a loser unless you think you are, but you can't be a winner unless you have something to lose.

You think you're a loser? You're not a loser, and you know why? Because to be a loser you have to have won something to lose, and let's be honest—you haven't done that, because you've always been a lazy slob and a loser, and not because you are but because you think you are. I'm saying this straight from the heart, because bum that you are, you've always been a brother to me. You're my son.

Thanks. I know that you're saying this to me, no matter how much it hurts, because you love me.

Don't forget it. And remember, "Without love you're nothing, no matter who you are, 'cause you can still be nothing without love, but you'll always have that, and nobody can never take it away, so you'll never be nobody." You know who said that?

You just did.

—New Rocky and Additional Rocky, "Rocky XXXVIII."

I don't think you understand. When this is all over, and I've lost, which I think I'm gonna, I haven't just lost it for myself, I've lost it for you and the kids, for Mickey and Paulie, for every skinny punk who ever hung around a South Philly street corner kickin' a can straight to nowhere, and for all the Rockys before me who ever went down swinging and all the Rockys to come who went down or will go down the same way. So I'm scared. I feel like it's Round 15 and I've already lost eight in my heart. All my life I've been running on my soul, but what do you do when you run out of that? (*A pause.*) You ain't sayin' nothing.

What do you want me to say?

Whatever you feel.

No, Rocky, no. Because there comes a time when you run out of feelings, and if you really say what you feel, then you've run out of things to say. You can always say what you've always been feeling, but what do you do if you're not even sure you're feeling that anymore?

Say it again.

All right. I love you. You know that.

But you can never say it too many times.

—Additional Rocky and Delsa, "Rocky XXXIX."

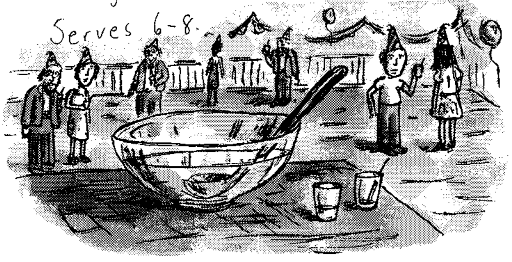
—ALEX HEARD

FAVORITE WATER DRINKS

H₂O Punch

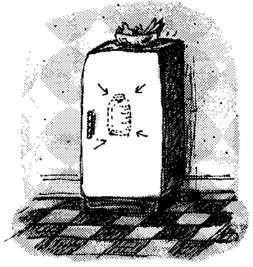
2 c. tap water
2 c. well water
1 c. bottled spring water
1 c. distilled water

Place ingredients in blender. Mix well. Serves 6-8.



Alaska

Place 1 qt. water* in refrigerator for 2-4 hours. Serve immediately. Makes 4 portions.



* any kind

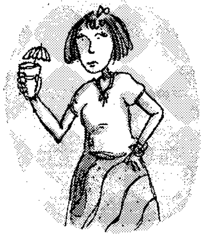
Water Spritzer

Pour 2 oz. of distilled or bottled spring water in a glass over ice. Fill with club soda.

Make Mine Water

1 c. tap water

Decorate with tiny umbrella. Serves 1.



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CONSTABULARY NOTES FROM ALL OVER

[*From the Police Blotter in the Sierra Madre (Calif.) News*]

—August 12: Police investigated a suspicious noise at Ramona and Michillinda and found juveniles howling at the moon.

HORTENSE

HORTENSE fluttered into Miller's Ice Cream Parlor in a fur jacket and jade earrings. A friend at our table assured me that her jacket "is definitely mink," her earrings "are worth at least a couple of hundred dollars"—and "her father drives a Pierce-Arrow." Hortense sat herself down at our table. She said, "*Je suis Parisienne, et voilà!*" She was studying French at James Monroe High School. I told her that I was in my last year at DeWitt Clinton High, the all-boys school in the West Bronx. She didn't like my hair parted in the middle, so she combed it straight back, pompadour style. I wanted to bring her up to my family's apartment, but we didn't have a real living room. Ma and my sister Marion used it for a bedroom. My brother Ronald and I slept in an adjacent room, and the room near the kitchen was for boarders.

When Ma first hung a "Boarder Wanted" sign outside the entrance to our building, a Mrs. Bodner and her sixteen-year-old son, Bernard, came up and asked to see the room. Mrs. Bodner, a woman of about fifty, bent and wrinkled, looked down at the floor as she spoke, asking the price and were there kitchen privileges. They agreed to ten dollars a month, and Ma gave them the third shelf in our icebox. Mrs. Bodner reached into a shopping bag, took out a newspaper-wrapped herring, and placed it on the third shelf. By the end of the week Mrs. Bodner hadn't paid the ten dollars' rent. Ma discovered that they had been eating into our food. Our cheese was gone, and five eggs had disappeared. Ma caught Mrs. Bodner and Bernard in the kitchen eating our chicken. She demanded an explanation. Mrs. Bodner denied having taken our food, opening the icebox and pointing at her shelf. Ma pulled out the newspaper-wrapped herring and opened it. There was no herring inside! Ma insisted they leave in the morning. "It's them or us," she said.

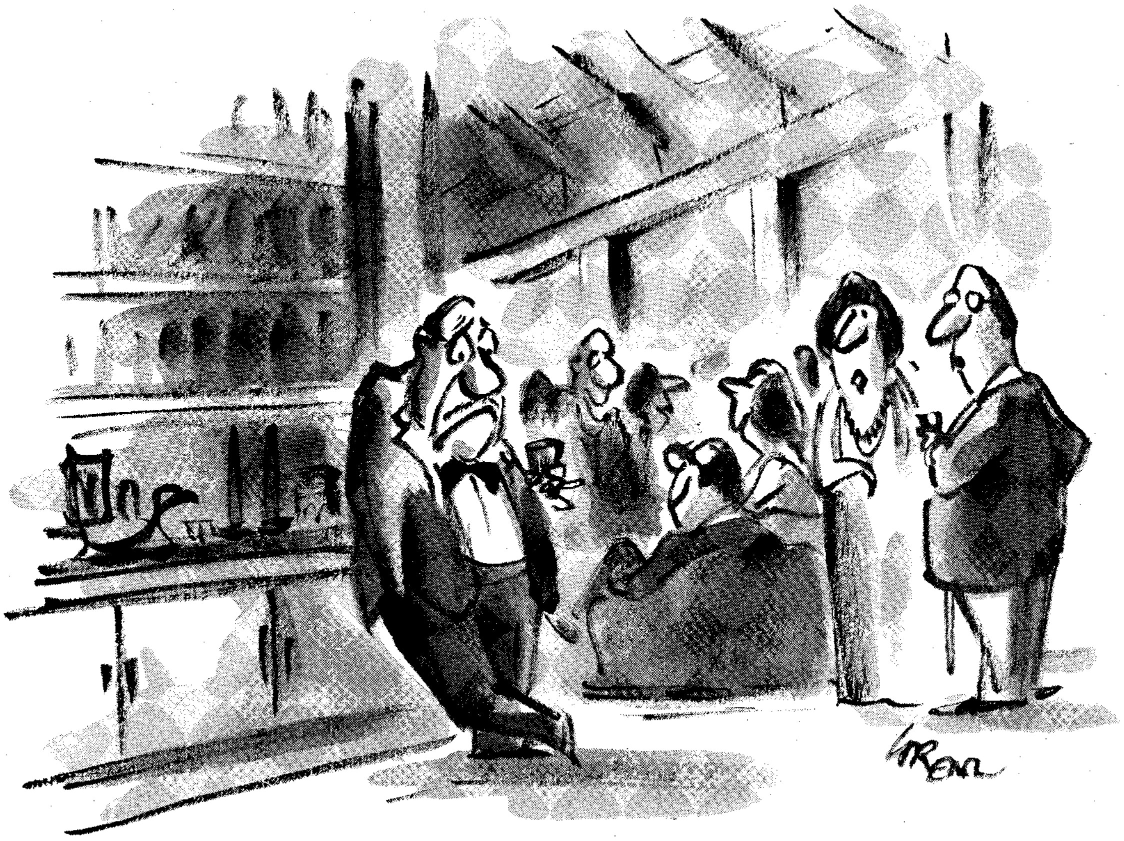
Ma was selling drygoods and novelty jewelry to old friends, neighbors, and relatives, on the installment plan. She ran herself ragged, loaded down like a mule, looking all over the city for new and overdue customers. I tried selling light bulbs from house to house. One day I combed Tremont Avenue near Southern Boulevard. At my ring they would open the door a crack, and when I said "Any light bulbs today?" they would slam the door in my face. I tried the small businessmen who were dozing through the Depression in dimly lighted storefronts, who hadn't sold anything in days. They didn't even answer when I said "Any light bulbs, sir?"

Back home, seeing my mother's distress, I started in again. "Light up your life, Madam. Two bulbs for forty cents."

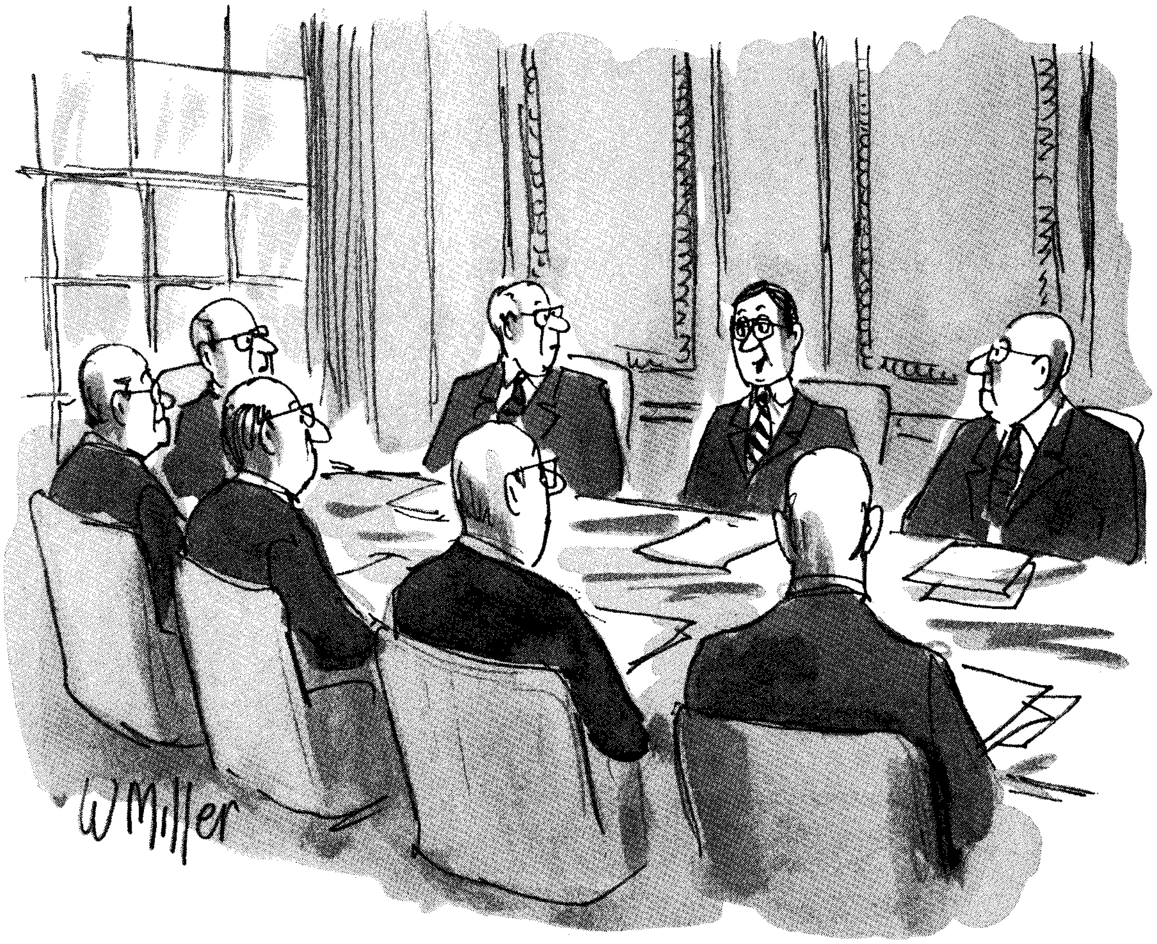
HORTENSE lived with her parents in a new apartment house with cut-out corner windows, on the Grand Concourse at 174th Street. A doorman let me in and buzzed her apartment. There were several large chandeliers hanging in the lobby. A plastic strip of rose garden separated the blue carpeting from the red panelled walls, and a pair of large matador paintings flanked the elevator. The elevator man let me off on the sixth floor. Hortense introduced me to her mother and father, Mr. and Mrs. Beecher. Mr. Beecher was a tall, lean, gray-haired man in silver-rimmed eyeglasses. He asked me if I drank or smoked, and I told him I didn't. Mrs. Beecher had light-gray eyes, somewhat protuberant, and soft mouse-brown hair in a bun on each side of her head. A pianola in their sunken living room was tinkling "Dew Dew Dewy Day."

Mr. Beecher told me that President Roosevelt was ruining the country with giveaways and boondoggles. "They don't want to work!" he declared, tapping me on the chest. "They dig a hole and fill it up again. There are breadlines today paid for by people who want to work and do. Life is tough. Only the strong survive. The weak fall by the wayside." Then Mr. Beecher said he and his wife expected Hortense to be home by midnight.

I tried to wind up this date with Hortense at Miller's Ice Cream Parlor, but she was in the mood for Chinese. We went to Hung Fat, on Southern Boulevard—a waiter-and-tablecloth restaurant with big squarely folded napkins. Hortense ordered Heavenly Chicken, and something called Loong-



"His name is Henry Kaufman and God knows he's gloomy, but he's not the *gloomy Henry Kaufman."*



"To start with, gentlemen, I just want to say that if at times I strike you as being strange or weird or something, or whatever, it's because I'm probably the first member of this board to grow up with television."

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Ha Peen for me. Halfway through the meal the waiter brought us finger bowls, tepid water with a few flower petals floating on top. There were two or three underlings to service us, going back and forth.

I GOT a summer job, working in the basement of the Katz Bakery. Eleven dollars a week; up at 3 A.M., through at noon. I loved the roll machine. I would throw a large lump of dough into this giant crisscrossed iron pan, then pull a lever and bring down the heavy top. It capped the dough, squashing it into small units, each enough for one roll.

Mr. Katz, the baker, and his wife, Sarah, a petite, matronly brunette, spoke strangely to each other. She would bounce down from the kitchen upstairs and shout at Mr. Katz in four-letter words: "Listen, you - - - -, you can eat - - - - if you don't get that damn strudel on the - - - - counter by ten o'clock." Mr. Katz laughed ecstatically, overjoyed at her verve and devotion. "Listen to her!"

When the bakery had its annual cleanup of bugs, mice, and rats, several barrels were filled and put out on the sidewalk. There were roaches in dark corners, scurrying about as big as mice. "These roaches," I said, "are bigger than mice! And when I step on one, it doesn't crush and my foot moves with it!" Mr. Katz laughed at my fright. "Listen to him!"

MRS. KLINGMAN was our next boarder. We called her the Lady from the Park, as Ma had first met her on the benches near the camel house in the Bronx Zoo. A large woman of fifty or so, she had bristly steel-wool hair and eyebrows that arched, giving her a look of astonishment. She cooked up a storm, using all four fires on our gas range at a time. Her pots overflowed. She'd stay in the john an hour, and took to lying around on our sofa, smelling of lilac, making eyes at my brother Ronald and calling him Cousin. Ma was afraid to leave the house.

When I told Hortense we took in boarders, she said she had never heard anything like that before. "*Je désire une chambre à un lit avec salle de bain.*"

HORTENSE and I had been alone in her house all evening. At her least smile, waves of magic ran through me. I was afraid to look at her. What moved me most was the charm that lit up her face when she spoke. She turned on the radio:

Au revoir, a fond cheerio,
a bit of tweet tweet . . .
Yowsah, yowsah, yowsah.

Oh, God! I couldn't stand Ben Bernie! I turned the Beechers' radio dial and got Edgar Bergen and his dummy, Charlie, on NBC. Just then, Hortense's parents came in. They had been to a banquet and were all dressed up. As Mrs. Beecher removed her fur cape, I noticed a string of black pearls that fell nearly to her waist. I had never seen black pearls before.

Hortense was rumored to have an uncle in Newport who was a millionaire with a racing stable, a summer house, and several limousines, and dressed for eight-course dinners. Once, she had shown me an ornamental ring her uncle gave her for her graduation from high school. "It's a real sapphire centered in a diamond hexagon," she had whispered.

Seeing me ogle Mrs. Beecher's black pearls, Mr. Beecher laughed. "Diamonds," he declared, "are a woman's weakness. No matter who the woman or what her position in life, she will have a soft spot in her heart for those precious stones."

I GOT a new job, at a dress factory on West Thirty-seventh Street, at twelve dollars a week. The factory was a large room with a big red-hot stove to keep the pressing irons ready for use. I was the delivery boy and had to wear this damn cap that said “Daisey Frocks.” There was a wooden fence, waist high, separating the finishers from the cutters. The boss, Mr. Margolis, decided to get rid of it, so I spent a day chopping and sawing, full of splinters. Mr. Margolis liked how I worked, and said I had a future at Daisey Frocks. They were starting a new line in girls’ dresses, and he said if I showed willingness, after a few months maybe he’d send me out on the road with a salesman to carry the sample cases. I’d get to know the customers up close, he promised.

Mr. Margolis had a partner, Mr. Cohn, who heard me say, “A month is just another day on a dumb job,” so he fired me. Mr. Margolis asked where I was going, and I told him I’d just been canned. “Come with me,” he said, so I got taken back and was fired again later in the day by Mr. Cohn for lingering and wasting time holding a door open for a delivery man coming in with a large bundle.

“STUPENDOUS! Spectacular! Sensational!” At the entrance to the Bug House a giant mechanical head with rolling baby-blue egg eyes, one large lid opening and closing in conspiratorial winks, said, “Wanna hear a good one? Someone asks me do I like bathing beauties. I don’t know —I never bathed one. Ha-ha-ha-ha. Wanna hear a good one? . . . Ha-ha-ha-ha. . . .”

Hortense and I passed a pitchman at the entrance to a large tent with some kind of auction going on inside. “There goes a lady with another of those ten-dollar watches! Hold it up, please, Madame, so everybody can see it! I’ll level with you, ladies and gentlemen—these beautiful watches are not worth fifty dollars each, but they are a tremendous bargain at one dollar apiece! . . . There goes another gentleman with a genuine leather wallet with one single dollar bill tucked away in it! Hold it up, sir. Thank you. We are now going to give away ten of the finest, ten of the biggest, ten of the costliest gifts for the price of five dollars each to the ten lucky people with an ounce of sporting blood in their veins. . . .” I bought a five-dollar ladies’ fountain pen for Hortense and a one-dollar wallet for myself.

We rode the Caterpillar. We were jostled and bounced and thrown into each other’s laps. Hortense got dizzy from the Roulette Wheel, so I did the Human Pool Table by myself, getting flung from disc to disc. Hortense had an hourglass figure, and I encouraged her to enter the Steeplechase Park beauty contest, but she said she wasn’t ready. “I’ve got a face full of freckles,” she explained, “and I’m keeping out of the sun this summer.” She did have vanilla-malted skin with a smash of freckles on each cheek. “*Qui veut la fin veut les moyens.*”

WE hung out the “Boarder Wanted” sign again, and a Mr. Perez came up and rented the room for ten dollars a month. A dark man with an Adolphe Menjou mustache and a perpetual twitch, he tailored fashionable men’s suits for Macy’s and other department stores. Ma tried to get an extra dollar a month from him for all

UNDER THE BOATHOUSE

Out of my clothes, I ran past the boathouse
to the edge of the dock
and stood before the naked silence of the lake,
on the drive behind me my wife
rattling keys, calling for help with the grill,
the groceries wedged into the trunk.
Near the tail end of her voice, I sprang
from the homemade board, bent body
like a hinge, and speared the surface,
cut through water I would not open my eyes in,
to hear the junked depth pop in both ears
as my right hand dug into silt and mud,
my left clawed around a pain.
In a fog of rust I opened my eyes to see
what had me, and couldn’t, but knew
the fire in my hand and the weight of the thing
holding me under, knew the shock of all
things caught by the unknown
as I kicked off the bottom like a frog,
my limbs doing fearfully strange strokes,
lungs collapsed in a confusion of bubbles,
all air rising back to its element.
I flailed after it, rose toward the bubbles
breaking on light, then felt down my arm
a tug running from a taut line.
Halfway between the bottom of the lake
and the bottom of the sky, I hung like a buoy
on a short rope, an effigy
flown in an underwater parade,
and imagined myself hanging there forever,
a curiosity among fishes, a bait hanging up
instead of down. In the lung-ache,
in the blue pulsing of temples, what gave first
was something in my head, a burst
of colors that the blind see, and I saw
against the surface a shadow like an angel
quivering in a dead man’s float,
then a shower of plastic knives and forks
spilling past me in the lightened water, a can
of barbequed beans, a bottle of A.1., napkins
drifting down like white leaves,
heavenly litter from the world I struggled toward.
What gave then was something on the other end,
and my hand rose on its own and touched my face.
Into the splintered light under the boathouse,
the loved, suffocating air hovering over the lake,
the cry of my wife leaning dangerously
over the dock, an empty grocery bag at her feet,
I bobbed with a hook through the palm of my hand.

—David Bottoms

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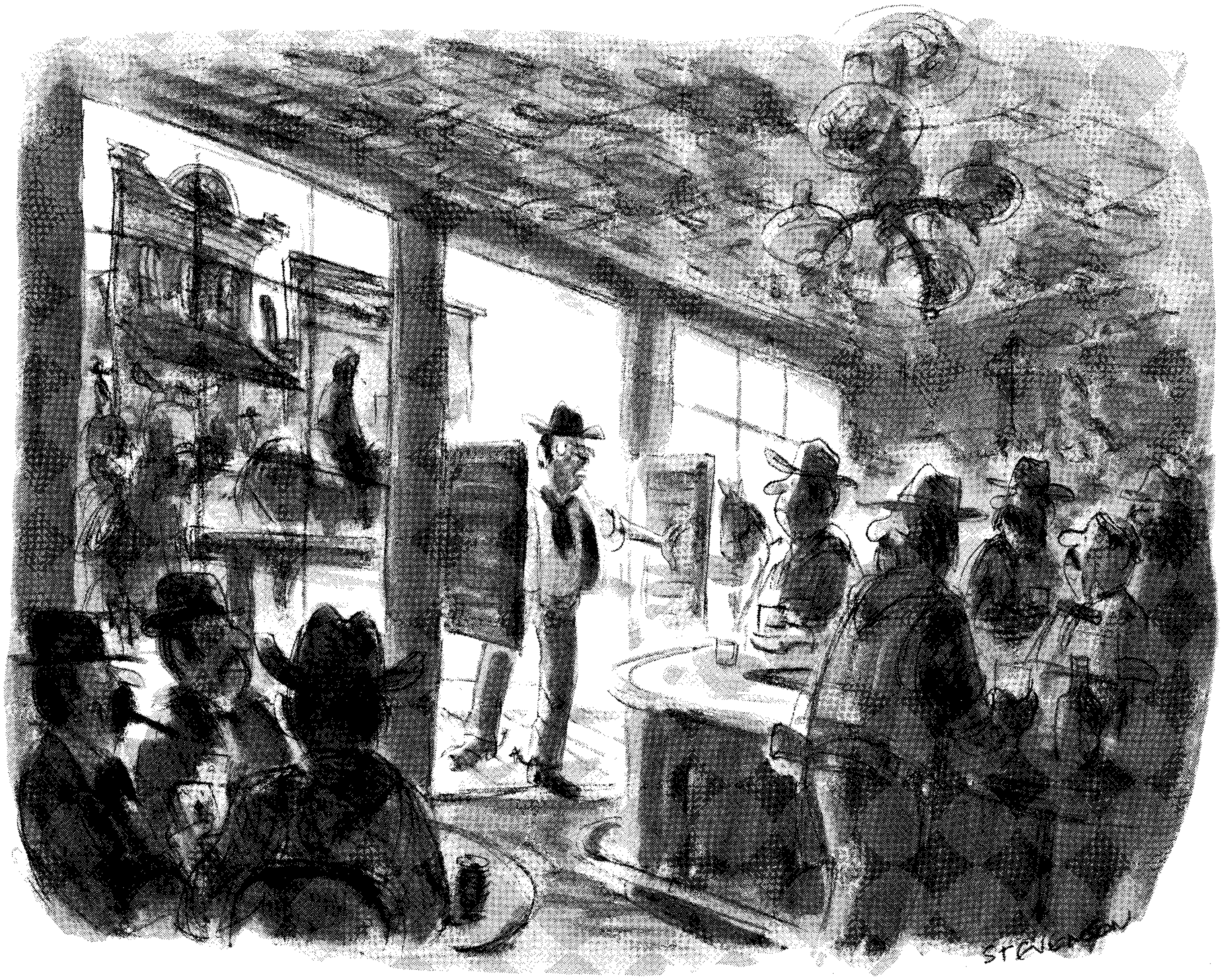


"Sunset will be at seven-forty-five, if anybody plans to ride off into it."

• •

the electricity he used with his sewing machine. He worked day and night, then dressed up in one of the new suits and wore it in front of the house for a few days before delivering it.

I had been wanting Hortense to meet Ma and the family, and one day as we approached the house Mr. Perez seemed to be having a fit at the entrance. He was slapping his arms about in a new tweed suit, trying to rid himself of cockroaches that had settled in his pockets and were crawling around on his person. Some neighbors standing there acted astounded, as though ours were the only apartment with bugs in it. I decided not to bring Hortense up, and passed Mr. Perez, pretending that I didn't know him, that I didn't live there anyhow. That I wasn't me.

ONE night I had a date with Hortense and it was pouring. Bronx Park was hopeless, but I only had two dollars on me. I suggested we go to the Belmont Theatre, on Tremont Avenue, to see "The Power and the Glory," with Spencer Tracy, but Hortense wanted to catch the acts at the Loew's Paradise Theatre, on the Grand Concourse. "Every nook and cranny in the theatre is filled with regal museum furnishings," she said.

"For the best remaining seats, ladies and gentlemen, take the grand staircase on the left." We stopped for a moment to watch the ceremony for the changing of the ushers. There were fifteen daytime ushers in royal-blue uniforms surrendering their flashlights to fifteen evening ushers in white tie and gold-braided West Point jackets. The head usher marched them down among the Renaissance columns in the lobby, where he read them their orders. He then put them through a close-order drill, marching them into the theatre and to their posts. "Left, right, left, right . . ." I figured that they got about eighteen dollars a week—the head usher maybe twenty-five. I wondered out loud whether they had to pay for their uniforms themselves. Hortense didn't care. We sat in the balcony, and she nudged me. "It's so lovely to look up and see the stars twinkle."

I reminded Hortense that the stars would be turned off when we left the Paradise.

MY next boss, Mr. Barish, said, "People are fed up with slobbering salesmen. In New York you can't get away with it. The main thing is to come forward and speak when the customer asks for something, to hold your tongue until you're spoken to. I'll try to inform you, but before taking any risks, I'll have to see what you are good for. If you're competent. If you're cut out for the job. If you're loyal. And you'd better get this straight: if you're not up to it, I, myself, will fire you personally."

I dusted his hardware and swept up twice a day. What was terrible was the silence, the endless time waiting for a stray customer, and Mr. Barish sitting behind the counter looking straight ahead. I worried about how he could pay me at the end of the week, since he took in nothing. I swept up again.

Finally, after two weeks, he turned his head toward me. He had discovered the worst symptoms in me, he said. He washed his hands of me. His conscience was clear. "Leon," he said, "out of consideration for your mother, I am not going to dismiss you." (Ma sold his wife drygoods occasionally.) "Your mother is taking you back of her own free will. You see the difference? Believe me, I'm sorry to see you leaving us. But at your age, you can always make up for lost time." He shook my hand with a great deal of conviction.

MY last suit was sagging every which way, with large bags at the knees. My shoes were worn. Ma said I didn't walk like other people. She was still waiting for things to pick up. She had hope that hand-knit sweaters would come back in style, that the taste for handicraft would return. She was wearing herself out for nothing. Her customers had lost all refinement, all appreciation for handmade articles. All they had left was an infatuation with machine-manufactured garbage.

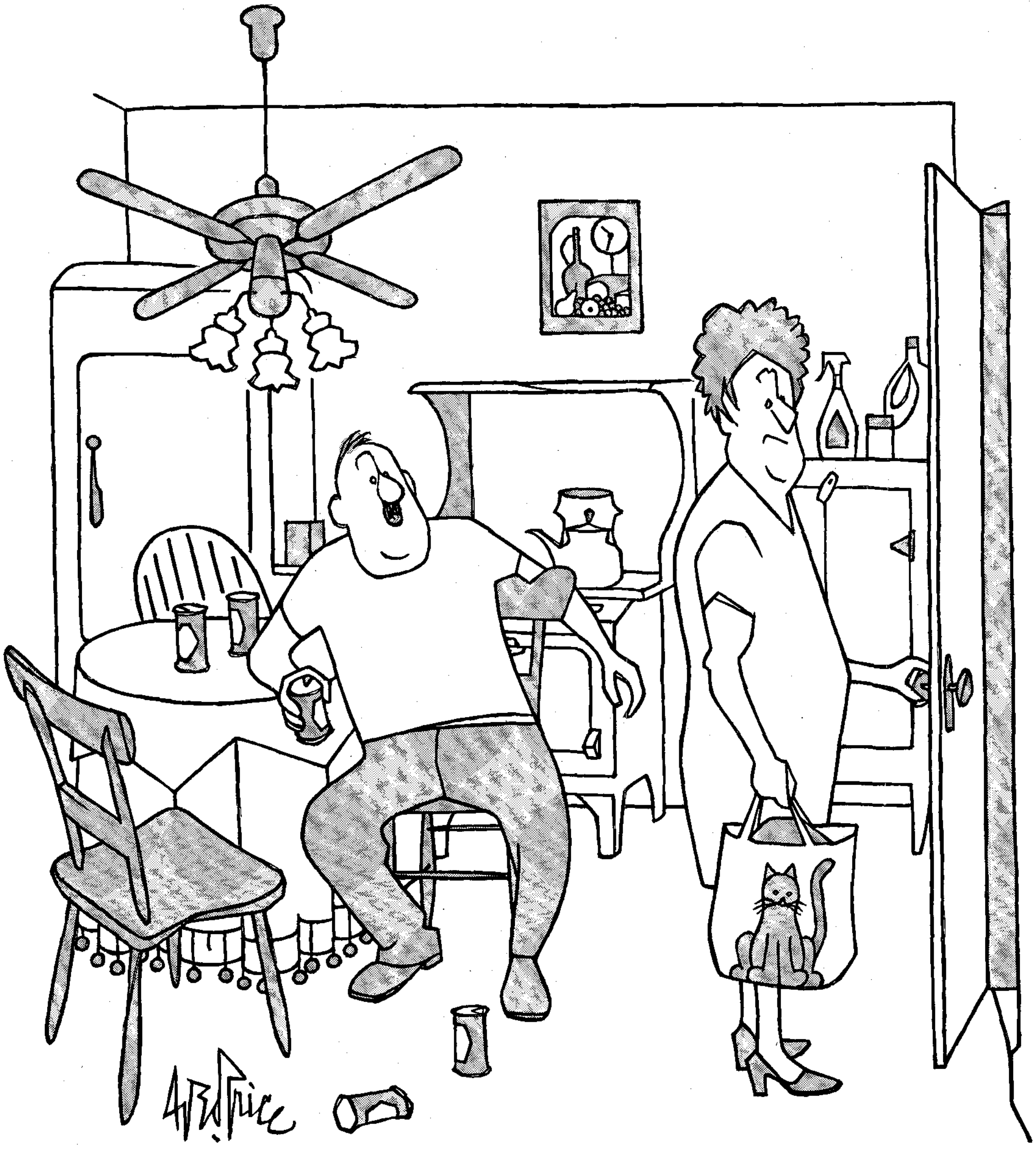
I bought a tin lizzie for forty dollars. It was a stick shift, and I learned to make the H backward and forward. I convinced Ma that I could drive her around to make her drygoods deliveries to customers left and right.

Hortense's cousin, Shirley, lived in Bridgeport, and I offered to drive her there. Mr. Beecher wanted us back by midnight. Thirty minutes out on Boston Post Road we had a flat tire. I put the spare on the car and let the jack down. The spare was flat, too. Hortense said, "*Pardon, Monsieur, où est le train à Bridgeport, s'il vous plaît?*" Then she suggested that we look for some water to test the leak; as fortune would have it, we weren't too far from a brook. We submerged the tube, and with the rising bubbles we found the hole. The damn tube was already full of old patches. I added one more. A hand pump came with the lizzie, and I pumped too much air into the tire. As we drove off, we could feel every bump and lump on the spare. I decided we'd better get a new tire, so we stopped at a garage and I borrowed ten dollars from Hortense, adding my five. Twenty minutes later we developed a knock in the motor, followed very quickly by a belch of black smoke up front. The crankcase dropped onto the road, spilling bolts and nuts and oil. We got back home at two in the morning.

Hortense's father was in front of their house waiting for her. I had oil smears all over my shirt and pants. I let her father babble awhile. I didn't know what to say. I was listening with only half an ear.

I SPOTTED Ma on 180th Street, leaning against a mailbox, resting her bundle on the ground. She looked thin and sallow, and she was all wrinkled around the eyes. Ma's drygoods business was sinking beyond rescue. Even at rock-bottom prices she couldn't sell anything more. Her customers were stone-broke. She hadn't even kept her books accurately. She had several "ledgers" in different drawers around the house, and wherever she happened to be, in one room or another, she pulled open the nearest drawer and entered a payment. We weren't sure who owed us what.

"IF you're not on the ball, you won't eat," Mr. Beecher said. "Anyone



"About your mother's stiff neck. Tell her I cried 'Alas!'"

"Surf's up."

who wants to work can get work." He had decided to give me a job at Ajax Valves. He thought me a little large for his shop. Even without me in it, no one could move about in that mess. "You want to join us. Fine. It's settled. Splendid! Shake on it. We understand each other. Good. Welcome aboard."

I got twelve dollars a week, nine of which I turned over to Ma. It was a fast job—back and forth into the stockroom carrying boxes of valves, pins, and discs. I never waited for the elevator. I ran up all seven flights. I got coffee for the boss and the foreman. I swept up. It was impossible to lay hands on the right parts. I'd grope for some washers on a shelf and start an avalanche of small bouncing springs. At the press machine, punching valves, I'd take a disc about the size of a quarter and place a five-inch pin through a hole in its center, then push a rubber washer onto the pin against the disc, then slip a metal spring onto the pin. Another washer, another disc. I placed this assemblage on the press and, holding it tightly, stamped it together with my foot on a lever. My fingers got mashed. I mixed up parts. When I showed the foreman, Felix, the bent pins, crushed together with discs, washers, and springs, he couldn't believe his eyes. He looked me up and down. "Let this be a lesson to you," he said. "What little you've learned here will surely be of use to you somewhere else."

AN "Artists Wanted" ad in the *Bronx Home News* brought me to Klassy Ties, at Lafontaine Avenue and 180th Street. I had some samples from my high-school magazine, and a variety of drawings I'd done over the years. It was a free-lance proposition: Klassy Ties wanted nude figures of women hand-painted on men's ties, at fifty cents a tie. I tried it for a week, but I was too slow, and my figures were too knobby.

I answered another "Artists Wanted" ad—Landscapes, Inc. The head artist showed me the job. He laid out twelve eighteen-by-twenty-six-inch pieces of black plush extended on wooden stretchers on a long table. "They will all be of the same scene," he said. He moved quickly along the table, painting the moons first; then he did a medieval castle on a lake, twelve times; then trees and swans on each. He was very fast and finished the twelve paintings in an hour.

I was assigned to do a dozen paintings of a sunset in the Swiss Alps, with chalets and several milkmaids and cows dispersed all around, at four dollars a picture. I was thinking that Ma's customers might be interested, as this sort of painting was already appearing on the walls of many homes. I myself had seen a balcony scene of Romeo and Juliet on black plush in Hortense's house.

AT the Bronx River boathouse, I hired a boat, and Hortense and I rowed upstream. Bronx Lake was full of late-summer sounds, with hidden crickets and a close-up sprinkling of fireflies and mosquitoes. We floated into the shadows along the far bank. "Leon! Leon!" she whispered. The boat was shaking. Her whole weight came down on me. She clutched me. She sobbed into my ear. I was flattened under her caresses. I kissed her, and she cried out, "Oh, you've kissed me!" She broke loose and jumped back, almost overturning the boat. We got to her house on the Grand Concourse at 3 A.M. The doorman said Hortense's father was thinking of going for the police. The next day there was a special-delivery letter from her, saying that her parents had forbidden her to see me again. "So I think it best that you don't write or phone. *Je regrette*—Hortense."

MR. NOVAK, the art director of the poster-art department at Fox Film Company, was a handsome man with a high-bridged nose and flared nostrils. He rose to greet me, and looked at my drawings. He liked my work and said he'd seen dozens of portfolios and was going to give me a job, though it might take a few weeks to get me on the payroll. Two weeks passed, and all of us at home were waiting to hear from Gerry Novak.

Ma said that he was probably one of those film mogul's sons, a mental, who's given an office and whoever comes by gets a job.

"Yes," Marion added, "and Gerry Novak was sick when he was a kid and wasn't allowed to eat solids at the gloomy old parsonage while the rain beat off the moors onto the windows. . . ."

Ronald had to put his two cents into it. "Yes, and a strange, uncanny atmosphere broods over Gerry Novak's office, where the sun never shines and bedbugs crawl about. . . ."

In the meantime I was painting signs. Two cow heads in burnt sienna and Prussian blue—one cow head at each end of the sign, which was five feet by ten feet and read "Kaplan's Kosher Meat Market." Mr. Eckle, of Eckle Signs, did the lettering. He enjoyed my cows and said they had sex appeal. We had another sign to paint, on the side of a building, with a big herring by me across the center, for Levy's Appetising—a twelve-dollar-a-week job, and in the neighborhood. I had plenty of time to think about sex appeal up on the ladder.

THE doorman said he had seen Hortense go into her building about a half hour earlier and she hadn't come out again. At her door, I knocked softly. I knocked again, but no one answered. I knocked louder, and at last her mother opened the door. She didn't seem glad to see me. She said that Hortense was out, that she couldn't be sure when she'd be back, that she'd gone up to her girl friend in the country. Hortense's mother didn't ask me to sit down. I saw her catch someone's eye in the living room, as if giving a sign, and I got a fleeting glimpse in the foyer mirror of Hortense close against the wall.

During my lunch hour I telephoned Gerry Novak for the fifth time, and he asked me to come down to see him. I wore one of Ronald's old suits, and my shoes were polished fit to kill. I barely had time to dash in to see my boss, Mr. Eckle, and drop off his paintbox. He wished me the best of luck. Downtown, Gerry Novak told me that I was on the payroll as an apprentice for thirty dollars a week! My brain whirled.

When I got home, the family was sitting down for supper. I asked Ma how much I'd get for myself if the job paid twenty dollars a week. She said five dollars.

"And if the job pays twenty-five dollars a week?"

"Twenty-five dollars?" she said. "Leon, at twenty-five dollars you keep eight dollars for yourself."

"And if I'm paid thirty dollars, Ma?"

"Thirty dollars!"

We danced around the table, exchanging kisses, embracing, and marvelling at the miracle of the money and the "art job." Gerry Novak had become a heavenly body. Marion asked me if he was a laughing and a joking man, ruddy-complexioned, a picture of strength and happiness.

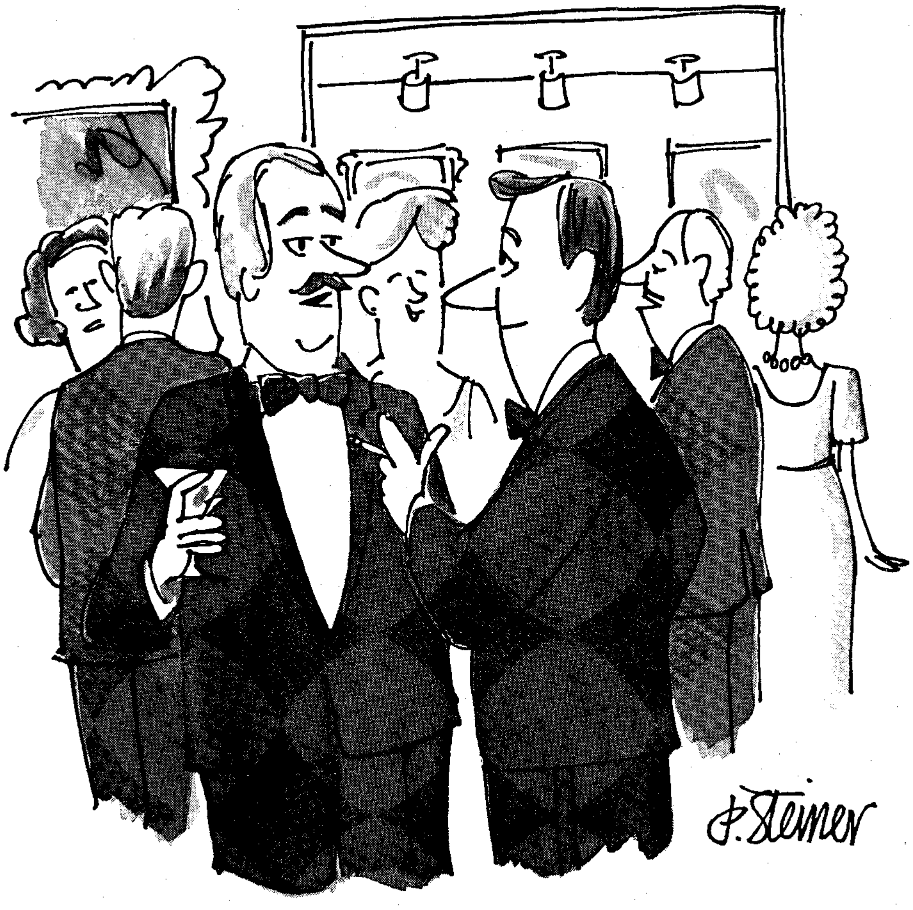
"Yes, Leon," Ma said. "Yes, Leon." She kept repeating it to herself, looking off into space.

That Friday I got my first paycheck and cashed it. I needed some clothes—maybe a Harris-tweed suit, some sweaters, a few shirts. I'd never been to the Catskills. Maybe I'd spend a week of my vacation at Sorkin's Hotel, in White Lake.

I denied Hortense's existence, yet I actually carried her photograph around in my pocket. It was a snapshot of her with hands on hips, chin tossed high, laughing at someone over her shoulder, who was outside the photo. Maybe her father thought I was on a lousy twelve-dollar job running a freight elevator.

As I was about to go down the steps of the subway entrance, a man in a Happy Hooligan coat buttoned all the way down to the sidewalk caught my eye. With a hand up to his mouth he whispered, "Hey, kid, you wanna buy a hot diamond ring for ten dollars?" He proceeded to prove it was a real diamond by cutting into the glass pane of the adjacent United Cigar store window. There was a cut in the glass, all right, and I was convinced. I gave him the money, and he handed me the ring. I hurried over to Forty-seventh Street and stepped into a jewelry shop to price my bargain. I was told the ring was worth approximately seventy-five cents.

—LOU MYERS



"You certainly are composed, for someone who just lost his entire garden to rabbits."

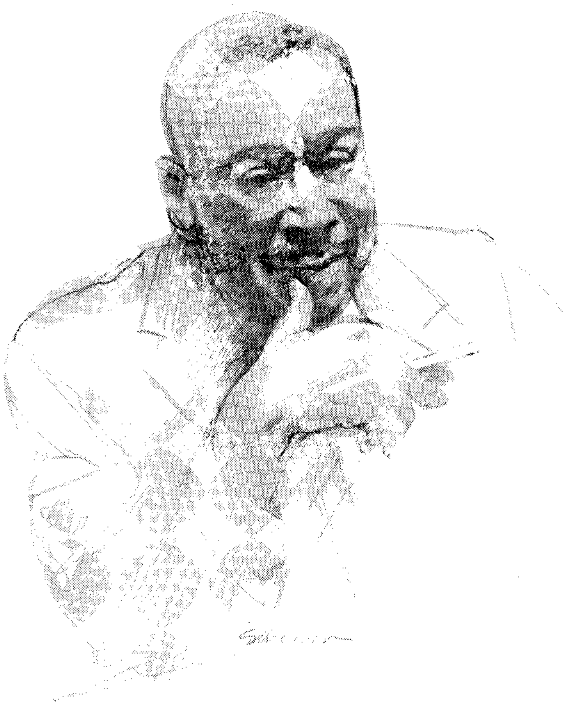
•

But the 6.14 inches of rain that fell last month didn't set any records for total rainfall, according to statistics compiled by the University of New Hampshire's Agricultural Experiment station and covering 1931-75. Since 1975, the wettest June was in July 1980, when 4.70 inches were recorded.—*Keene (N.H.) Sentinel.*

That was the summer when the largest squash recorded by the University of New Hampshire's Agricultural Experiment station turned out to be a peach.

* PROFILES *

THE INTEGRATIONIST



On May 28, 1954, Dr. Kenneth Bancroft Clark, a thirty-nine-year-old associate professor of psychology at City College, in New York, wrote out a brief statement for the press on the meaning of a unanimous Supreme Court decision, Brown v. Board of Education of Topeka, which had been handed down eleven days earlier. Clark himself had been mentioned in the decision, in a footnote that cited him as one representative of "modern authority" supporting the Court's conclusion that segregation in the public schools generates in Negro children "a feeling of inferiority . . . that may affect their hearts and minds in a way unlikely ever to be undone." Clark was somewhat disappointed that the Court, in citing his research, had ignored two other points he had made: that racism was as profoundly American as the Declaration of Independence, and that school segregation twisted the personality development of white as well as Negro children. Still, elated by the decision, he predicted in his statement that as a result of Brown white youngsters could now look to a future "in which they will not have to spend so much valuable energy apologizing for injustices which they did not invent but for which they must share the responsibility." And young Negroes, freed of the stigma of segregation, could now "be proud of the fact that they are Americans."

On a sunny morning more than a quarter of a century later, Dr. Clark was on his way to a Convocation for Competency, sponsored by the Public Education Association, at the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, in New York. In the years since Brown, he had become the first black full professor at City College (he is now Distinguished Professor Emeritus of Psychology), had served on the New York State Board of Regents, had written a number of books—most notably, "Dark Ghetto"—which are widely used in colleges and universities, and had received many professional honors. Also, though he keeps insisting that he has no constituency of his own, he had become part of the inner councils of national black leadership. For a long time, moreover, Clark had been serving another function—as a source of advice and revivification for younger black activists momentarily worn down. But there are times when Clark himself seems to be fighting a losing battle with gloom. On that morning at the Waldorf-Astoria, I was with Dr. Clark as he searched for the room in which he was to be a panellist—on the subject of "Minimum Competency: A Community Strategy for Success-Based Schools?"—and I thought he seemed gloomy.

"I swear, this is the last of these educational panels I'll ever be on," he said. "I've been to so many conferences, so many symposiums, so many seminars, and all they contribute is more alibis for why the schools aren't working and why society doesn't want to deal with this problem. I get so angry at being part of the damn charade, and then I get angry at myself for being so angry. All this talk all these years, and the percentage of black children going to segregated and inferior schools in the North is greater now than it was at the time of Brown. And the educational retardation gets worse and worse." Then, as almost always happens when Dr. Clark is low in spirit, a further rush of anger lifted him out of his gloom into readiness for combat. "Damn it!" he said. "The school boards and public officials in the North are *much* more subtle and persistent in defending the racial status quo than those Southerners ever were. But the damage being done to the children is precisely the same as it was in the Southern segregated schools."

Clark entered a long, narrow room filled with educators and parents. When it was his turn to speak, he began, without notes, by recalling that he had first been elected to the New York State Board of Regents thirteen years earlier. "I was told that I was the first black to be elected to that august body," he said, in a calm, rumbling voice. "I soon learned that we did more than preside over examinations. This was the body with the awesome power of responsibility for education at all levels, from prekindergarten to postgraduate. I decided to look particularly at the quality of elementary and secondary education in the state. And after two years I discovered that the State Education Department had been regularly giving examinations—Pupil Evaluation Program tests—in reading and mathematics at the third-, sixth-, and eighth-grade levels. But the scores were not publicized, because, the staff said, people wouldn't understand how to interpret the differences between schools. It took me two whole years to force the State Education Department to release those PEP scores, and when they did I found out why they had been so reluctant to do it. In the ghetto areas of New York City, from eighty to eighty-five per cent of the children were not only below the norm but *significantly* below. I asked that those scores be made available to the legislators. At the time, Charles Rangel, now a congressman, was the assemblyman from a Harlem district. When he looked at the scores in the Harlem schools, he shouted, 'My God! My district is an educational disaster area.' "

Clark lit a cigarette, gazed at the audience, and went on. "One might think that once these scores had been presented to the Regents and to the legislators there would have been an immediate demand for some kind of remedy to deal with so stark and flagrant a problem." He paused, then said, "Nothing was done. Some years later, the Regents did begin to insist that certain standards of competency be demonstrated before a high-school diploma is awarded, but that came about because of newspaper stories that suburban children were getting lower scores on the Scholastic Aptitude Tests for college. Apparently, this created greater concern in our democracy than the overwhelming evidence that many lower-class children were not even able to *take* the Scholastic Aptitude Tests, because their educational retardation was so profound. Not that I believe that competency tests given to the children are going to solve the educational genocide in our ghetto schools. We still have to deal with the competency of teachers and administrators. We have to make them accountable for what they do, and for what they fail to do. And that is not going to be easy, because it is a racist society that allows the public education system to produce hundreds of thousands of despairing, frustrated, functional illiterates each year."

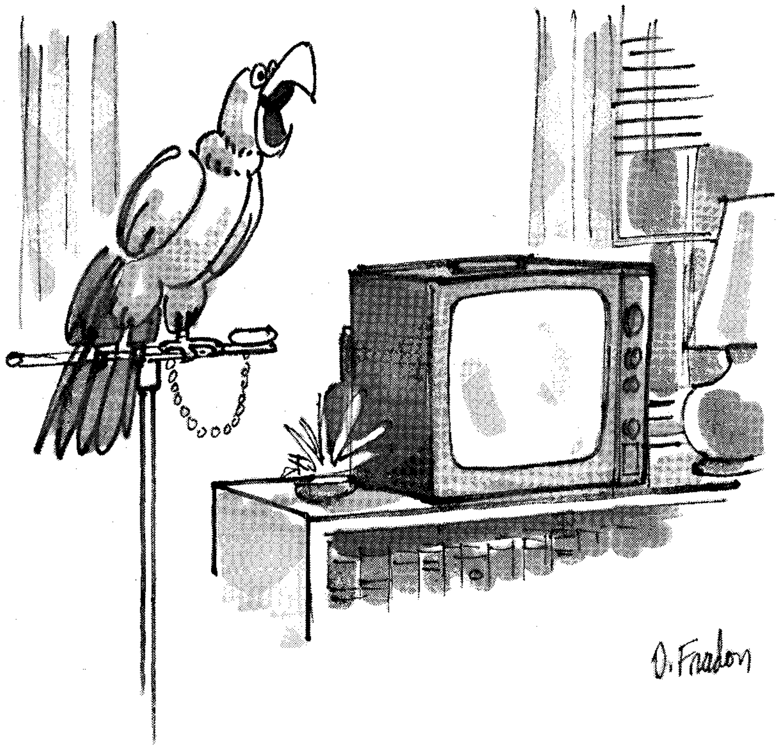
A tall, lean silver-haired man at the back of the room was shaking his head in disagreement or exasperation, or both. Dr. Clark looked at him and, without breaking the even flow of his speech, said, "The most frequent criticism I receive from colleagues is that I am not sufficiently balanced when I discuss what is happening in the schools. That I am too emotional. I admit it. I am emotional. I am deeply disturbed, because I identify with the children who are being destroyed in those schools. But most middle-class educators are indeed balanced and cautious as they keep finding excuses for not educating these children. I have a hope that eventually our educational institutions will see as one of their responsibilities the training of human beings to be sensitive to what is done to human beings who are not like themselves. Until this happens, we will have one damn seminar like this after another, with no change in the status quo. I am sorry to have to say that it is really *not* a pleasure to be here."

The moderator of the panel asked for questions from the audience.

The silver-haired man rose and identified himself as a retired principal of a New York City high school. Self-assured and angry, he declared himself deeply disturbed by what he called Clark's "emotional tone," and he denied that the school system had been indifferent to children in the ghettos. Pointing a long finger at Clark, he said, "To say that the schools are both incompetent *and* racist is a slander that destroys your credibility and alienates the support you might otherwise gain from the so-called middle class. Why, every effort has been made to deal with the problems of these children most sympathetically and effectively. There have been all kinds of programs."

The moderator asked Clark if he cared to make a response.

With a slight, wintry smile, Clark said, "I first raised the question of the inferior quality of education in the schools of New York City in 1953. I had been doing research in Southern segregated schools for the N.A.A.C.P. in connection with a series of court cases that eventually led to the Brown versus Board of Education decision. I also testified in some of those cases, and on one such occasion a lawyer for the State of Virginia asked me during cross-examination, 'How dare you come and talk about the inferiority of our segregated schools here when you come from a city with segregated schools and you haven't done anything about them?' I was really floored by the question. I told him, to begin with, that we did not have *legally* sanctioned segregation in the New York City public schools. And the second thing I said was 'When I get back to New York, I'm going to find out whether the segregated schools in my city have the same negative educational and psychological consequences as the segregated schools in Virginia.' And that's what I did. Sure enough, the schools here had all the negative effects of the segregated schools of Virginia and the other Southern or border states. So I started trying to do something about it. I shall never forget one particular meeting at the New York City Board of Education headquarters, in Brooklyn. All the hierarchy was there, including a deputy superintendent who became very angry at me, getting so red in the face that I thought he was about to have an apoplectic fit. 'Dr. Clark,' he said, 'don't you understand that in this society we need to have hewers of wood and drawers of water, and that our schools have to be responsive to that reality?' I was terribly embarrassed, and so were his colleagues. I got up to answer the deputy superintendent, but instead I left, and went back to the N.A.A.C.P. and the continuation of our struggle—a struggle I now know my grandchildren will have to continue after I am gone." Dr. Clark



"I'm Lew Lehrman! Lew Lehrman for governor! A leader to make New York safe again! I'm Lew Lehrman! Lew Lehrman listens!"

looked directly at the man who had accused him of slandering the public-school system. "Now, the gentleman back there said that the school system is providing these children with high-quality education. Therefore, their low academic achievement is a reflection of their inability to respond."

"I never said that." The silver-haired man was on his feet again. "Please do not misquote me."

"All right," Clark said, speaking very deliberately. "You said there have been all kinds of programs to achieve a very good school system. Yet this very good school system results in an intolerably high percentage of educational retardation among lower-status children. If they are *not* seen as inherently inferior, then their retardation indicates that the school system is not that good at all. It also demonstrates that these children are considered expendable, for why else would the failure of the *system* be allowed to continue year after year?"

There was no further comment from the silver-haired man.

A large middle-aged black woman rose. Gesturing toward the silver-haired man, she said in a strong, resonant voice, "Dr. Clark, the truth hurt that man over there. I am a voluntary teacher in an elementary school. And we have in there teachers who are not teachers. I say your competency tests should be given to the principals and right on down to the teachers. You would find that many teachers could not pass, because anybody who is teaching reading and writing and arithmetic— Why, when a kid gets into the sixth grade he ought to be able to make a sentence and know a period from a semicolon and a comma. But the children do not know that. I resent a teacher miseducating a child, and I resent a teacher then saying there is something wrong with the *child*."

The woman continued, "They give us—the volunteers—children supposed to be going to a psychiatrist because those teachers can't teach them.

"The teacher will say to me, 'What are you doing with that child? She seems to be doing better since you have her.'

"I say, 'Yes, she's a very intelligent child, so she's learning. I find her reading books all the day.'

"The teacher will say, 'But you don't understand. We send her to a psychiatrist because she has a mental block and they are trying to find it.'

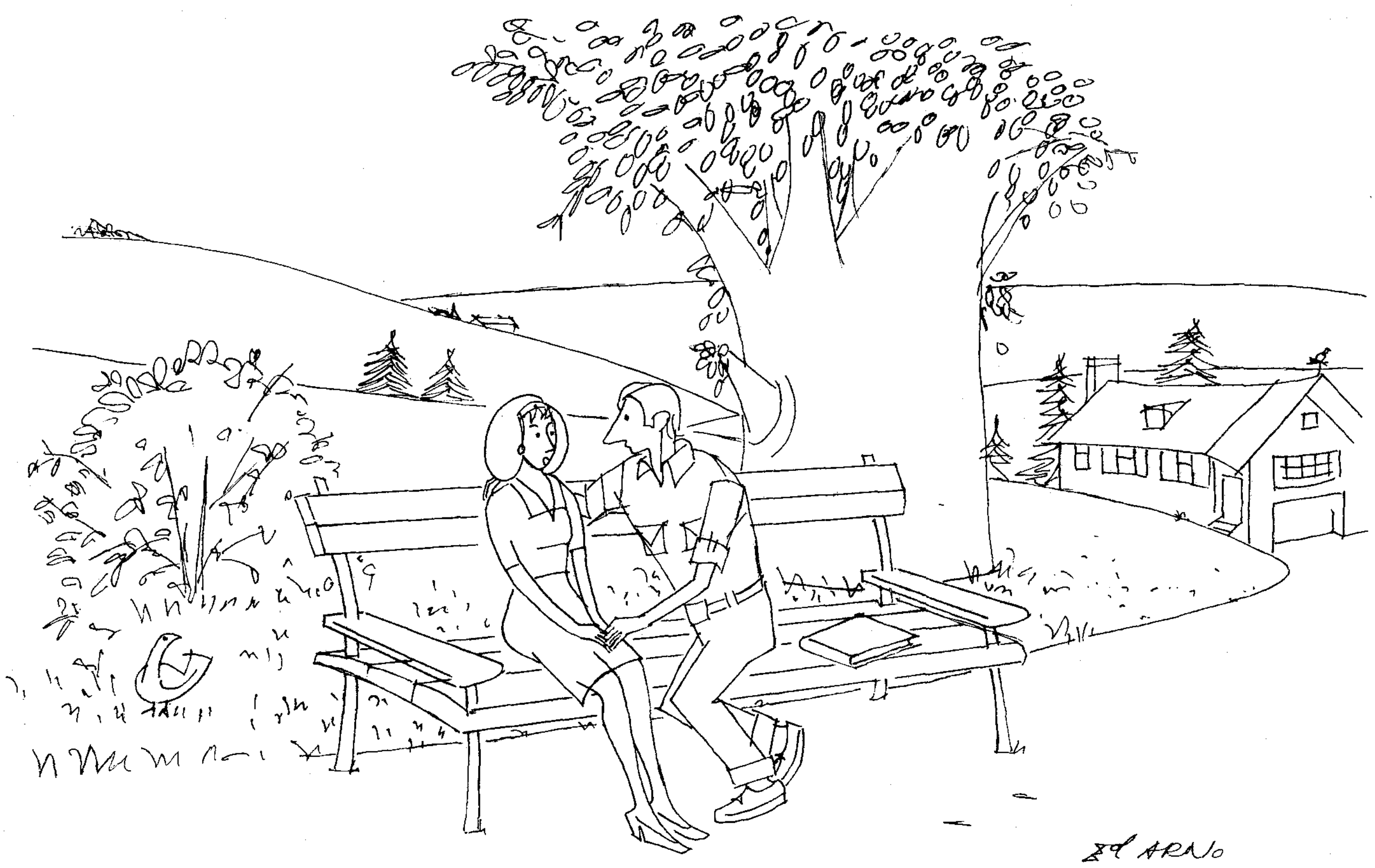
"I say, 'When you find that block, what will you do with it?' I find that child a brilliant child—and she's not the only one. But those kids, our kids, they know when the teachers are not interested in them, and they respond accordingly."

Clark was nodding in agreement. The session ended soon afterward, and as Clark and I were making our way to the elevator he said, "What is this nation afraid of when it comes to really educating lower-status children? I don't know. I really don't know. In the entire society, this is the area most resistant to change. Of course, that woman was right about teachers, about how crucial they are. My God, they probably have the most important role in our society. I know, from my own life. Teachers certainly made a big difference in what happened to me."

"I won't eat anything but natural foods, like meat and potatoes."

• •

KENNETH CLARK went to elementary school and junior high school in Harlem. He was born, in 1914, in the Panama Canal Zone, and his mother, Miriam Clark, brought him and his sister, Beulah, to the United States when he was four and a half. Clark's father, Arthur Bancroft Clark, who was a general superintendent of cargo for the United Fruit Company, refused to go with his wife and children. A native of the West Indies, he had been told when he applied for a transfer that he could not be appointed to a job of equal status in America. "Learning that horrified my father," Clark recalled years later. "He couldn't understand why my mother would subject us to this kind of humiliation in a strange, racist country." Miriam Clark, an indomitable woman, originally from Kingston, Jamaica, was convinced that there would nonetheless be more and better opportunities for her children in the



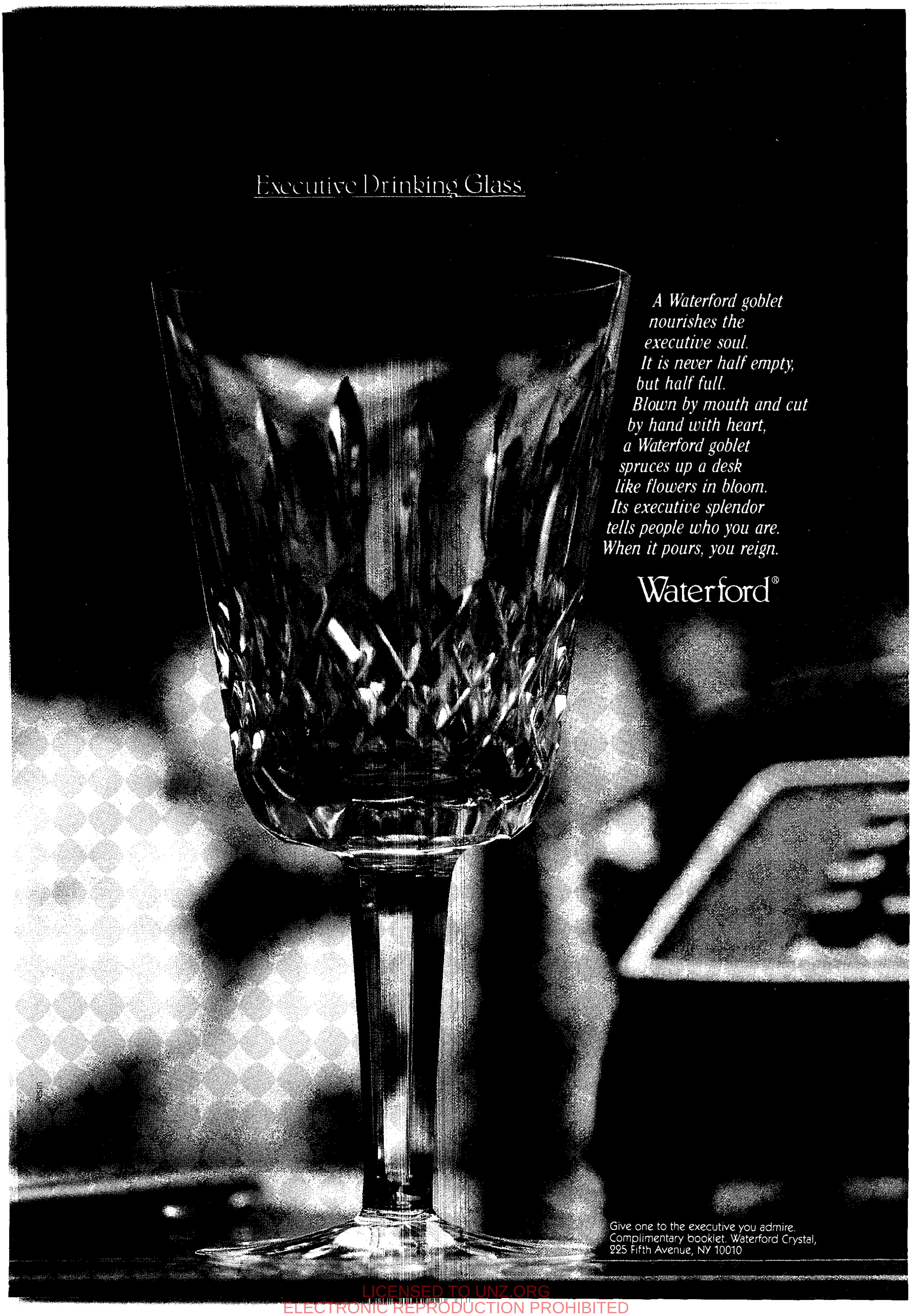
"I honestly don't think it would work out. You're Nantucket, I'm Martha's Vineyard."

• •

United States, especially in terms of education. She settled herself and the children in a small apartment in a Harlem tenement and found a job as a seamstress in a garment shop downtown, where she helped organize the workers and became one of the first black shop stewards for the International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union. At home, hearing his mother tell of the troubles and triumphs of her union activities, the boy caught what he later referred to as "the excitement of people doing things together to help themselves."

The classes in the Harlem schools were not yet all black. "We had plenty of Irish and Jewish kids," Clark recalled. "And the teachers were concerned with holding *all* of us to high standards, because they were convinced that *all* of us were educable. We had not yet come to that particular breakdown in the public education of minorities which is due less to flagrant racial bigotry than to the sloppy, sentimental good intentions of certain educators, who *reduce* learning standards for low-status youngsters, because they believe that these children's home conditions are such as to make it impossible for them to learn as much as suburban children. Thus, under the guise of compassion and understanding these teachers reinforce educational disadvantage by treating the child as inherently inferior, as having real limitations of intelligence. And so each stereotyped child is denied his individuality and his potential; and the self-fulfilling prophecy of massive educational underachievement for these children is thereby perpetuated. But when I was going to public school we had teachers who did not consider themselves social workers, psychologists, and rationalizers of educational inequities. They were asked to teach reading, arithmetic, grammar, and *they did*. They understood that while there were individual differences in the children's ability to master academic subjects, these differences were not related to race or economic circumstances. I came from a broken home, but my teachers never asked me about that, or about what my mother did for a living. They were focussing on whether I was learning or not. For instance, when I went to the board in Mr. Ruprecht's algebra class, in junior high school, I had to do those equations, and if I wasn't able to do them he wanted to find out why. He didn't expect any less of me because I was black. There was an eighth-grade English teacher, Miss McGuire, who taught me to understand the beauty of an English sentence. And she didn't do it by worrying about my background. Also in the eighth grade, Mr. Mitchell, a blond, blue-eyed white Anglo-Saxon Protestant, taught us Shakespeare. Those plays came alive, right in the center of Harlem, as we took different parts. One day I was Macbeth, the next day I was Malcolm. It had nothing to do with color—the teacher's or ours. I do believe that it was because of my experiences with those teachers that I decided to become a teacher myself."

Not all of Clark's teachers were, as he put it, "fully developed human beings." By the time he was in the ninth grade, there were more black children in the classes, and the guidance counsellor was advising them to go on to vocational school, where they could learn a trade. She wrote Clark's moth-



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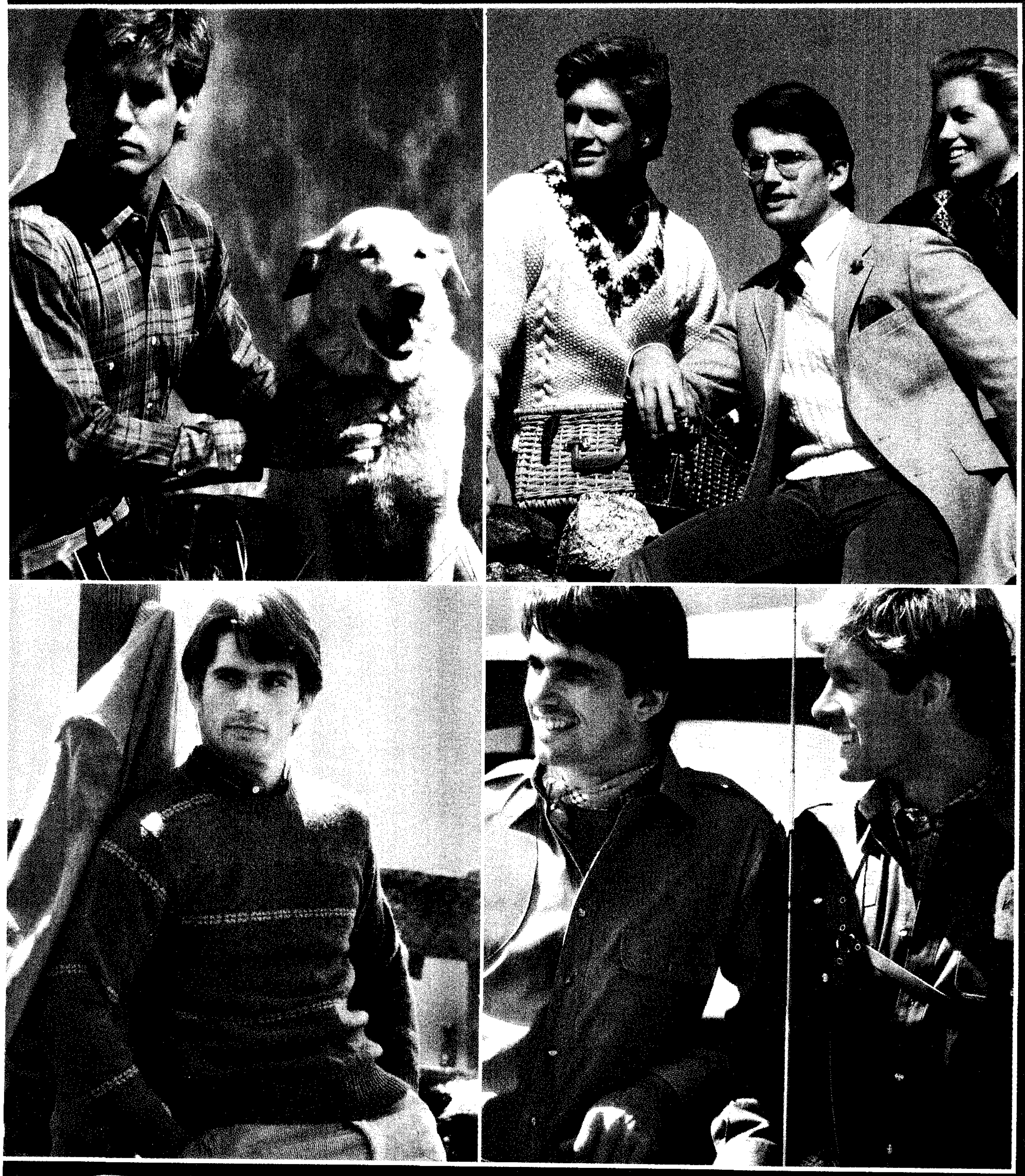

OPTIONS

er a note to that effect. The next day, Miriam Clark did not go to work but instead showed up, with her fourteen-year-old son in tow, at the guidance counsellor's office. "I was mortified, because I thought that my mother's coming into school like that would seal my doom," Dr. Clark told me. "On the other hand, I didn't want to go to any vocational school." He laughed. "I wasn't thinking about status—I just wasn't particularly adept at shop work. In any case, my mother marched in, refused to sit down, and stood there looming over the guidance counsellor. Very slowly and very distinctly, my mother said, 'I don't give a damn where you send *your* son, but *mine* isn't going to any vocational school.' That was a turning point in my life. I went to George Washington High School instead."

Dr. Clark continued, "At this point, I must tell you that I was by no means the brightest person in my classes in Harlem. I remember kids, particularly black kids—and not just in our fast class but in other classes and on the playground—who had minds like *that!*" He snapped his fingers. "And even though we did have some good teachers, there were others who shunted these black kids aside. The kids became bitter, because they were rejected. They didn't have anybody really fighting for them, you know. They didn't have a mother who was as daring as mine, a mother saying right out, 'Now, look, damn it! That's not going to happen to my son!' "

"When the child's mother does not or cannot fight for him, who can be the mother?" I asked.

He sighed. "All of us who are concerned with human beings must be the mothers, and must protect those who don't have anybody else to protect them. Does that sound corny? Well, that's what is on my mind when I go to Board of Regents meetings, when I write and talk about and work with schools. You see, the most horrible thing about Harlem—about all the ghettos—is the day-to-day destruction of human potential. In these concentration camps we build in our cities, the process of human destruction begins in the first and second grades. Back in the nineteen-sixties, I said in speeches and in papers that if there wasn't a dramatic improvement in the ghetto schools all other civil-rights gains would remain essentially empty promises. It did not require any particular brilliance to make that prediction."

Although Clark's own public-

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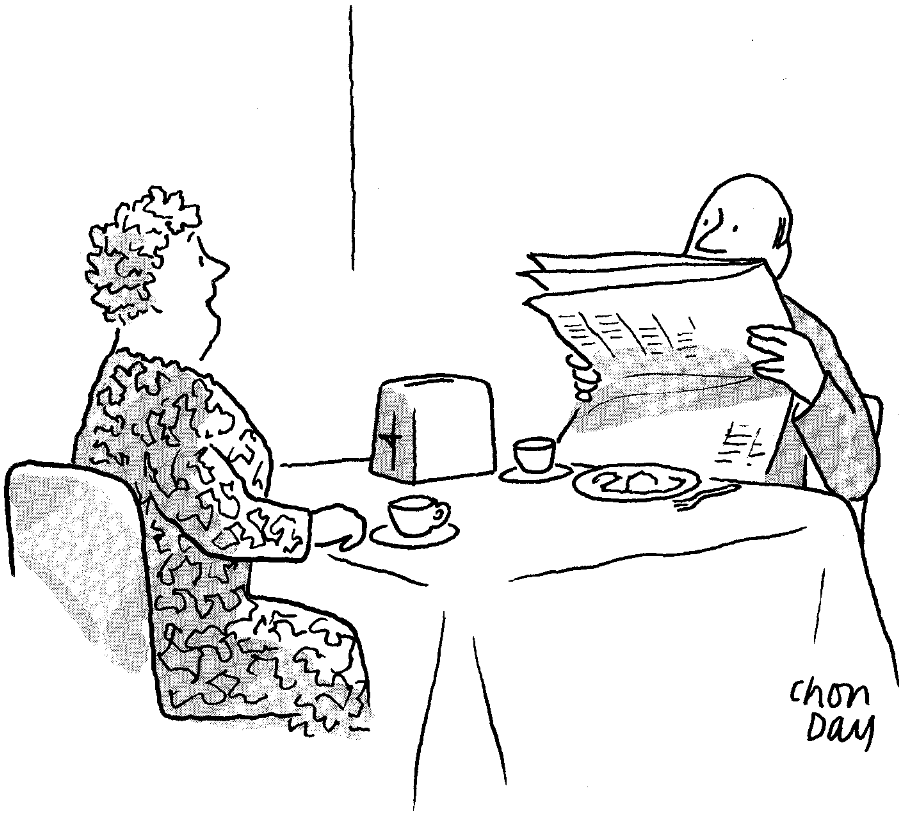
school education was quite different from what has come to be the ghetto norm, he does remember one grievous setback, at George Washington High School. He is convinced that it occurred because of his color. Though it hardly destroyed him, it may have changed the direction of his career. "In high school, I loved economics, and I read voraciously on the subject," Dr. Clark told me. "During my senior year, I was getting ninety-eights and ninety-nines on all the tests. The teacher always awarded an economics prize at the end of the year to the outstanding student, and everybody in the class was sure I was going to get that award. But when it came time for the announcement of the prize, someone else won. There was no question that I was entitled to it on the merits, but, as it turned out, the determining factor was color. A white student got it. I've never forgotten that teacher, because he was my first big disillusionment." Clark did not question his teacher about why he had not been awarded the prize. "That sort of thing wasn't done then," he explained. "And, in any case, *I* certainly wouldn't have done it. I'll tell you what I did do, though. I never took another course in economics. That's the way I reacted to my first major personal experience of prejudice—'O.K., keep your prize. Keep your whole subject.' Isn't that terrible? I'm as stiff-necked as my father was, I guess. I will say one thing for that teacher, though. He taught economics in terms of the ability of human beings not to be passive victims of so-called natural laws of economics. That fascinated me. Anything concerning human interaction with and shaping of the forces that affect our lives fascinated me."

In 1931, Kenneth Clark went on to Howard University, a black institution in Washington, D.C., where, in his junior year, he became the editor of *The Hilltop*, the campus newspaper, and also organized a group of twenty Howard students to march on the Capitol—"to see if we could get them to treat us like loyal Americans, which we felt we were, by just giving us food in a public restaurant there." Food was denied, and the group was arrested.

Clark's most important experience at Howard, however, had to do with a professor of psychology. Clark had intended to go to medical school. "One day in my sophomore year," he recalled not long ago, "I was sitting, daydreaming, in Psychology I, looking out the window at two birds making love. When they flew away, I started listening to my professor, and I heard some very illuminating things about human behavior. From then on, I listened very hard to what he said, and I decided, 'To hell with medical school. This is the discipline for me.' What this professor, Francis Cecil Sumner, showed me was the promise of getting some systematic understanding of the complexities of human behavior and human interaction. In the physical sciences, understanding was achieving control—up to a certain point. And in the biological sciences systematic understanding was providing the ability to manipulate the environment for the advantage of human beings. I saw no reason these kinds of possibilities should not extend to the social sciences. And although I do get depressed from time to time, I *still* believe that disciplined intelligence brought to bear on social problems can provide either the answers or the reasons we don't have the answers. The seemingly intractable nature of racism, for example, and its effects on children."

Clark continued, "Professor Sumner had *rigorous* standards for his students. And he didn't just teach psychology. He taught integrity. Once you had your facts, that was the basis on which you defended yourself. And although he led the way for other blacks in the study of psychology, Sumner would permit no nonsense about there being anything like 'black psychology'—any more than he would have allowed any nonsense about 'black astronomy.' In this and in many other ways, Sumner was a model for me. In fact, he has always been my standard when I evaluate myself."

Clark has said of Howard University, "It was the beneficiary of the idiocy of racism in American higher education. People like Sumner were not invited to teach at the University of Chicago or Harvard. They were black." Sumner had earned his doctorate at Clark University, under the preeminent psychologist of the time, G. Stanley Hall, who was the first president of the American Psychological Association and the leading national authority on educational standards. Also on the faculty of Howard during Clark's years there were Ralph Bunche and the philosopher and cultural historian Alain Locke—"two more who were not invited to teach at white universities," Clark says. "Bunche, who had recently obtained his Ph.D. from Harvard, was chair-



"And how is Spaceship Earth this morning?"

• •

man of the Political Science Department. He became a great influence on me: his courage, his clarity, the standards he set for himself—and for his students. We became friends, and saw each other often through the years after Howard. I especially remember one thing he said, about a year before he died: 'Kenneth, our leaders will never be taken seriously, and we will not be respected and make any really fundamental move toward equality and dignity as a people, until we learn not to settle for crumbs.' "

Clark came under another lifelong influence while he was at Howard—Mamie Phipps, the daughter of a successful physician in Hot Springs, Arkansas. She arrived on campus as a freshman when he was a senior. "I knew right away I was going to marry her," Dr. Clark says. "It was her self-assurance. Her quiet self-assurance. Mamie had come to Howard to major in mathematics, and she was very good in the subject, but eventually I persuaded her to change to psychology. I wanted her in an area in which *I* felt more self-assured."

Mamie Phipps Clark, a slender woman of cool dignity, remembers that her initial impression of Kenneth Clark was that "he was very, very serious." She goes on to say, "And that was not characteristic of most of the male students on campus. I thought they were wasting their parents' money. But Kenneth seemed to be going someplace, and I admired that—all the more because I had rarely seen that kind of determination. Yes, he persuaded me to change my major. I got a C once, rather than the grade I had expected, and he told me that the teacher was prejudiced against women and that since the Mathematics Department was small, I would be stuck with that teacher unless I switched. Then he said, 'What are you interested in?'

" 'Children.'

" 'What are you going to do with mathematics and children?'

" 'Teach it to them.'

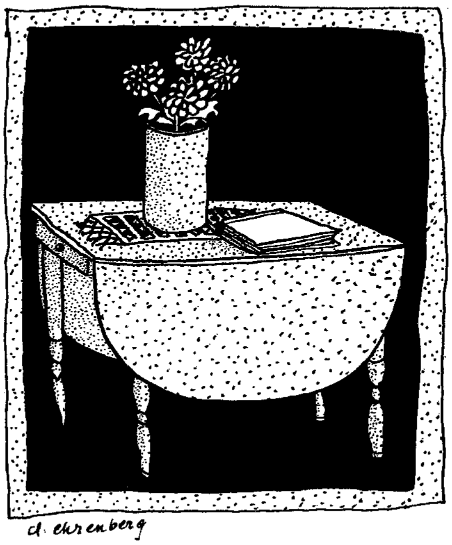
" 'If you want to work with children, you'll be able to do a lot more for them if you know psychology.'

"So I changed, married him when I was a senior, and later we became the first two black Ph.D.s in the history of the Psychology Department of Columbia University."

In 1936, Clark obtained an M.S. at Howard, and then he taught psychology there for a year while Mamie finished her undergraduate work. Then, Clark says, it was time to move on. "Dr. Sumner, Alain Locke, and Mordecai Johnson, who was then president of Howard, all said to me, 'Kenneth, go get your doctorate and break the pattern. Teach at a nonsegregated school.' I was part of the next generation of black academics, and I was not to come back to Howard."

As the first black Ph.D. candidate in psychology at Columbia, Clark puzzled some members of the faculty by *ranking first in the matriculation examination.* "They had thought I would need some form of compensatory enrichment, or something of the sort, and couldn't figure out how I had done so well," he says. "Then they wanted to know about Francis Cecil Sumner. Must be a pretty good teacher. All this puzzlement on their part fascinated me. Well, I went on to meet all the requirements and get a doctorate in experimental psychology. By then—1940—some of the professors who had been perplexed at my superiority to the other students were advising me to go back and share my knowledge with my people. I was to have a fine career in black colleges."

The new Ph.D. politely rejected this counsel. "I really want to teach where other Columbia Ph.D.s teach," he told his professors. Gardner Murphy, a Columbia faculty member with whom Clark had worked closely, was about to become chairman of the Psychology Department of City College, and Clark said he would like to join him there. At that time, there was no black on the regular faculty of any New York City municipal college. Clark was given a temporary appointment, for the summer and the following academic year. "I taught there that summer, but then did something stupid," Dr. Clark recalls. "Instead of staying on in the fall, I accepted an invitation to build a Department of Psychology at Hampton Institute, a black college in Virginia. I was young, and couldn't resist the chance to start something of my own." He stayed only six months at Hampton Institute. "A while after I came, the president told me he didn't want me disturbing and frustrating the students. I was to present my psychology courses in a way that would make these young black people adjust to and accept their status in the society. The president added that if I understood what he was saying, and acted accordingly, he would make me one of the best-known Negro psychologists in the nation. I told him I certainly did understand what he was saying, but no thanks, and I left."



Ralph Bunche had meanwhile moved to the Office of Strategic Services, and he arranged for Clark to get a job with the Office of War Information, as an assistant social-science analyst on its research staff. For about a year and a half, Clark travelled the country assessing the morale of the black citizenry in time of war. In 1942, he returned to the Psychology Department of City College. He became an assistant professor in 1949 and a professor in 1960—the first black in New York City's history to receive a permanent appointment to a city college. In 1970, he was named Distinguished University Professor.

THROUGHOUT his teaching career, Clark has engaged in the kind of research that was encouraged by his professors at Howard—what he calls "the use of disciplined intelligence in achieving social justice." He served on Gunnar Myrdal's staff, for example, during the preparation of "An American Dilemma," Myrdal's study of racism in the United States, which was sponsored by the Carnegie Corporation and was published in 1944. In 1946, Clark and his wife set up a nonprofit organization in Harlem called the Northside Testing and Consultation Center. (It later became the Northside Center for Child Development.) Mamie Clark was the executive director, and Clark was in charge of research. At first, Clark told me, the Northside staff, which was made up of psychiatrists, psychologists, and social workers, tried to help emotionally disturbed children through the traditional one-to-one therapist-patient relationship. "Over the years, however, it became clear to us that, given the realities of the ghetto, we could not believe we were really helping if we ignored those realities," he said. "If, for example, we tried to get individual parents and their children to *adjust* to schools so criminally inferior that they were dehumanizing. Or if we tried to get them to *adjust* to the kind of housing to which they had been sentenced by a society that had the economic but not the moral resources to do something about that housing."

"The families we were working with were not going to respond to umpteen years of lying on a couch and talking about ego and id," Mamie Clark told me. "They needed help with housing, welfare, health, money, and all those things."

Accordingly, the emphasis at Northside shifted, Dr. Clark explained. Individual therapy continued, but "within the walls of the clinic we also had to try to develop in the parents and the children the strength to attempt to change the social pathology around them—to work at problems of injustice and inequity," he said. "We felt that this was the only way in which they could really resolve the negative self-image that a racially cruel society had imposed on them and their children."

"One of the first social issues we got involved in at Northside had to do with an educational injustice," Mamie Clark recalled. "In the public schools, a great many children had been put in classes for the intellectually retarded. We tested them at Northside and determined that most of them were not retarded. So the families protested, we protested, and the children who should not have been in those classes were taken out."

During Northside's early years, Clark became increasingly active, elsewhere in the country, as a researcher and a witness in a series of court cases aimed at what he considered the most damaging of all educational injustices—legally segregated public schools. When Mamie Clark was working toward her master's degree, she did her field work among schoolchildren in Washington. She was studying the effects of race on the way the children felt about themselves. Kenneth Clark also became absorbed in the work, and together they broadened the field of research and began publishing pioneering studies in various social-science journals on how segregation affected preschool black children's sense of self-esteem. Today, when the results of such studies are taken for granted, it's hard to imagine a time

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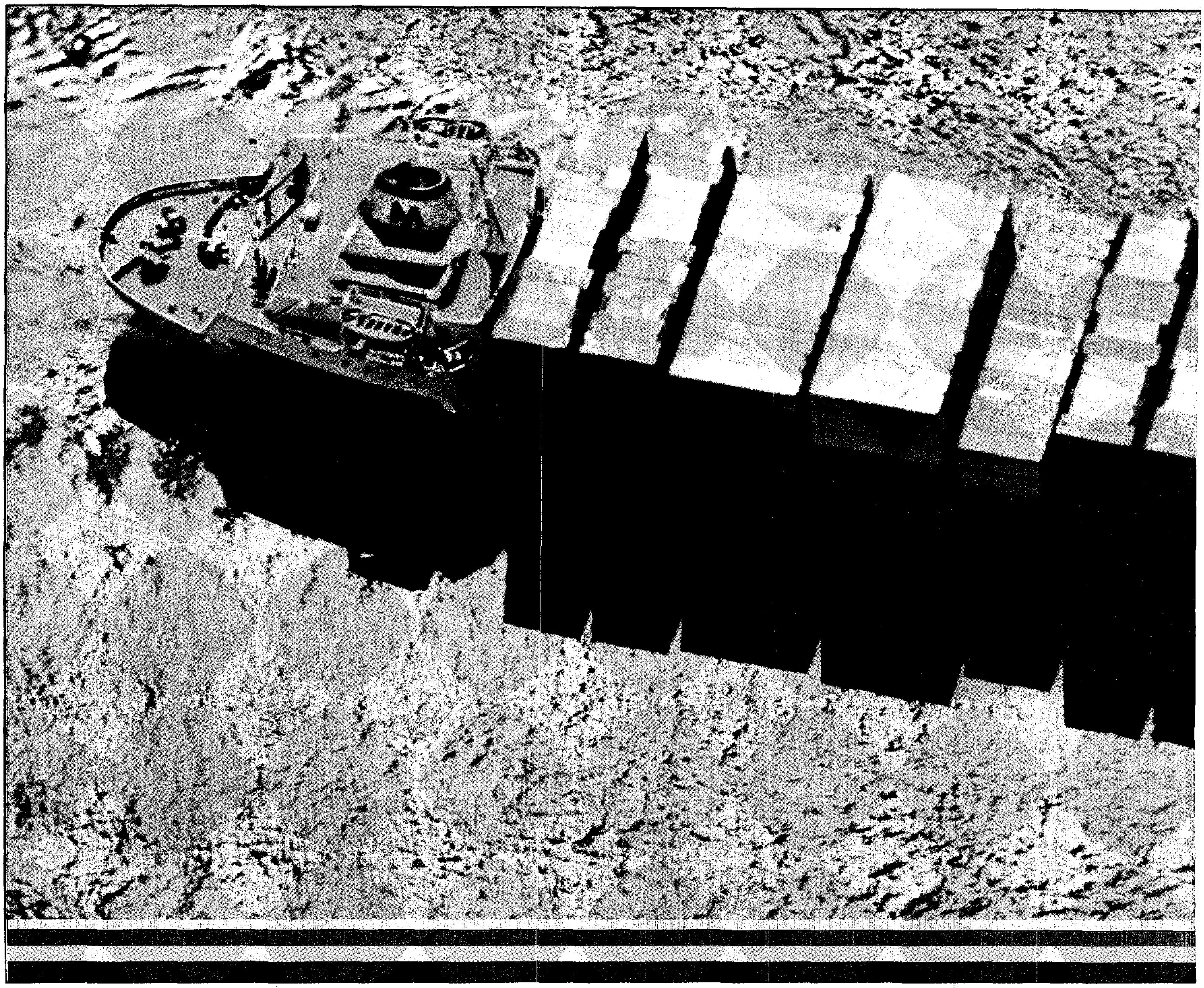

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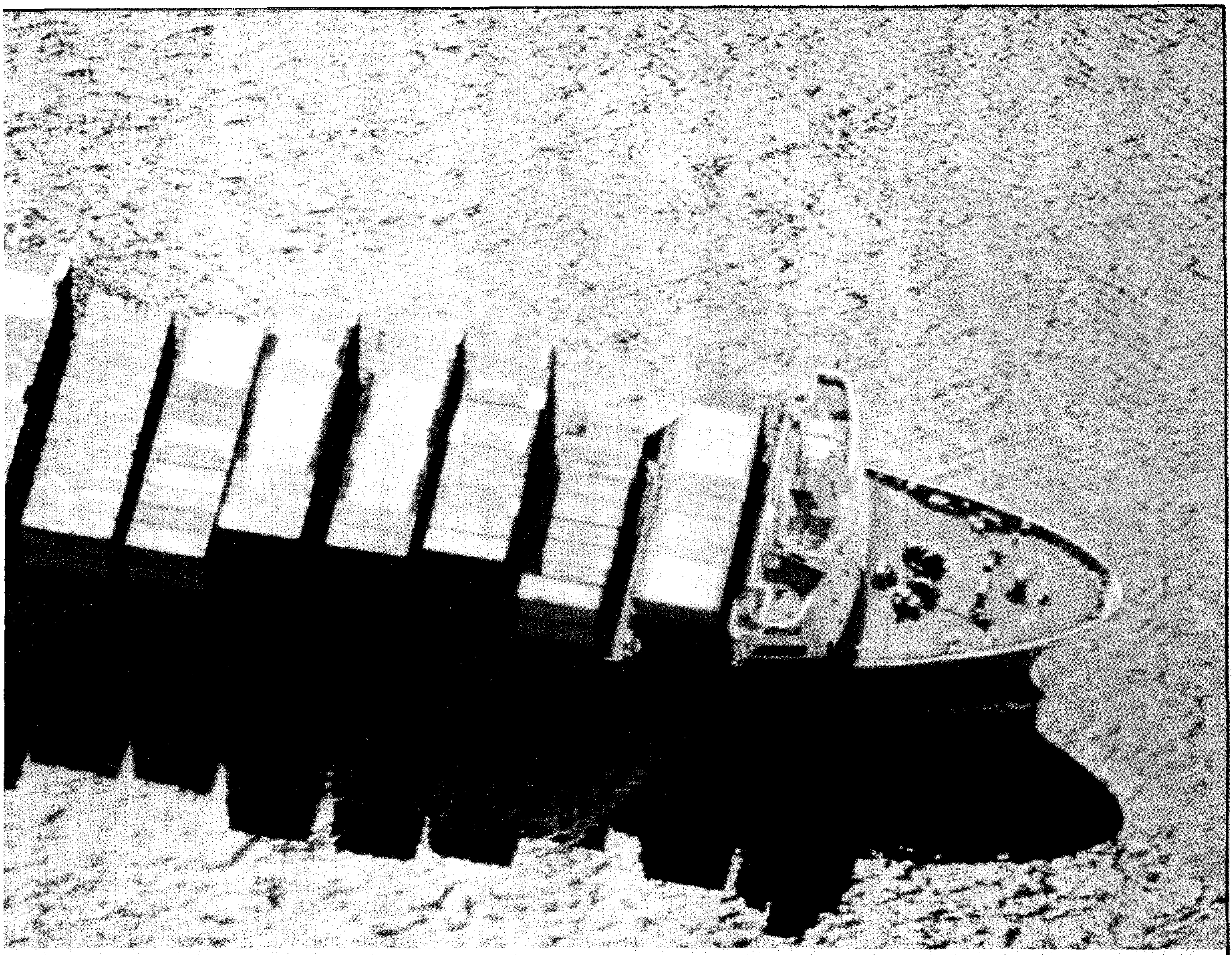

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when there was a need for such studies. In one series of tests, administered to children between the ages of three and seven in, among other places, Philadelphia, Boston, Worcester, and several cities in Arkansas, the children were asked to choose between otherwise identical brown and white dolls in response to such instructions as

> Give me the doll that you like to play with.
> Give me the doll that is the nice doll.
> Give me the doll that looks bad.
> Give me the doll that is a nice color.

The Clarks reported that the majority of the children "indicated an unmistakable preference for the white doll and a rejection of the brown doll," and concluded, "The fact that young Negro children would prefer to be white reflects their knowledge that society prefers white people."

In 1950, Clark wrote a monograph for the Midcentury White House Conference on Children and Youth, in which he summarized not only his and his wife's research but also the rest of the existing literature on the effects of racial segregation on black children. The monograph came to the attention of Robert Carter, a young lawyer with the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People. An N.A.A.C.P. legal team, headed by Thurgood Marshall, had decided to make an all-out attack on the constitutionality of state laws mandating or permitting segregation of the schools. Such statutes, the N.A.A.C.P. claimed, violated the equal-protection clause of the Fourteenth Amendment ("No state shall . . . deny to any person within its jurisdiction the equal protection of the laws"). Carter thought that Clark might be a useful witness in some of the pending cases; he also wanted to explore with Clark the possibility of enlisting other social scientists to buttress the N.A.A.C.P. argument that "separate but equal" schooling not only was inherently unequal but also inflicted psychological damage on the segregated black children.

The "separate but equal" doctrine had been established by the Supreme Court in Plessy v. Ferguson (1896). During a train trip in Louisiana, Homer Plessy, a "seven-eighths Caucasian"—he had had one Negro great-grandparent—refused to move to a car for "colored" passengers, as a recently passed state law required. A New Orleans judge ruled that, contrary to Plessy's argument, the segregation statute did not violate the

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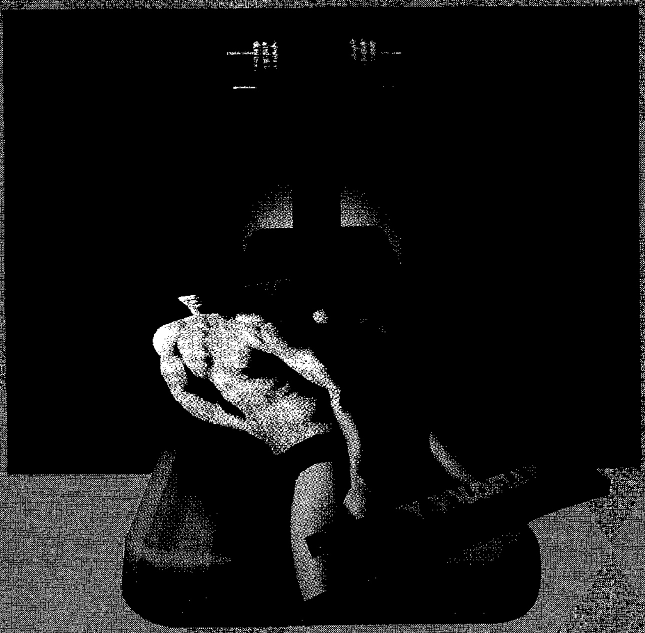

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Fourteenth Amendment. On appeal, the Supreme Court, by a seven-to-one vote, affirmed the lower court's decision. Justice Henry Billings Brown, speaking for the majority, declared that laws requiring racial separation "do not necessarily imply the inferiority of either race to the other." Indeed, he said, "we consider the underlying fallacy of the plaintiff's argument to consist in the assumption that the enforced separation of the two races stamps the colored race with a badge of inferiority," and he continued, "If this be so, it is not by reason of anything found in the act, but solely because the colored race chooses to put that construction upon it." As long as they were equal, separate facilities—based on "the established usages, customs and traditions of the people"—were constitutional. And, to give further support to that conclusion, Justice Brown noted that "the most common instance" of lawful segregation "is connected with the establishment of separate schools for white and colored children, which have been held to be a valid exercise of the legislative power even by courts of states where the political rights of the colored race have been longest and most earnestly enforced."

In 1951, when the N.A.A.C.P. was organizing its legal strategy for getting Plessy overturned, racial segregation of children was in force in more than eleven thousand school districts in the United States. (Seventeen states and the District of Columbia had passed laws establishing school segregation, and four other states allowed school segregation where it was the wish of a local community.) The year before, N.A.A.C.P. lawyers had scored partial victories in two cases dealing with segregation at the state-university level. One, Sweatt v. Painter, concerned a black student who had tried to enroll in the University of Texas Law School, whereupon state authorities created a separate black law school. Here the Supreme Court ruled in favor of the black plaintiff, Herman Sweatt, but not on the ground that separate but equal facilities were unconstitutional. In this case, the Court said, the State of Texas had manifestly not made the separate facilities equal, and so it was ordered that Herman Sweatt be admitted to the white law school to which he had applied. It was not necessary, said Chief Justice Fred M. Vinson, that "we reach petitioner's contention that Plessy v. Ferguson should be reexamined in the light of contemporary knowledge respecting the purposes of the Fourteenth Amendment and the effects of racial segregation."

The other case, McLaurin v. Oklahoma State Regents, which was decided on the same day as Sweatt, was more difficult for the Court to resolve without considering the validity of Plessy. Under federal court order, George McLaurin had been admitted to the graduate School of Education at the University of Oklahoma, because the courses he wanted to take were not available in the state's Negro college. But within the university McLaurin had been segregated from his classmates. His desk was separated from all the others by a rail, to which a sign reading "Reserved for Colored" was attached. He also had a segregated desk in the library, and he was compelled to eat by himself in the cafeteria. Everything else was "equal"—professors, books, and physical facilities. The Supreme Court, deciding unanimously for McLaurin, said that "the conditions under which this appellant is required to receive his education deprive him of his personal and present right to the equal protection of the laws," because "such restrictions impair and inhibit his ability to study, to engage in discussion and exchange of views with other students." What particularly encouraged the N.A.A.C.P.'s legal team was the Court's further judgment: "We hold that under these circumstances the Fourteenth Amendment precludes differences in treatment by the state based upon race." Nonetheless, Plessy v. Ferguson had not been struck down. Had the State of Oklahoma provided a separate graduate school for McLaurin with truly equal facilities, that maneuver would conceivably have been lawful, according to the decision reached in Sweatt the same day. But once McLaurin had been enrolled in the University of Oklahoma there could be no "differences in treatment . . . based on race" in that newly biracial environment. This appeared to mean that certain forms of segregation were unconstitutional but not all. Furthermore, these two cases were restricted to graduate education. For millions of young black children, the N.A.A.C.P. maintained, the harm done by segregated schools began in the first grade.

One approach to

combatting racial separation in elementary and secondary schools was to keep bringing lawsuits on the basis that a particular black educational facility was unequal to its white counterpart. Since this was indeed the case in most segregated school districts, the N.A.A.C.P. figured that it could win discrete victories on these grounds, but to break down the racial walls on a case-by-case basis might take a half century or more. The alternative was to launch a direct assault on the Plessy doctrine by arguing that even if all facilities were "equal" the very nature of segregation made separate education profoundly unequal for black children, *and profoundly damaging to their* sense of self-worth.

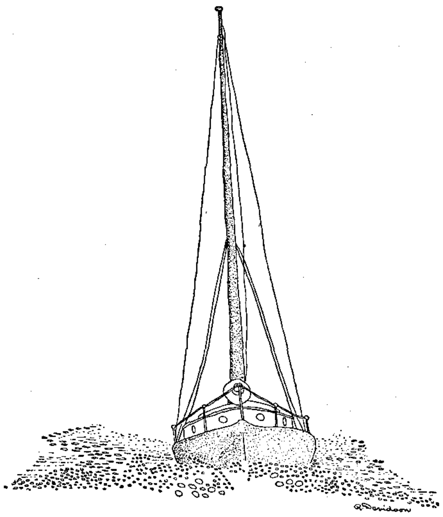
In February, 1951, Kenneth Clark began to work with N.A.A.C.P. lawyers on the preparation of three of the four cases—from Kansas, South Carolina, Virginia, and Delaware—that, three years later, were to be grouped by the Supreme Court in its Brown v. Board of Education decision. In all but the Kansas suit (the title case), Clark testified and helped recruit other social scientists as witnesses. The N.A.A.C.P. had used social-science testimony before. In Sweatt, for instance, an anthropologist had testified on scientific interpretations of racial differences. But now the legal strategy was to include a systematic analysis—by psychologists, sociologists, anthropologists, and a variety of experts on education—of the nature of segregation itself, and of its effects on children. As a witness in one of the four test cases, Briggs v. Elliott, Clark testified before the federal District Court in Charleston, South Carolina, in May, 1951, saying, "I have reached the conclusion from the examination of my own results and from an examination of the literature in the entire field that discrimination, prejudice, and segregation have definitely detrimental effects on the personality development of the Negro child. The essence of this detrimental effect is a confusion in the child's concept of his own self-esteem—basic feelings of inferiority, conflict, confusion in his self-image, resentment, hostility toward himself, hostility toward whites, intensification of . . . a desire to resolve his basic conflict by sometimes escaping or withdrawing."

In February, 1952, testifying in Richmond, Virginia, in another of the cases, Davis v. County School Board, Clark was asked on cross-examination by T. Justin Moore, chief counsel for the Prince Edward County school board, if it was not true that the Negroes of Virginia, as long as they were provided with equal facilities and equipment, could indeed get an equal education. "Why can't the Negro have pride of race?" Moore asked. "Why does he want, I suggest, to be in the category of what I believe someone has described as a 'sun-tanned white man'?"

Clark answered coolly, "I don't think it is the desire of a Negro to be a 'sun-tanned white man.' I think it is the desire of a Negro to be a human being and to be treated as a human being without regard to skin color. He *can only have pride in race—and a* healthy and mature pride in race—when his own government does not constantly and continuously tell him, 'Have no pride in race,' by constantly segregating him, constantly relegating him to a second-class status."

In three of the four N.A.A.C.P. cases, the lower courts held firm to Plessy. In the fourth, Gebhart v. Belton, Judge Collins J. Seitz, of the Delaware Court of Chancery, said that while he himself believed that "the 'separate but equal' doctrine of education should be rejected," it was up to the Supreme Court, rather than to him, to make that decision.

As part of the appeal of the four cases to the Supreme Court, the N.A.A.C.P. legal strategists decided to present all the social-science data for the Court's consideration in a special appendix to the formal briefs. This appendix was prepared by Kenneth Clark; Stuart Cook, chairman of the graduate Psychology Department of New York University; and Isidor Chein, director of research for the Commission on Community Interrelations of the American Jewish Congress. Titled "The Effects of Segregation and the Consequences of Desegregation: A Social Science Statement," the appendix summarized and documented the testimony that had been presented at the trial by the N.A.A.C.P.'s expert witnesses. It was signed by thirty-two prominent social scientists and psychiatrists who had done extensive research in race relations. Dr. Clark has since noted that "while there was some precedent for inclusion of social-science data in legal briefs, this was probably the first time that a separate nonlegal brief dealing with the social and psychological aspects of a constitutional issue was submitted to and accepted by the United States Supreme Court."

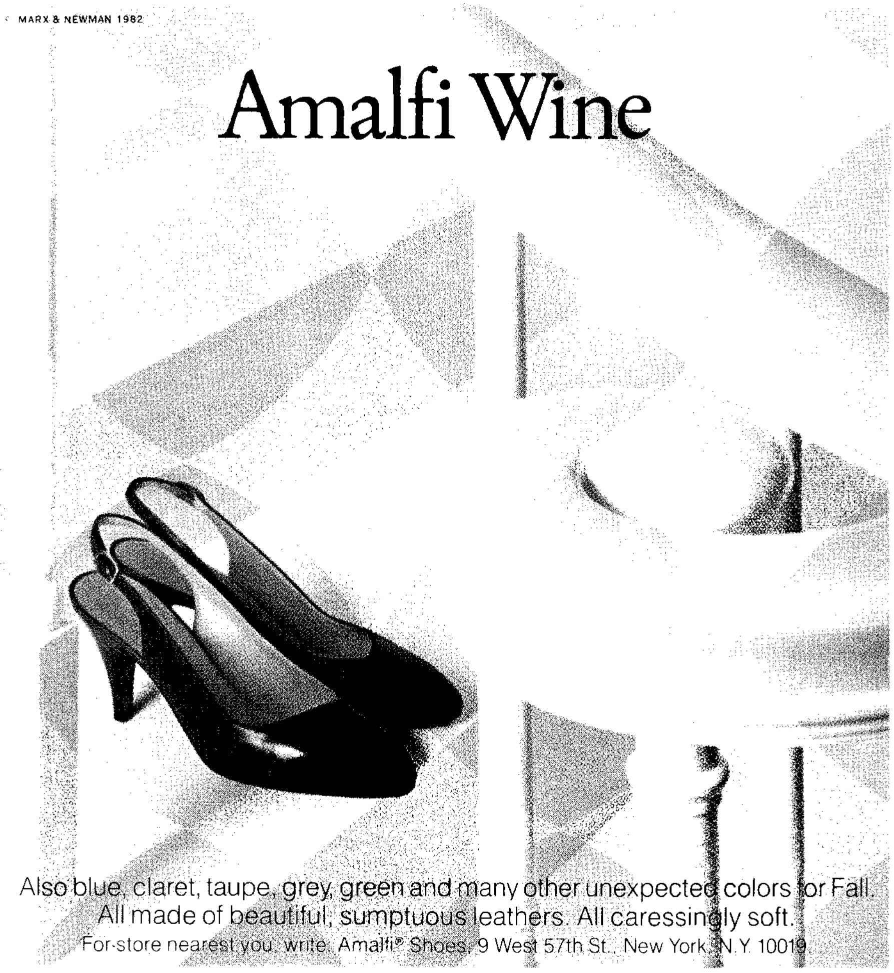


On May 17, 1954, the Court, in a unanimous decision delivered by Chief Justice Earl Warren, overturned Plessy v. Ferguson. To separate black children "from others of similar age and qualifications solely because of their race generates a feeling of inferiority as to their status in the community that may affect their hearts and minds in a way unlikely ever to be undone," the Court declared. "Whatever may have been the extent of psychological knowledge at the time of Plessy v. Ferguson, this finding is amply supported by modern authority." At that point in the decision, there was a footnote, No. 11, consisting of a list of sources exemplifying "modern authority," the first of which was "K. B. Clark, Effect of Prejudice and Discrimination on Personality Development (Midcentury White House Conference on Children and Youth, 1950)." The Court continued, "We conclude that in the field of public education the doctrine of 'separate but equal' has no place. Separate educational facilities are inherently unequal. Therefore, we hold that the plaintiffs and others similarly situated for whom the actions have been brought are, by reason of the segregation complained of, deprived of the equal protection of the laws guaranteed by the Fourteenth Amendment."

Kenneth Clark was, of course, jubilant—the more so because it appeared that the Supreme Court had taken "judicial notice," as he put it, of that unusual social-science appendix. As his professors at Howard University had taught him, disciplined intelligence *could* achieve social justice, and the social sciences were surely going to be as effective in their fields as the biological sciences were in theirs.

Despite the unanimity of the Supreme Court in Brown, and despite its acknowledgment of "modern authority," racism has, of course, proved much more intransigent than Clark anticipated in the immediate aftermath of the striking down of Plessy. But long after it had become clear that the expectations of that May day might not be fulfilled until the end of the century, if then, Dr. Clark was still emphasizing the historic impact of the 1954 decision. In 1976, speaking in Munich on "The Status of American Minorities in the Bicentennial Year of the American Revolution," he noted, "Within three years after the Brown decision, Martin Luther King, Jr., Roy Wilkins, Whitney Young, and Malcolm X emerged as the significant leaders of the modern civil-rights movement, which then became in effect a mass movement. American . . . blacks who seemed to have accepted compliantly racial segregation since the latter part of the nineteenth century now openly defied institutionalized racism. They refused to sit in the back of the bus. They boycotted all public accommodations that sought to impose racial humiliation upon them." And in the wake of Brown, Clark added, Congress passed the Civil Rights Act of 1964 and the Voting Rights Act of 1965.

That said, Clark, in his Bicentennial lecture, turned to the "distinction between appearance and substance." After all the marches, demonstrations, and new laws, the majority of blacks "are still to be found in menial positions, are underemployed, or are unemployed," he pointed out. And he continued, "Most black children, twenty-two years after the Brown decision, are still required by various evasive devices to attend racially segregated and inferior schools. This problem is particularly exacerbated in northern urban communities, such as Boston, New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Los Angeles. These so-called cosmopolitan centers of America are now the bastions of sustained resistance to . . . the desegregation of their schools. Racially segregated communities remain the norm in American cities. White suburbs remain predominantly white *bantustans*, with only occasional Negroes being permitted to purchase homes within these compounds of privilege. Urban ghettos are expanding and proliferating and the pathologies of the ghettos—crime, drugs, defeatism of the young, reinforced by inferior education—remain unsolved problems which threaten the viability if not the survival of major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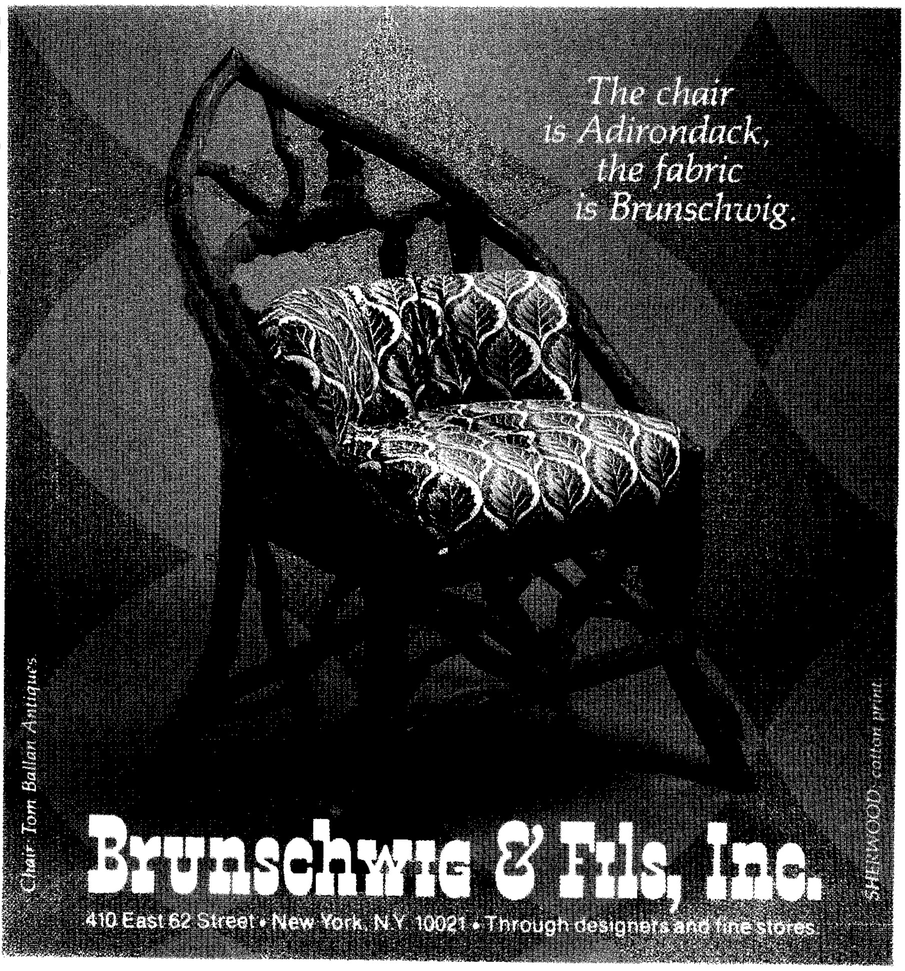
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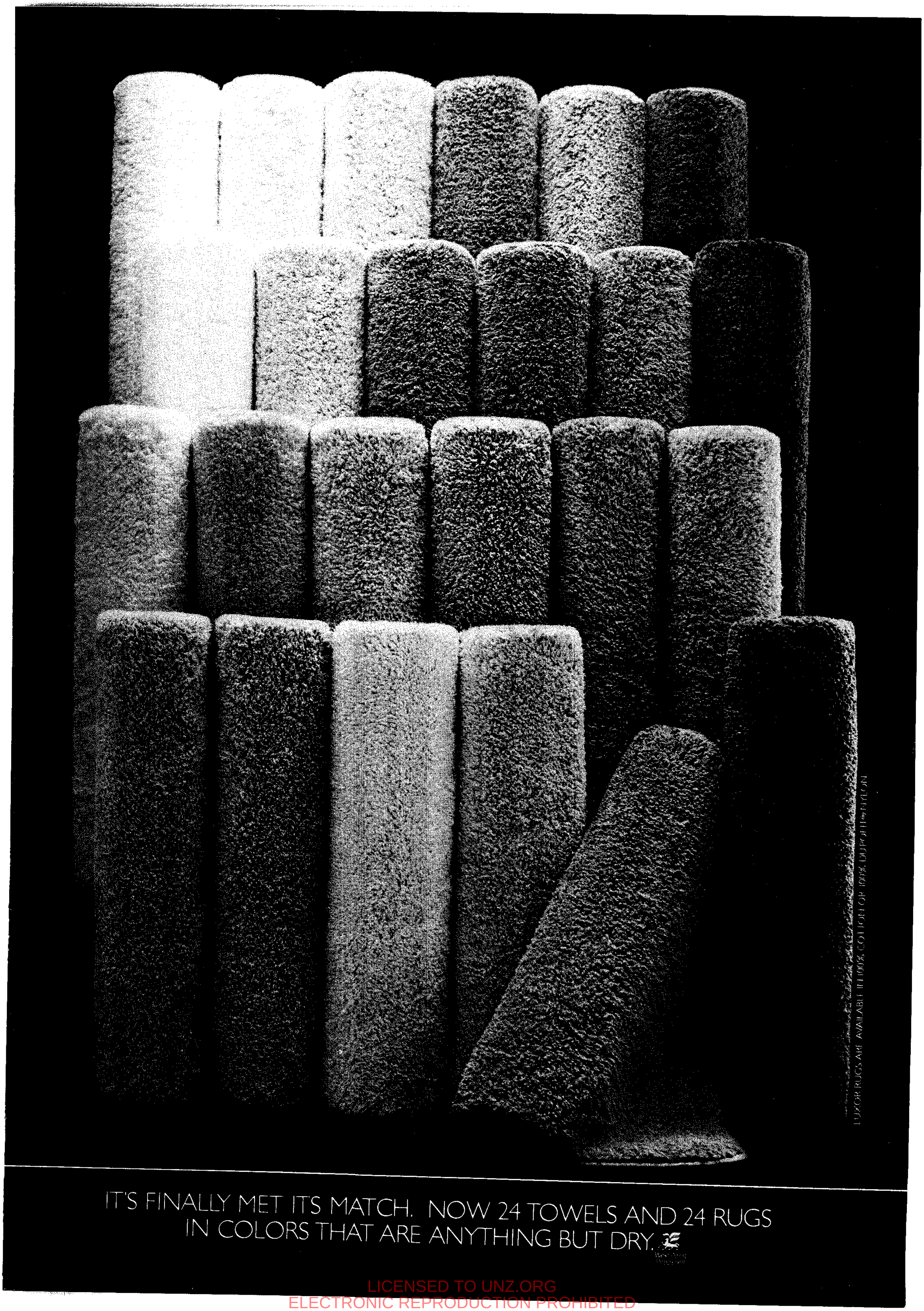
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American cities." Brown had indeed made history, but not enough.

IN the decades since Brown, Kenneth Clark has become more and more firmly convinced that the primary way to regenerate the hopes and energies ignited by the Brown decision is to transform the schools. In speeches and seminars, he has said, "One cannot expect a group to attain the full status of equality of citizenship if the masses of the children of that group are being denied adequate education in their elementary and secondary schools, if the abilities of these children are not being developed to the maximum at these crucial stages of their development, and if these children are being subjected to educational experiences which deprive them of the ability to compete successfully with others."

Even before the Brown decision, Dr. Clark had been pressing for change in the New York City school system, and throughout the nineteen-fifties he continued to accuse the Board of Education of permitting significant increases in de-facto segregated education that was decidedly unequal. His indictments were rejected, and in the late fifties, to document further the damage done to black children in the city's public schools, Clark assigned a number of white students of his at City College to interview white elementary and secondary-school teachers. In "Dark Ghetto," Clark reported that many of the teachers told the interviewers "that Negro children are inherently inferior in intelligence and therefore cannot be expected to learn as much or as readily as white children; and that all one would do, if one tried to teach them as if they could learn, would be to develop in them serious emotional disturbances, frustrations and anxieties." Obviously, Clark continued, "children who are treated as if they are uneducable almost invariably become uneducable." Furthermore, it is the "negative influence" of such teachers—more than the influence of home and community—that causes the negative self-image of so many minority schoolchildren.

To any who asked, and to the many who did not ask, Clark provided his own answer to teaching "the disadvantaged." It is "embarrassingly simple," he wrote. "Teach them with the same expectations, the same acceptance of their humanity and their educability and, therefore, with the same effectiveness as one would teach the more

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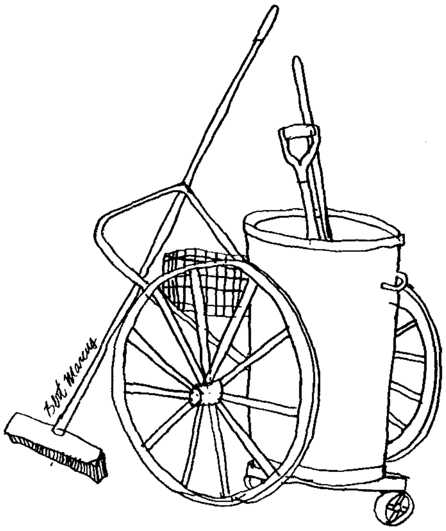
privileged child. In other words, teach them the way you would the kids in Scarsdale, or in any other upper-middle-class community." In 1955, to prove that this embarrassingly simple approach would work, Kenneth and Mamie Clark began a "crash program" in remedial reading at the Northside Center. It had long been evident to the Clarks that, as he puts it, "the most frequently stated concern of the parents of Northside children is not their economic status, not their housing, not their family problems, but the inefficient education of their children." And so, for four or five weeks in the summer, one-hour classes in reading were given five days a week at the Center. Each summer, over a period of five years, the average gain in reading level for each child who took the course turned out to be about a year. "These children were woefully retarded academically," Clark points out. "So much so that their schools had said they couldn't do anything with them, because they could not learn. And they were poor. Their parents suffered from all the disadvantages that are supposed to cripple the learning abilities of children from such homes. Most were on welfare. But in this place these children were being taught to read by people who believed they could learn to read, and who related to them with warmth and acceptance. Under these conditions, they learned. And, what's more, they sustained what they had learned during the regular school year. But they did not increase those gains during the regular school year. In the public schools, their progress stopped. But their home environment had remained constant. They had been just as poor in the summer, with us, as they were for the rest of the year in school. The difference was in the learning environment." Despite what Northside kept proving about black children's ability to learn, achievement levels in the ghetto classrooms of the city continued to fall; indeed, the longer most poor children stayed in school the more steeply their rate of learning declined.

In 1962, Kenneth Clark thought he might finally have the chance to demonstrate—in a much, much larger setting than Northside—that black children are as educable as any others. The Kennedy Administration had set up an interdepartmental President's Committee on Juvenile Delinquency and Youth Crime, with Attorney General Robert Kennedy as chairman. The Committee provided funds to Harlem Youth Opportunities Unlimited, or HARYOU, for a two-year study of how best to control juvenile delinquency in central Harlem. The study was also to include a specific plan that, if it was approved, would get large-scale funding for its realization. Clark was appointed acting chairman of HARYOU.

"From the beginning," Clark told me, "we recognized that we could not deal seriously with the problem of delinquency in Harlem without identifying and remedying those pervasive problems in the community which stunted and dehumanized Harlem's youth." One of those problems was education. Accordingly, the eventual plan, which was presented in a six-hundred-and-twenty-page report entitled "Youth in the Ghetto: A Study of the Consequences of Powerlessness and a Blueprint for Change," included a carefully detailed design for "thorough reorganization of the schools." Along with rezoning, open enrollment, and other strategies to increase the number of racially heterogeneous schools, Clark called for the selection of teachers and administrators solely on the basis of their "special competence," with "extra pay tied to superior skill." The promotion of these educators would depend on how well the children in their classrooms learned.

On the basis of the Northside experience in intensive summer reading, Clark, in a written proposal, recommended a Reading Mobilization Year. Since "all studies of the problem of education in deprived communities agree on the fact that the central pathology in these schools is the fact that the children in these schools are woefully deficient in reading," he wrote, the central Board of Education would drop its normal curriculum in the Harlem area for half a year or a year, and during that time "the total school program . . . would be geared toward the improvement of reading." (There would be a different curriculum during that year for children not retarded in reading.) This vast "crash program" in reading, Clark declared, would significantly decrease juvenile delinquency by reducing the dropout rate and giving thousands of children some realistic hope for their future. In addition, Clark's plan included extensive preschool education. To start with, at least four thousand children between the ages of three and five would be enrolled in Pre-School Academies, which would also instruct parents in how to "participate fully in the education of their children." As might have been expected from Clark, the focus in these early classes would be not on "the conventional play approach of most day-care-center and nursery-school programs" but, rather, on "linguistic and conceptual skills," because such skills "are necessary preparation for learning to read, write, and handle numerical relationships."



Still another part of the HARYOU plan envisaged After-School Study Centers, which would "compensate for the past failures of the public schools." And, along with a variety of continually monitored job-training programs, there was to be a counselling service for high-school dropouts which would either get them back into school or train them in work skills. Furthermore, Clark had devised a plan for a Community Service Corps, for those "so severely damaged" that they were not yet ready for advanced job training.

Pervading the entire "Youth in the Ghetto" report was an insistence on the continuing participation of the residents of Harlem, including the young, in the development of each part of the design. They would act as recruiters, research aides, and teaching aides, among other capacities. This, Clark pointed out, was to be a break with "the traditional social service, welfare, dole approach" to the poor—an approach that continually increased the dependency and stigmatization of "the clients." If Harlem was not to continue to be "a powerless colony," its citizens would have to learn the skills—including those of confrontation, if necessary—to bring about lasting social change on their own. HARYOU, if it worked, was to be Harlem's declaration of independence. "The program must work," said Clark in his proposal. "It is the city's last hope to save these children from a wasted life."

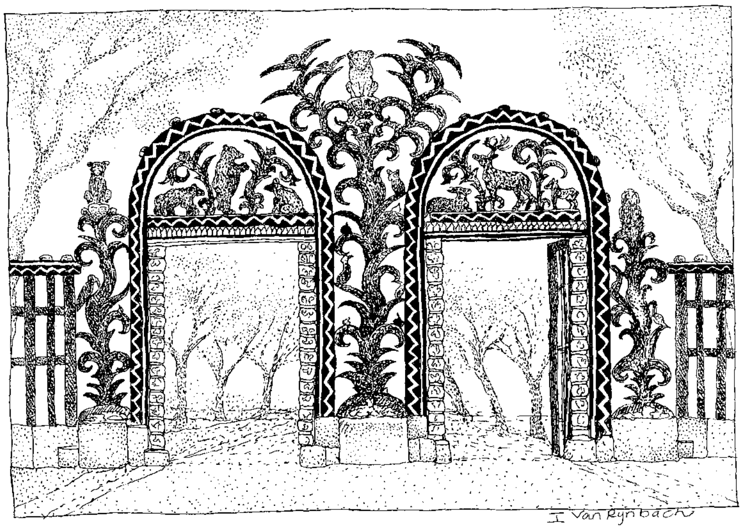
"Youth in the Ghetto" was presented to the review panel of the President's Committee on Juvenile Delinquency in April, 1964 (the Committee was continuing its work under President Lyndon Johnson), and the panel recommended an initial allocation of a million dollars to begin to make the blueprint real. An additional three and a half million dollars was provided by the City of New York, and the Department of Labor made a grant of five hundred thousand dollars to begin the job-training and job-placement programs. Over a period of three years, there would be a total of some hundred and ten million in federal funds for all the intersecting programs. At this point, as the two years of research and planning appeared to be moving toward realization, Clark resigned from HARYOU. There had been a struggle between him and Representative Adam Clayton Powell, Jr., over its independence, and Clark had lost. Clark later explained, "Powell was the first major political figure to understand the political dynamite inherent in the community-action components of the HARYOU planning document. Seeing this, he insisted that if it was going to operate in his district, *it would have to be under his control.*" Powell already controlled an existing "action program"—ACT, which had set up Associated Community Teams to provide work for Harlem youth, and which was being financed in part by the President's Committee on Juvenile Delinquency. Under pressure from Powell, HARYOU and ACT were merged, and a former Powell assistant became the executive director of the new organization. Powell controlled the board of directors.

Clark had resisted the merger, knowing that if his plan became subject to Powell's political patronage and political direction it would surely fail. For a time, feeling that all the moral weight was on his side, he had believed he could successfully force Powell to back off. "Adam kept trying to win me over," Clark recalled. "He'd say, 'Kenneth, don't be such a baby.' I must admit I liked him very much. He was a charming man. And he was honest. That is, he was honestly corrupt. He had undertaken the most difficult civil-rights challenge—the integration of corruption. He knew exactly what he was doing, and he enjoyed doing it. Adam had no sense of guilt that I was ever aware of, and he was very shrewd. He had read the HARYOU report carefully, and he knew that, for him to survive, the ghetto must survive as it was. If the ghetto were transformed so that its residents took power for themselves, his power would be destroyed. Adam kept telling me that I couldn't win this battle, because he had too much power. But I was naïve and refused to believe him. Until the very end, moreover, I was trying to persuade Adam that if he did not contaminate HARYOU, if he insulated it from pork-barrel politics, it would become a monument to him."

Clark finally realized that he had been defeated when he went to see Powell in his Washington office in the summer of 1964. "I was in the city for a board meeting at Howard University, and I wanted to try once more to convince Adam that he should leave us alone," Clark told me. "I still did not believe I was entirely powerless, because Robert Kennedy agreed with me, and he still chaired President Johnson's Committee on Juvenile Delinquency, the chief funding source." Powell, Clark recalled, began by saying amiably, "You know, you have nobody on your side, Kenneth. I am chairman of the House Education and Labor Committee, through which all anti-poverty legislation must go, and so Lyndon has to keep me satisfied. So does Bob Wagner, because, as Mayor of New York, he needs Lyndon. As for Bobby Kennedy, he's going to run for the Senate in New York, so he can't afford to antagonize me, either. He needs the votes I can deliver."

The telephone rang at that point. It was not an ordinary phone but, rather, an instrument that allowed Powell to carry on a conversation without having to speak directly into a receiver. He could move freely about the room as he talked, and the amplified voice of the caller could be heard throughout the room. Powell had first seen such a telephone on Lyndon Johnson's desk, and when he expressed admiration for it the President had given one to him. On the phone was a close associate of Robert Kennedy's. The associate was on the staff of the President's Committee on Juvenile Delinquency. During the previous weeks, he had been assuring Clark that he was right to continue battling Powell, and that the Committee would support him. "But here was the man's voice floating in the room," Clark recalled. " 'Mr. Congressman,' he said, 'I want you to know that I've got the Puerto Ricans lined up behind us, and they will attack Clark on this HARYOU thing.' Adam was smiling, winking at me. He ended the phone conversation by saying, 'Keep up the good work. And tell the Attorney General I sent my best.' Adam hung up, and said, 'See, that's politics. You've got to grow up, Kenneth.' "

Clark resigned from HARYOU immediately after this postgraduate lesson in politics. "I really was naïve," he said. "Roy Wilkins had tried to warn me. He had told me that a tough-minded, competent, independent HARYOU would not be permitted by Adam. As for Bobby Kennedy, when reports began to appear in the press that Adam was about to exploit HARYOU, Bobby was quoted as saying, 'I have no fault to find with Adam Clayton Powell.' So Adam won, and his victory effectively blocked any systematic and serious realization of the plan. Once more, the poor had been fought *about,* not for. They remained hostages, instruments of other people's profit and power. As it turned out, all we did at HARYOU was to produce a document. Oh, it had some influence. When President Johnson appointed Sargent Shriver the director of



his War on Poverty, Shriver talked with me a number of times, and it was clear that he and his staff had read 'Youth in the Ghetto.' That's where they got the idea for their 'community-action programs' and for having the 'maximum feasible participation' of the poor in the planning stages. But, despite those slogans, the actual takeover pattern set by Adam Powell was repeated throughout the country. The poor just didn't have the training, let alone the power, to cope with the established political bureaucracy in terms of who was to control the so-called community-action programs. Middle-class bureaucrats took them over, and while some of the indigenous poor did learn to become anti-poverty hustlers, the masses pretty much remained as they were—except that their frustrations grew deeper, because of what these anti-poverty programs had promised. It is probably not coincidental that the urban riots of the middle and late nineteen-sixties came in the wake of all the false talk about 'maximum feasible participation' of the poor."

Clark added that mistakes were also made by those planners who were not part of the old political apparatus but earnestly regarded themselves as allies of the poor. "The most important mistake," he said, "was that we did not take into sufficient account the debilitating, inhibiting effect of the most persistent and stark factor in American poverty—the quality of education in the public schools in the low-income areas of our cities." With so much damage being created by those schools, Clark said, it was difficult to find enough people with the analytic skills, the disciplined, sustained energy, and the hope required to engage in the long, complex battles necessary to overcome white political power, on the one hand, and the Adam Clayton Powells, on the other. Nonetheless, Clark still does not believe the War on Poverty was a total failure. "For all the pork-barrelling," he said, "many individuals in the ghettos did get a sense that they have certain rights and that community action *is* the way to proceed—if they could ever become strong enough politically to control that action."

AFTER losing the HARYOU battle, Dr. Clark continued teaching at City College and, in 1967, also became the president of a nonprofit corporation known as MARC—the Metropolitan Applied Research Center. Staffed by specialists in the social sciences,

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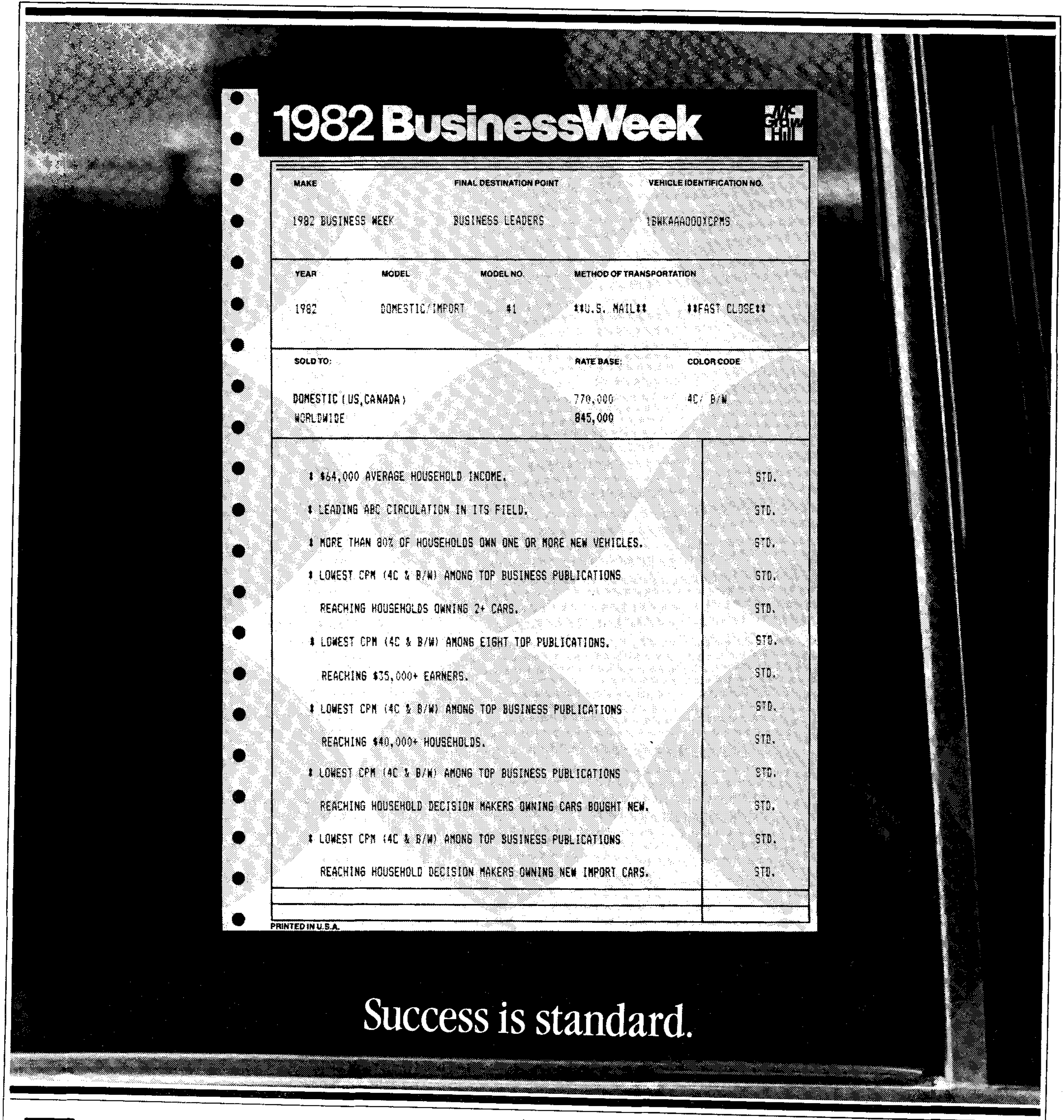
law, and municipal affairs, MARC described its work as "an attempt to determine by systematic exploration whether trained intelligence can be mobilized as an effective form of power for positive social change." Through research, to be followed sometimes by intervention, MARC intended to address itself to specific problems of the poor, and through fellowships and student-interneship programs it would create cadres of experienced, disciplined activists who could function anywhere in the country. MARC was housed near Fifth Avenue in an attractive three-story building on East Eighty-sixth Street. The rooms were airy, the furnishings were imaginative and crisply coördinated, and Clark himself occupied a spacious third-floor office that opened onto a plant-lined terrace. "If the Ford Foundation can have a place with class and taste, why shouldn't a black think tank?" he said at the time. Actually, the staff was integrated—as all of Clark's research teams have been. "Racial separatism is a blind alley," he says. "It means the abandonment of hope. Furthermore, just as there are white idiots, so there are black idiots." Although MARC explored a considerable range of urban issues, Clark, characteristically, was most concerned with finding ways to make the public schools work for the poor. In 1970, it looked as if he, and MARC, would finally get a chance to demonstrate in the school system of an entire city what he had been prevented from demonstrating through HARYOU—that low-income black children are as educable as any other children. In Washington, D.C., a newly elected school board, headed by Anita Ford Allen, a graduate of Howard University who had become an administrator in the United States Office of Education, invited Dr. Clark to design an educational program for the hundred and fifty thousand children then attending school in the District of Columbia. More than ninety per cent were black, and many were poor. (Many middle-class residents of Washington, black and white, were sending their children to private schools.) Mrs. Allen had come to Clark because for years District of Columbia students had been scoring considerably below national norms in reading and mathematics, and the longer they stayed in school the further they fell behind. By the end of the sixth grade, a majority of the children were at least two years behind their peers in other school systems, and many of those who finally graduated from high school were clearly deficient in basic skills. Dr. Clark accepted the challenge, saying at the time, "This is an opportunity to show that it is possible to raise the academic achievement of minority-group children by accepting them, by respecting them, and by teaching them with the same efficiency as one would educate more privileged children. These educationally retarded children are human beings. They are not expendable. We simply cannot allow another generation of black youngsters to be sentenced to lives of failure and futility." Clark and his associates at MARC designed an Academic Achievement Project for Washington. (It appeared as a book in 1972, with the title "A Possible Reality: A Design for the Attainment of High Academic Achievement for Inner-City Students.") In his design, Clark called, as he had in Harlem, for a Reading Mobilization Year for all the students in the first through the ninth grades in the District of Columbia school system. Intensive instruction by teams of teachers would raise the reading levels of all children to their grade level, and higher. Teachers and administrators would be held accountable for the success or failure of their students. Their rank and salary level would depend on the achievement of the children in their charge. And, to find out just how much, or how little, was being achieved, standardized testing and other assessments of reading progress would take place throughout the year.

Clark's "possible reality" did not have a chance to prove or disprove itself. From the beginning, as one academic observer of the experiment has explained, "Clark and his plan were seen as a threat by the educational professionals." Hugh Scott, a new superintendent of schools—and the first black to hold that post in the District—felt that Clark, as an outsider, would weaken his own control of the system. And the largely black teachers' union, led by William Simons, objected strenuously to the idea of having teachers monitored and evaluated on the basis of the academic progress of their students. Implicit in such a



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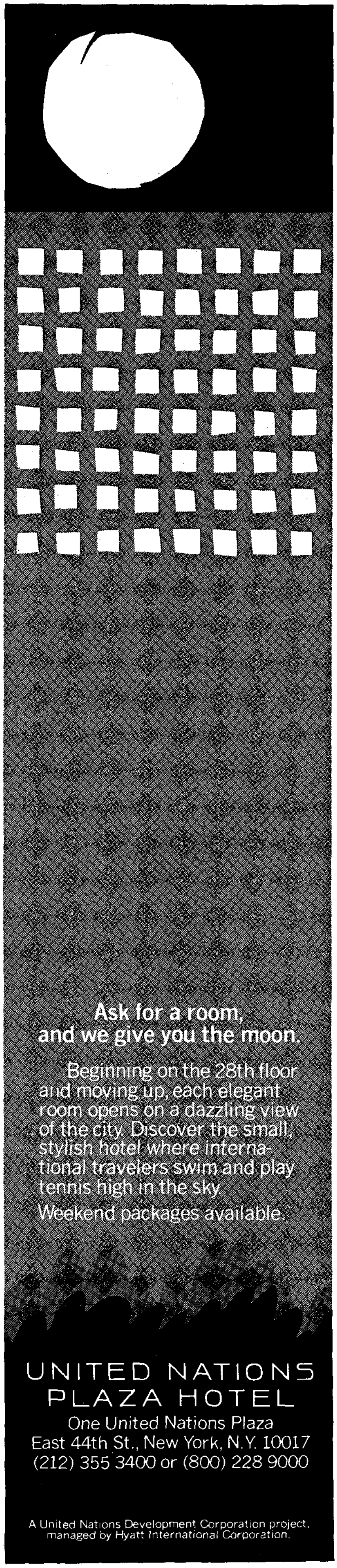

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plan, the union felt, was the eventual erosion of tenure protections. If the students of a particular teacher consistently failed, the time might come when the teacher could be fired, tenure or not. Simons said at one point, “What is good for children is not going to be purchased at the price of dignity for adults.”

Furthermore, there was much disagreement about whether the Clark plan was realistic, considering the nature and quality of the District's students. Dr. Clark had said that normal children, of whatever color, could learn, but both the superintendent of schools and the head of the teachers' union questioned whether the term “normal” could be applied to the black children of Washington. “Let's face the facts,” Scott said in a speech to a group of Young Republicans. “A goodly number of the black kids in this district were not raised in a normal social, political, and economic environment, and it may not be an accurate thing to use that terminology—normal—without taking in the full consequences of these other factors.” In sum, his position was that the District's black children, though they were born with the potential to participate effectively in society, might have been so handicapped in their intellectual growth and development by “the historic grievances and limitations of an abnormal environment” that they could not function normally in school. If this was so, Scott said in subsequent statements, it would be unfair to hold schools and teachers responsible for the failure of students, since it was the society that had stunted their development.

q. ehrenberg

Clark responded sharply to Scott's line of reasoning. “I used to think that a man could only talk that way because he is not black,” he said. “These are the same things I've heard from white segregationists and white liberals and condescending whites. It's crossed the color line.” He went on to say, “The fact that Dr. Scott is black does not grant him immunity from assessment of his performance. I believe Dr. Scott cannot be an effective implementer of any academic design.”

Another black man attacked the “possible reality” in a different way, Clark recalls. “On television one night, a teachers'-union official said that if my plan turned out to be successful it would merely store up frustrations for black youth, because once they were able to read and compete they would still be discriminated against on account of their color and would become even more bitter. When I heard it, I did not believe that a teachers'-union official could really be saying such a thing.”

Scott and Simons joined forces against Clark and his reading plan, and it failed: it had been stripped of a crucial element—the ranking of teachers according to the progress of their students. This concession by the Board of Education came after the union had threatened that its members would simply refuse to administer the standardized tests—and some had refused. To avoid further confrontations, the Board agreed that under no circumstances would test results be used to evaluate teachers. In 1971, Clark's firmest supporter, Anita Ford Allen, was defeated in her attempt to be reëlected president of the Board of Education, and the Academic Achievement Project essentially came to an end. “The most terrible thing about the Washington experience was the passivity of the community,” Clark has said. “Once the teachers' union, the superintendent, and the rest of the educational hierarchy had decided to dismantle the plan, we couldn't get any significant number of parents to fight for their own children. Nor did such community organizations as the local chapter of the N.A.A.C.P. and the Washington Urban League publicly support us. Certain officials in those groups cheered us on privately, but they did not want to become involved in the politics of the conflict. The politics of adult power. In this case, black adult power. The children did not count.”

ONE day in early July, 1970, as Clark was outlining his Academic Achievement Project to the District of Columbia Board of Education, one of its members heatedly objected to the proposal that standard English be used exclusively in the teaching of the almost entirely black school population. Arguing for an emphasis on what had come to be called Black English—the language used by many of the children at home and on the streets

—the critic insisted that rejecting a child's speech patterns was equivalent to rejecting the child. "Here was this black man, speaking impeccable English—he was a graduate of Harvard, I believe, and he really used the language impressively," Clark recalls. "I could not resist saying to him, 'Look, I would like these youngsters to speak the way you do, so that people will pay attention to them—even when they're speaking nonsense, as you are now.' And while this was going on I remembered reading that Harold Laski once said, 'You know, the class system in England will never really be improved until someone finds a way of teaching the Cockneys to speak middle-class English.' " Clark won his point at that meeting, but not before his antagonist on the school board had called him a racist for insisting that black children be held to the same standards of language as white children.

Racial separatism of any kind, whether in the teaching of English or in the setting up of exclusively black departments or facilities on a college campus, has always been vehemently opposed by Dr. Clark. "I do not believe that the purpose of education is to reinforce parochialism," he has said. "What I try to help my own students understand is the commonality of man. As for the supposed justifications for black separatism in any form, I do not believe that genuine pride in oneself can be based on anything as external as color. I do not accept the pride argument from Black Power people any more than I do from white supremacists. In both cases, it's racism."

In 1968, Edward H. Levi, then provost of the University of Chicago, asked Dr. Clark for advice when a group of black students demanded an all-black dormitory on campus. Clark responded in a letter. "The university's involvement in the setting up of an all-black or an all-white dormitory for its students would be a profound violation of academic freedom," he wrote Levi. "It would be a mockery of the goals of education and could only occur in a society which was so severely ill with the disease of racism and its symptoms of guilt, hostility, and ambivalence as to be in severe crises of survival." Though he was not an expert in constitutional law, Clark added, he was convinced that "any university or college which sets up an all-Negro dormitory violates the letter and the spirit of the McLaurin

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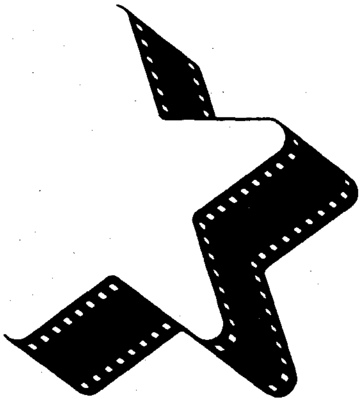

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decision and also the Brown decision of the United States Supreme Court." He explained, "In the McLaurin decision, the Court was quite clear that the University of Oklahoma and its governing board could not segregate or isolate Negro students on the arbitrary basis of race without violating the equal-protection clause of the United States Constitution. I do not believe that this basic principle is inoperative merely because the victims ask for the segregated facilities." He went on to say, "For all of the above reasons—and others which are much too visceral for me to express with any pretense of coherence—I am personally unalterably opposed to any educational or other public or quasi-public institution classifying, or in any way categorizing, its students or personnel on the basis of the irrelevant and arbitrary factor of race or color. I am opposed to all-Negro or all-white classes, dormitories, schools or colleges." Clark ended the letter by saying, "Those of us who still believe in the positive potential of human beings, and that educational institutions must reinforce these positives, cannot contribute to the disease but must try to cure the patient even when such cure might require the painful remedies of courage and clarity."

The year before, Clark had antagonized some of the Black Power advocates at his own alma mater by proposing that Howard University become a nonracial institution. "I had tended to idealize my all-black college experience," he said then. "But as I grew older I came to believe that the very fact of a segregated college is an abomination. It's institutionalized psychosis, and is possible only in a crazy society."

In 1969, Clark was attacked as a "moderate," and even as an "Uncle Tom," by a number of black militants around the country when he resigned from the board of directors of Antioch College because the college had supported the creation on its campus of a racially exclusive Afro-American Institute. In his letter of resignation, after citing the arguments against all forms of segregation which were based on psychology and constitutional law, Clark said, "I do not believe that Antioch, in permitting some of the more hostile Negro students to coerce and intimidate other Negroes and whites . . . has showed the courage necessary to maintain that type of academic climate which permits man that freedom of inquiry, freedom of

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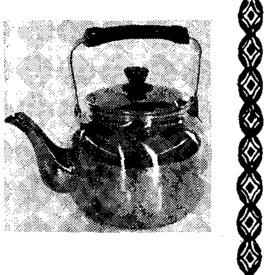

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thought, and freedom of dissent which are essential to the life of the intellect." He also made the rather mordant point that precisely those "who need a black studies program most of all"—the whites—were, with the full coöperation of the college, being barred from this Afro-American Institute.

The vogue for black separatism intensified in the early nineteen-seventies. During that period, Dr. Clark was sometimes confronted personally by its advocates. "I was once stopped on my way to class at City College by a well-dressed black man in his late thirties," he recalled recently. " 'You're Dr. Clark?' this man asked. I nodded, thinking he was going to compliment me, and he said, 'We're going to get you, you son of a bitch!' I just looked at him and asked when this was going to happen. He walked away, and that turned out to be the end of it. But that was the climate of those years." Not long after that encounter, Clark was walking to class during a time when some black and Puerto Rican students were trying to close down City College by way of enforcing their demands for more Third World courses and faculty members. "I saw a group of those on strike physically keeping one of my students from going to class," he told me. "I was so furious I walked over and yelled, 'Damn it! Leave him alone!' They were so shocked at the spontaneous force of my rage that they let the student go. We went in to class, and there were only a couple of others there. But I would have conducted that class if there had been only one student. A class is sacred. It should never be interfered with."

Mamie Clark thoroughly understood her husband's uncharacteristically loud public rage at the assault on his classroom. "His first love is teaching," she said not long ago. "It always has been. He has given a great deal to his students, not only by teaching them how to think but also by impressing on them the possibilities of using their education to affect the society they live in. And, of course, his impact as a teacher has reached far beyond those who have actually been in a classroom with him. Most well-known black people are not in the academic field—they're in the theatre or in sports or, increasingly, in politics—and so the renown and the great amount of respect that Kenneth has achieved have been of a rather rare kind. And I think that by achieving them he has given

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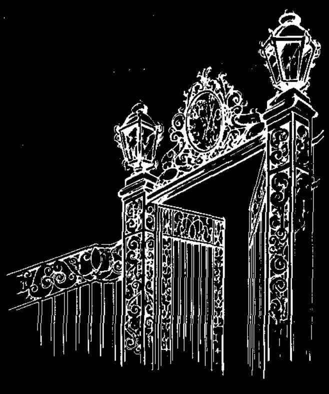

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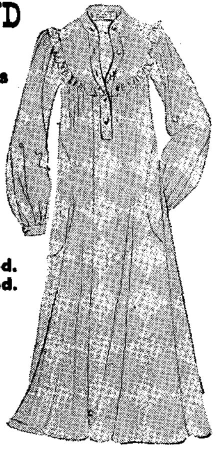

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psychic sustenance to many blacks, whether or not they themselves have gone into teaching on the college level."

DR. CLARK retired from City College in 1975, intending to concentrate on research and writing. He couldn't bear to give up teaching entirely, however, so he leads a weekly seminar for adult students at Mercy College, in Dobbs Ferry, New York, some two miles from where he lives—in a Tudor-style house, in Hastings-on-Hudson. He describes the seminar as dealing with "contemporary social issues from the perspective of a psychologist." Although the seminar is now his only regular academic commitment, Dr. Clark has more than filled the hours he used to spend as a professor at City College: he still complains that he can't find enough time for writing. But he recognizes that this chronic conflict is of his own making.

"Kenneth is more restless than ever," his wife says. "He feels there's so much to be done, and there's not enough time in which to do it all. I keep saying, 'Why don't you rest a little bit and be an elder statesman, *which is such a nice comfortable thing* to be?' " She adds, smiling, "But that's only my opinion."

"I came to realize that I just couldn't devote myself solely to a life of leisurely scholarship and writing," Clark says. "And Mamie, for all that she talks about the comforts of *my* becoming an elder statesman, knew that before I did. A year or so before I retired from City College, she said very calmly one day, 'Kenneth, do you realize that you've never been able to write anything without competing commitments?' Well, she's a psychologist, you know, and I said, 'I'd like to try. I'd like to see what it's like to have nothing to do but write.' Even more calmly, she said, 'I hope you succeed.' I kept thinking of that conversation, and it bothered me increasingly as the retirement date came closer. It might well be that if all my time were free for writing I wouldn't write at all."

Lest he have to put that possibility to the test, Dr. Clark, before he left City College, figured out a way to get involved in an abundance of projects, which would set up a ceaseless round of competing deadlines. He formed a consulting firm, Clark, Phipps, Clark & Harris, Inc.: Dr. Kenneth B. Clark, president; Dr. Mamie Phipps Clark, treasurer; Hilton B. Clark, vice-presi-

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dent; Kate Clark Harris, secretary. The vice-president and the secretary are the son and daughter of the president and the treasurer. Hilton Clark, who is thirty-eight, is a graduate of the Kent School, in Connecticut ("I wanted him to understand power and the training of people who wield power," his father says), and Columbia College, where he earned a degree in political science. He lives in Harlem ("There is no place in the world where I feel more comfortable," he says), and he has been a Democratic district leader there since 1979, having defeated the incumbent, whose home base was the Adam Clayton Powell Club. Kate Clark Harris, who is forty-two, went to public school in Hastings-on-Hudson. Her father, who has been criticized for not sending his children to Harlem schools, says, "I've always fought to improve those schools, but each child of mine has one life and I could not risk that." Kate went on to earn a B.A. from Oberlin (her major was psychology) and a master's degree from the Smith College School for Social Work. Before she began to work with the family consulting firm, in 1980, she was the director of the scholarship program of National Medical Fellowships, which helps minority students in medical schools.

Much of the day-to-day work of the firm is handled by Kenneth, Mamie, and Hilton Clark. There is a staff of about twenty people, some of whom worked with Clark at MARC, and the firm occupies the building that MARC occupied; MARC itself dissolved in 1976. The new firm quickly attracted clients from both government and business who needed help in designing and monitoring affirmative-action programs and in solving other problems in race relations. Business has increased faster than Clark anticipated, so it is all the more difficult for him to get his writing done. "Every now and then, I still wonder whether I shouldn't have opted for the life of a scholarly recluse for whatever years I have left," Clark said recently. "But, damn it, I like what I'm doing. It's challenging, because I'm really testing whether it's possible for someone who has been an academic and a social activist all his life to be successful in business—a business that has to do with social change."

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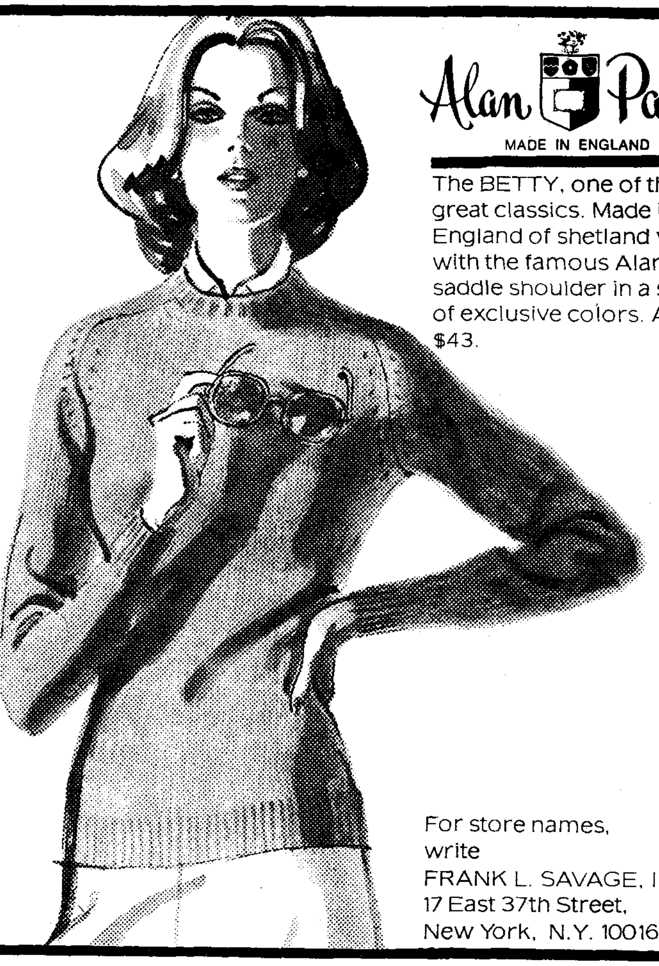

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lem areas). Projects have been completed for American Telephone & Telegraph (one was a study of minority students in college who are majoring in the disciplines from which the corporation does its hiring) and an international engineering consulting firm. "On the basis of our selection process," Clark said, "they are hiring as draftsmen and designers youngsters who would not ordinarily be employed by them but who have potential. We turn the young people over to the consulting firm for training, but during that period we provide them with support and counselling—on any kind of problem, personal or professional—and also monitor the training program. Included are blacks, Hispanics, Asians, and some whites. As you can see, this is not what you'd call an ordinary business."

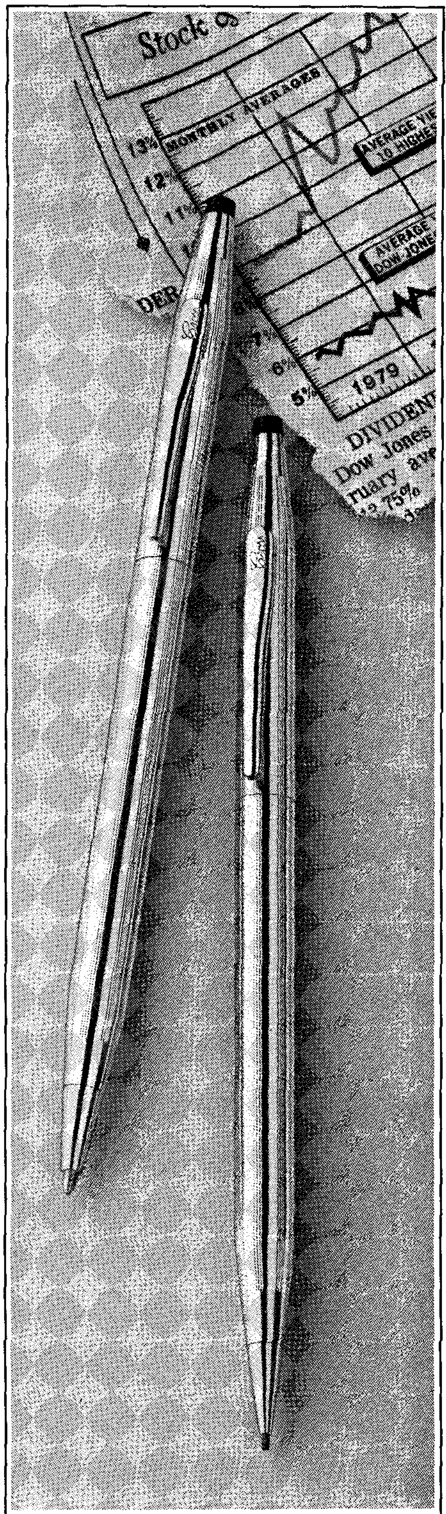
In a brochure describing its terms of employment to prospective clients, Dr. Clark's firm makes clear that it "reserves the right to terminate its services should its senior staff conclude that the client is not seriously committed to achieving the agreed upon objectives."

I asked Vice-President Hilton Clark, who is solidly built and self-assured but tends to look rather guarded, if that clause had ever been invoked.

"Yes," he said. "Not often, but we've dropped some clients. For an example of how that can happen, a top executive might be trying to get a government contract, but complaints to the government by some disgruntled minority employees about how they're being treated might lose the contract for the firm. So this executive figures, 'Maybe if we hire Kenneth Clark's organization it'll look as if we were really doing something about our minority problems.' He does that; we come in, identify what the problem really is, and make certain recommendations. But the firm keeps coming up with alibis, and putting roadblock after roadblock in the way of those recommendations. It becomes obvious that it's not going to move on them. We see that there's no sense in our being there, and we leave."

For all the broadening of his activities in recent years, Dr. Clark's primary focus is still on education. "I continue to be an extremist," he says. "An extremist in persisting in believing that black kids can learn, and that segregation is one way in which they are prevented from learning. I remain an incorrigible integrationist. Or, if you prefer, I remain a rigid, hard-line integrationist. Some of my black friends urge me to be more 'realistic,' more 'pragmatic'—to accept the fact that the Brown decision has just not worked in the big cities, especially those outside the South, and that we should therefore go for separate but 'quality' schools."

That is the position that Robert Carter, who, as an N.A.A.C.P. lawyer, initially recruited Clark to the research team that helped bring about the victory in the Brown decision, has reluctantly adopted. In the *Harvard Civil Rights–Civil Liberties Law Review*, Carter, a longtime battler for school integration (he is now a federal district judge in New York), wrote that the main requirement of the Brown decision was "equal educational opportunity." The Court, in 1954, equated that goal with integration. But, Carter now maintains, if equal educational opportunity can be achieved without integration "Brown has been satisfied." Carter wrote, "I am certain that a racially integrated America is best for all of us, but I also know that quality education is essential to the survival of hundreds of thousands of black children who now seem destined for the dunghill in our society. There are solutions, I believe, which can readily achieve integration and deliver equal education at the same time: state systems, metropolitan school districts combining the central city and suburbs, or clusters of schools outside districts on large campuses (much like colleges). The hope of getting approval of such remedies today through litigation or legislation is, I think you will agree, minimal." Therefore, although it would be a "disaster" to abandon integration "as the ultimate solution," Carter wrote, to focus on it for the present "is a luxury only the black middle class can afford." He concluded, "The immediate and urgent need of the black urban poor is the attainment, in real terms and in settings of virtually total black-white school separation, of at least some of the benefits and protection of the constitutional guarantee of equal educational opportunity that Brown requires. The only way to insure that thousands of the black urban poor will have even a remote chance of obtaining the tools needed to compete in the marketplace for a decent job and its



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accompanying benefits is to concentrate on having quality education delivered to the schools these blacks are attending, and in all likelihood will be attending for at least another generation."

Clark's response to Carter and to others who have come to this conclusion is "I don't doubt they now find this position more practical, but what they are advocating will intensify and further rigidify segregation." He says, "Under the guise of what they call realism, they are willing to concede defeat, as they mask that defeat with various euphemisms. Those who propose to raise the achievement level in segregated schools instead of renewing their efforts to integrate those schools are actually renewing the myth of 'separate but equal.' They are resurrecting Plessy versus Ferguson. And, even aside from the fact that their proposal is unconstitutional, they provide no evidence that 'separate but equal' will work educational wonders in any school, in any system, when it has not done so anywhere in these United States for over a hundred years. As Robert Carter says, there *are* ways to achieve integration. And, yes, one approach is to form metropolitan school districts, combining the central city and the suburbs. Another is for states to finance regional schools that would cut across urban-suburban boundaries. There could also be prestige regional schools, financed by the federal government, that could cut through *state* boundaries and provide facilities for resident students. There is indeed enormous opposition to any workable attempts to integrate the public schools, but there always has been. I remain convinced that there is no choice but to keep fighting for integration. The accuracy of the Supreme Court's language in Brown has not changed: 'To separate [children] from others of similar age and qualifications solely because of their race generates a feeling of inferiority as to their status in the community that may affect their hearts and minds in a way unlikely ever to be undone.' The act of segregation itself damages the personality. This is as true now as it has ever been. If necessary, I am prepared to stand alone as an integrationist. Oh, attempts have been made to move me backward. Some years ago, Barbara Jordan, who was then in Congress, called a meeting of some black legislators and educators to gain recruits to her position that the best way to get more federal aid for all the public

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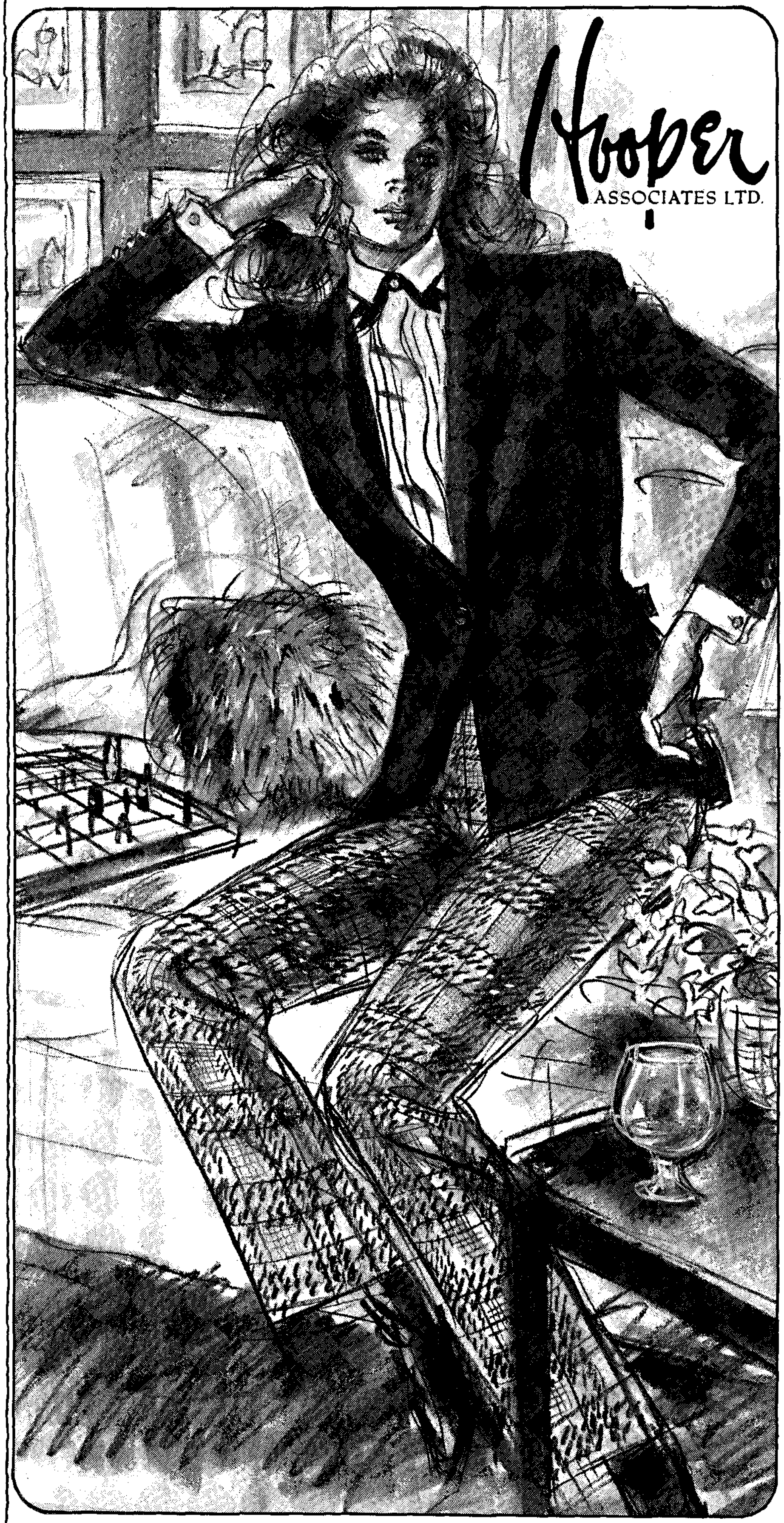

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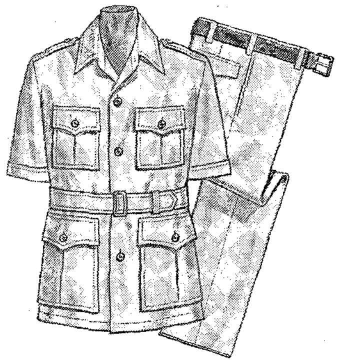

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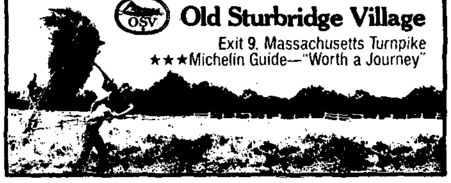

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schools was to lessen the pressure to integrate all the public schools. I raised hell. I told her, 'This is "separate but equal." You're trying to equalize the separateness, and I will not be a party to that.' She looked at me and said, 'Your unrealism is passé.' So there I was, my old-fashioned extremism once more supposedly getting in the way of progress."

IN her office, on the first floor of Clark, Phipps, Clark & Harris, Mamie Clark talked about the schools as they are, and about the children who are not learning in those schools. "If children don't learn, teachers and administrators should be fired," she said softly. "At least, if a sizable number of them were fired the rest might start doing what they're paid to do. There has to be a war. A war with the teachers' unions. A war with the whole system. A war for the children. But you have to get the parents to fight that war, and there has not been any force to move them, to help them develop strategies."

She paused, and her voice was even softer when she resumed. "You know, things are *worse* than they were when we started Northside. They really are worse. More people are without hope now. But thirty years ago there *was* hope. People got excited when things happened to their children. They tried harder to change things for their children. And they tried harder still in the nineteen-sixties. But now—well, now they know that nothing has changed. I'm depressed about it. So is Kenneth. We talk about it all the time." She laughed—a short, dry laugh. "We say the same things over and over. I don't know what the answer is."

Her voice now was barely audible. "I really don't know." There was another silence, and she smiled. "But he won't stop looking for the answer. Oh, sometimes Kenneth is very down, but he bounces back. He always bounces back. It's quite marvellous to watch, because, when you consider the issues he's always dealing with, he could become so depressed he'd commit suicide. But there are always new battles."

"That's it," another voice said. Kate Clark Harris, a woman of vibrant energy and an easy, informal manner, had come into the room. "It's all those challenges, all those battles, that keep him continuing. My father has a lot of anger. He's often angrier than he'll say, or show. But this way, battling all the time, he's found a way

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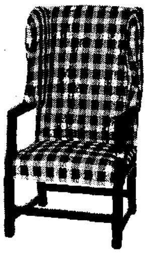

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to express that anger so that it's constructive for him and—if people would listen—for society. For all the despair, he really enjoys his life."

"We have a place on the Cape," Mamie Clark said. "In West Hyannisport. He has never spent a whole lot of time there. Oh, he always announces that he's going to take the whole summer, but at best he manages three or four long weekends, because there's always a new project or problem here. Just about all he does when he's there is read and sleep. He has nothing to do with any physical activity. Kenneth has no aptitude for any sport. He even had a hard time getting out of physical education in college. But he does have one avocation." She smiled. "He's very fond of raising cactuses. They're tough plants, and somehow survive against all odds."

A few days later, I paid another visit to Dr. Clark's office. He was wearing a pin-striped gray suit, a button-down blue shirt, and a gray-and-red striped tie. It occurred to me that although I had known him for more than twenty years, I had never seen him without a tie—or, for that matter, without a button-down shirt. His office held shelves of books and reports, pictures of his grandchildren, and a portrait of W. E. B. Du Bois. "One of my heroes," Clark said. "Such a tough mind. Such courage, clarity, and persistence." In a *Times* Op-Ed article written two years ago with Lawrence Plotkin, Clark had quoted from Du Bois's "The Souls of Black Folk": "One ever feels his two-ness—an American, a Negro; two souls, two thoughts, two unreconciled strivings; two warring ideals in one dark body, whose dogged strength keeps it from being torn asunder."

I spoke of what his wife had said about the worsening state of children in Harlem, in all the Harlems.

"Things *are* worse," Dr. Clark said. "In the schools, although scores are going up in some places, more black kids are being put on the dung heap every year. But it's not just the schools. Residential segregation is worse. Not only the increase and proliferation of ghettos but the pathology of ghetto life. The closest I can find to something positive is that more blacks are now in positions in the private sector from which they were previously excluded. Also, there is the fact that more blacks are being elected to office. There are more black mayors, for example. But I'm stymied when I try to tie that to observable positive

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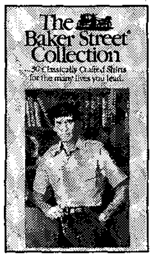
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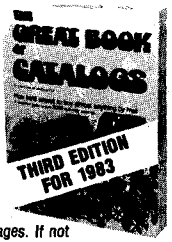

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changes in the lives of black people who live where there are black mayors. Maybe it's too early for a connection to be made, or maybe this development will just contribute to further political disillusionment among blacks. Yet there must be options that will work. My job is to keep looking for those options. Honest options. That's what I've had to do all my life—differentiate between the evidence and my wishes. That's what my new book, 'Beyond the Ghetto,' is about. I've been at it for ten years now. I've *got* to take some time off to finish it."

Russia Hughes, a thin, auburn-haired woman in her sixties who has been an associate of Dr. Clark's since 1968, came in with some checks for him to sign. Then he had several phone conversations. When he finished with the phone calls, he lit a cigarette and said, "There are times when I feel that all I've done with my life is produce documents—reports, memorandums, books—and that as for actually helping produce social change my life has been one big failure. It's as if I were a physician, and the disease had metastasized."

"Then what keeps you going?" I asked.

"When I was in high school, my biology teacher made his subject real by having us look at living cells through a microscope. And what I took out of that ninth-grade class was that the cell is constantly in a state of struggle. Looking at the amoeba and the paramecium, I saw they were continually active. The irritability of protoplasm, as it's called, is the essential difference between protoplasm and other forms of matter. As I grew up and went through college and graduate school, and later, when I was teaching, it became all the more evident to me that, while there are gradations of intensity, life really is a continuous struggle. And when the irritability of protoplasm stops, life stops. On our level of the biogenetic scale, that struggle takes on different forms—struggle for comfort, struggle for status. But the highest form of life, in terms of evolutionary development, involves struggling for such abstractions as justice and decency. And always there has been a minority of human beings engaged in that kind of struggle—people who insist on being unrealistic, people who won't give up when everything seems to indicate that they should. If you're one of those people, it's just something you have to keep on doing. You have no more choice than

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the amoeba has in whether to be active or not. In other words, I can't stop. There are times when, for instance, I just don't feel like going up to Albany for yet another meeting of the Board of Regents, where the majority of my colleagues are going to be on one side and I'll be one of the few, sometimes the only one, on the other. But I have to get up and go. Why? Because if I didn't go I'd feel ashamed. There's so much that needs doing there, and, like everywhere else, it's getting much harder to do. In the nineteen-sixties, the struggle was so much more clear-cut. You could see the dogs and the hoses on television. It was not unlike the newsreels from Germany showing the Storm Troopers forcing Jews to scrub the sidewalks. And the *Times* would put pictures of the civil-rights demonstrators in the South on the front page. They'd also be on the network news. So people got immediate, visceral reactions to visible atrocities. But that's not what we're dealing with now. These years, children are being destroyed silently, in the first and second grades."

As I was about to leave the building, I saw Russia Hughes again. Before coming to work for Dr. Clark, she had been a teacher, and, indeed, had taught his daughter at the Horace Mann-Lincoln School. We talked about Dr. Clark's unwavering focus on education, and she said, "My very first memory of him has to do with a classroom. He and Mamie brought Kate to school on her first day in the first grade. Mamie made the more striking impression on me. She had on a little, many-colored knit hat, with bits of metal dangling from it. She looked terribly elegant, terribly beautiful. And there, also, was her husband. From that day on, he came all the time, to observe the class. I'm a terribly involved kind of person, who doesn't really notice things going on outside of what I'm doing, and all of a sudden—I didn't even know *when* he first came in—I'd see Dr. Clark standing quietly in the corner. He'd stay there quite a long time. He was utterly absorbed. Not only in what Kate was doing but in the other children, too. He wanted to see children learning."

—NAT HENTOFF

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Mr. Stieglitz says the city is at the crossroads with its harborfront development—either it moves forward immediately or the inertia that now exists will be lost.—*Dunkirk-Fredonia (N.Y.) Evening Observer.*

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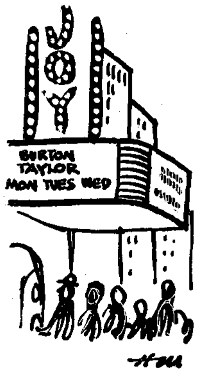
John Irving's big-hit novel "The World According to Garp" uses just about every plot device available to novelists, and even the incidents that seem most random are prefigured by hints, warnings, delayed climaxes, ominous stories within stories. The book is designed self-protectively: everything that happens seems to have its opposite happening, too. Everything is contradictory, parsed, justified. All that holds the novel together is the thin wire of its own mechanics. The disasters that are visited upon the hero-victim, the writer Garp, become the story's texture, its aesthetic weather. John Irving grandstands for his readers. He wants them to be moved—it hardly matters how. Irving isn't interested in character, and the observations that he comes up with aren't insights—they don't add depth to the people or the events. They just keep things bopping along. He uses violence and morbidity the way a hack movie director does—to excite you, and maybe because he has nothing else on his mind. Published in 1978, "The World According to Garp" is a gigantic contraption of a book, loaded with charm, and it gives many people what they want from a best-seller: a family saga; an easy read that's amusing here, gripping there; and the feeling that they've mastered a roller coaster. The novel pretends to be about social issues; it pretends to be a serious piece of writing, too, and Irving may believe that it's a salute to "The Catcher in the Rye" and "Catch-22" and Vonnegut, and that he's making the techniques of John Barth and Günter Grass accessible to the general reader. In "Garp," he turns their techniques into hooks. It's a triumph of cunning.



It has been reported that the first writers who were asked to adapt the novel to the screen felt that it couldn't be filmed, and I think essentially they were right. None of the actions in the novel are self-explanatory; the events in Garp's life don't make sense—they make litrichoor. And they don't do that without the baroque apparatus that Irving constructed—his wheels within wheels and his elaborate rigging. The movie version that has been directed by George Roy Hill, from a script by Steve Tesich, has no center and no scenes that are developed enough to draw a viewer in; it's a simple series of vignettes, spanning Garp's life from his beginning to his end. This isn't necessarily bad—Hill's pastel, detached, and rather meaningless comedy may, in some ways, be preferable to Irving's convolutions—but in recounting the book's key incidents Hill and Tesich lay bare the pattern of mutilations in the plot. The film, which is a generally faithful adaptation, seems no more (and no less) than a castration fantasy.

Garp's Puritan mother, the New England-bred nurse Jenny Fields (Glenn Close), feels no stirrings of sexual desire and regards men's drives as lust. But she wishes to have a child. It's 1944, and she works in a hospital that's handling war casualties. So she gets on top of a dying soldier who has an erection; once is enough—she is impregnated. That's her first and last sexual experience; Garp is practically a virgin birth. A straight-backed, narrow-minded maternal monstrosity, Jenny is also fearless and independent. She takes a position as nurse in a prep school, and in this institutional atmosphere she raises her son with complete confidence and authority. She cleans the boy's wounds when he's mauled by a vicious dog who bites part of his ear off; she saves him when he's about to fall off a roof. She's not one for physical contact, though. And when Garp (Robin Williams), the struggling young writer, uses her as a character in a story, she informs him that he can't do that—that her life belongs to her. Then she suddenly announces that she, too, is going to write a book, and she churns out a best-selling autobiography, an anti-male tract in which she tells the world about how her son was conceived, so that he becomes a public character—Garp the bastard son of the holy mother. He doesn't express any rage in the movie, and Jenny Fields never goes as far as carrying a scalpel, which the Jenny of the book does (she uses it on a masher in a movie theatre, explaining to the police, "I was trying to cut his nose off"), but metaphorically she's got a knife out, all right. Just after Garp's birth, when one of the prep-school boys gets rid of a girlie magazine by putting it in the baby's crib, she knows intuitively which boy it is, and she marches over and blasts him with "A word of warning, you filthmonger. If you expose my baby one more time to cheap shots like this, I'll inoculate your jockstrap with bubonic plague, and it'll do such a job on you that you'll have nothing left to even scratch down there. Understand?" This gets a laugh from the audience, of course, but it certainly doesn't help a viewer understand the film's later view of the humorless, threatening Jenny as a warm, compassionate woman. (It doesn't help a viewer understand Steve Tesich's reputation as a screenwriter, either. Apart from the drill-sergeant coarseness of the speech, there's the term "cheap shots," which isn't just wrong for the period—it's also misused.)

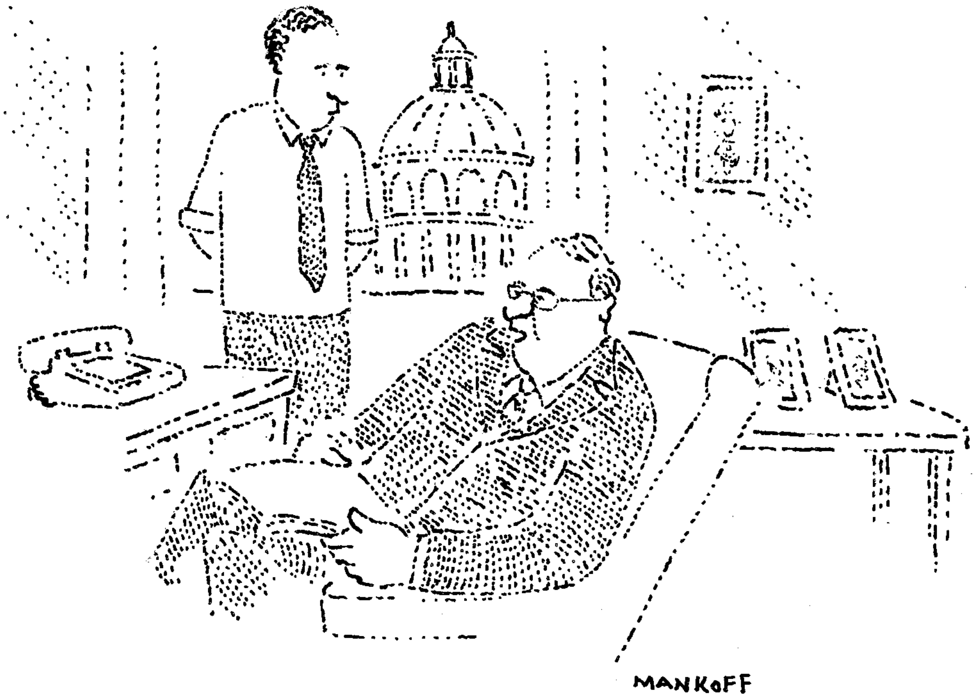
The castrating Jenny, whose book makes her a great feminist heroine and a founder of the women's movement, goes on wearing her crisp, pure-white uniform long after she has given up the nursing profession. (She remains a nursie at heart.) When she's famous, she is accompanied by a bodyguard named Roberta Muldoon, a transsexual who was formerly a tight end for the Philadelphia Eagles. Played by John Lithgow, the friendly, companionable big bruiser Roberta has more life in him/her than anybody else in the movie. Lithgow (who is perhaps six feet two) speaks in a man's voice, but his manner is ineffably wholesome and girlish; he's like a bulkier Joyce Grenfell, but with a faraway look in his eyes. (Who knows what romantic longings that Philadelphia Eagle hoped to satisfy when he convinced himself that surgery could turn him into a woman? Did he ache to be overpowered?) Lithgow's first three or four scenes are startling—he's *pretty* (in a strapping way), and he has the sensual languor of a girl who's waiting to meet her dream man and expects it to happen any weekend now. It's disappointing that he doesn't have any new aspects of the character to show in his later scenes when Roberta has become the faithful old friend of the family to Jenny and the Garps; by then Garp has acquired a wife—Helen, a college professor, played by Mary Beth Hurt—and two small sons. Roberta, who has been mutilated by choice, is presented as levelheaded and stable—in fact, as the only normal person on the screen. We never quite get a fix on Helen (who fades very fast, as if women became mousey at twenty-six), and the others are all eccentrics. Jenny is usually surrounded by a collection of macabre feminists known as the Ellen Jamesians. They have cut out their tongues to protest the rape of an eleven-year-old girl, Ellen James, whose assailants had cut hers out on the false assumption that that would prevent her from telling who they were. The Ellen Jamesians, screwups and hysterics who attempt to dramatize women's victimization at the hands of men, are so hostile to men in general that they treat even Garp as the enemy. I don't know why. Since they accept Roberta, who can be a good person because he had his male organ cut off, why not accept Garp, who was never really allowed to have one?

In this pop nightmare of a world, your worst fears are realized, with bonuses you never dreamed of. But Garp takes so much pleasure in ordinary, daily family life—in looking after his two boys, especially—that he's a happy man. Or so he tells us. From what we see, he's marked for disaster. The horrors that are visited on him as a child are nothing compared to what happens when he's an adult—his wife, Helen, is unfaithful, one son is killed, the other loses an eye, Helen accidentally bites off her lover's penis, Jenny is assassinated, and Garp himself is hounded out by fanatic feminists when he's mourning her at a memorial service. He is wearing women's clothes—that's the only way he could get in—but an Ellen Jamesian, a girl who has given him a bad time since they were children, spots him and he has to run for his life. Then this same demented Ellen Jamesian, dressed in crisp nurse's whites—in honor of his mother—comes after him with a gun.

Tongues, ears, penises, eyes, lives—everybody on the screen is losing something, and this universal mutilation is now being described (in complimentary terms) as John Irving's "vision." The novel has an antic tone and plenty of disguises, but it's a poison-pen letter to Mother and the feminist movement. And the film is even more transparent. Glenn Close's Jenny Fields has the burnished look, the well-scrubbed glow, of a Liv Ullmann; she radiates while the character constricts. Jenny holds everything in and remains unfazed, untouchable—Garp himself never seems able to get through to her. Glenn Close's line readings are reminiscent of Katharine Hepburn's cadences (filtered through Meryl Streep), but she has fine carriage for the role. She's unyielding. Uniformed for battle, her Jenny Fields is a warrior-woman, Nurse Ratched as mother of us all. And that infernal glow of hers makes it impossible to judge whether at any given moment Garp loves her or hates her, or what the film director feels about her. She's a joke, she's a saint. Whatever she is, she's inhuman.

If you look at John Irving on a TV talk show, or even in a publicity photograph, you see a darkly handsome macho man, muscular and moody, with the eyes of a bear—a brooding Heathcliff. If you look at Robin Williams, you see the rubber face that he has developed for the quick transitions and contortions of standup comedy; he's almost too flexible for the camera—his twinkling facial movements are so quick and easy they don't have much meaning. I like Williams as an actor—he feels the meaning of the words he's saying, and he sometimes gives them a delicate twist that makes you perceive the intensity of his emotions. (For example, the way he says, "That's the oldest profession," and, after an accident that has left him with his jaw wired and his tongue thick, the way he says to Helen, "I really miss you"—fumbling on "miss" and almost weeping.) Williams is frisky in the role, a sweet, resilient man being tossed about by forces he can't understand. He's crestfallen and sad—like a bland, Gentile Portnoy—and he's very touching. But Williams doesn't bring the film much weight; he's muscular enough for his preppy wrestling scenes, but a chesty imp is still an imp. (And Hill's having given Garp a wife who suggests a wispy version of his mother diminishes Garp, and the movie, too.) The difference between Irving's face and Williams' face is comparable to the difference between "Garp" as a novel and "Garp" as a movie. There's resentment in Irving's face and in the novel; the movie skitters along, as if to say, "There's no reason for anything. That's how life is. You can't win."

The masochistic gifted-victim game has been played in recent American writing on just about every conceivable level, but this is still something special: Irving has created a whole hideous and deformed women's political group (the Ellen Jamesians) in order to have his author-hero, his alter ego, destroyed by it. Yet in the tenth-anniversary edition of *Ms.* John Irving was cited, along with Alan Alda, Phil Donahue, the late John Lennon, and thirty-odd others, as *Ms.* heroes. His citation read, "For integrating feminism as a major philosophical theme; for writing about rape with its true terror and brutality; for creating male characters who care about kids; and for understanding that feminist excesses are funny." And Irving has



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paved the way for this, too, by making Garp a new-style family man, who likes to cook and take care of the kids. He stays home—househusband in an apron—while his wife works. He, too, changes roles. And in the book he is a defender of wronged women who, as a man, takes some of the guilt for rape upon himself. Look at what happens in the book and the movie, though, and Irving is the opposite of a feminist: it's as if he saw himself as a five-foot-eight phallus, imperilled by women.

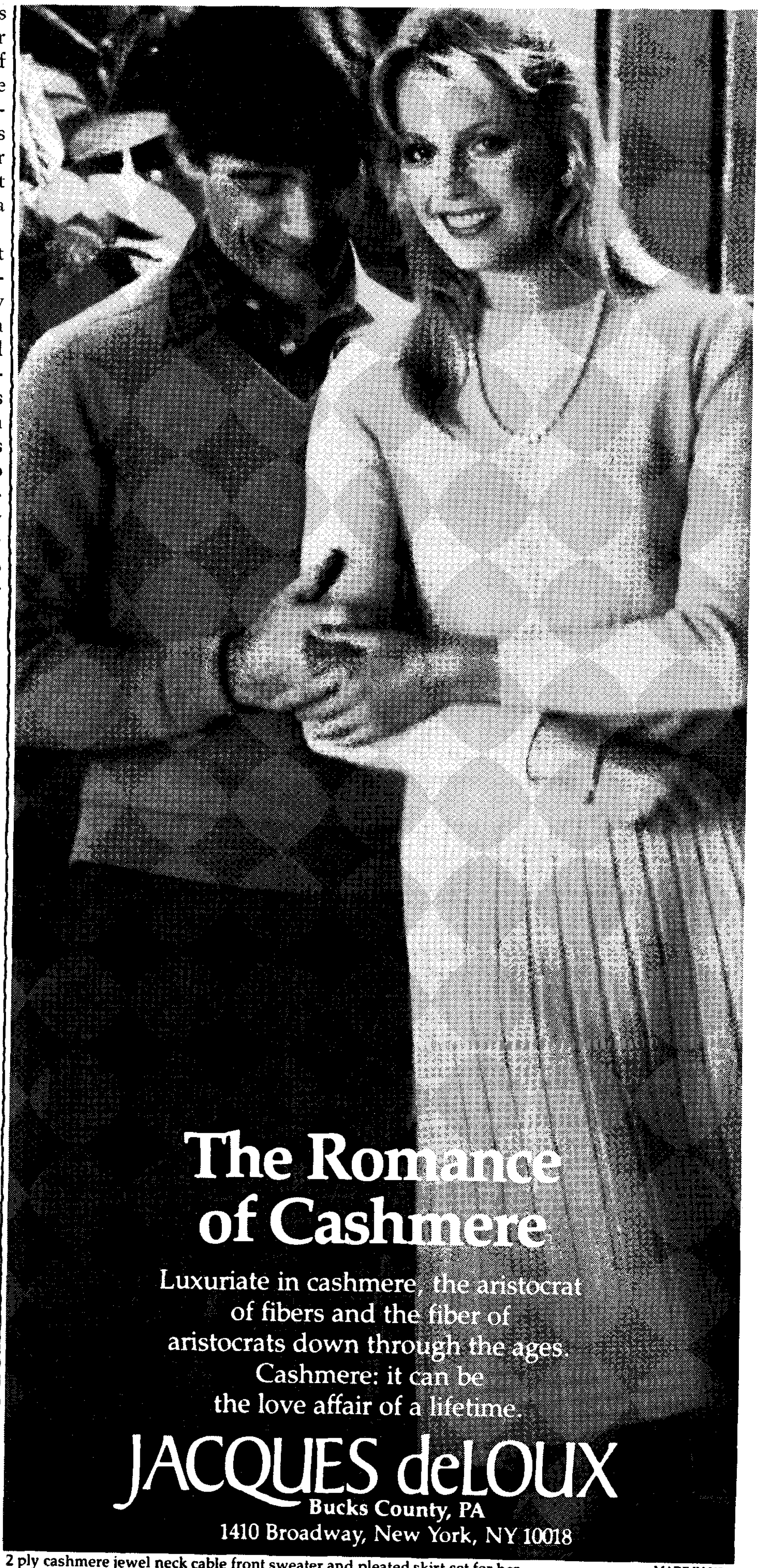
The film, like the book, purports to be about the mystery of life, and if you listen to what Garp says, it's about love of family. This may be his one-upmanship over Jenny: Garp wants to be both the paterfamilias missing from his life and the homemaker also missing from his life. But when Freudian buttons are pushed in this movie you can't tell how to follow the signals. Apparently, whatever its psychic sources, Garp's love of family is meant to be the real thing, and the film comes equipped with a message that Frank Capra might have snapped up: As the family sits down to a dinner Garp has cooked, he *has* a beatific expression, and he says to Helen, "Sometimes you can have a whole lifetime in a day and not notice that this is as beautiful as life gets. . . . I had a beautiful life today." If George Roy Hill helped us feel the beauty of the kids and of ordinary family life (as, for example, Spielberg does in "E.T."), it wouldn't be necessary for Garp to poeticize his euphoria.

Hill is a very dexterous director; he *holds you in a light, firm grip, and* moves you along. What's missing from his work is the kind of feeling that makes images expressive and would bring conviction to that dinner scene—sans greeting-card poetry. As a movie, "Garp" is a better piece of work than Hill's jagged "Slaughterhouse-Five;" it has certainly been better cast. But though you see Hill laying out the film's motifs—and undertow is a chief one—the movie has no dramatic pull. Emotionally, Hill doesn't get his feet wet. Except for Roberta, the only character with any mystery is a slutty, almost silent prostitute (played by Swoosie Kurtz); she has a lewd, lopsided grin that tells us far more than she can put in words for Jenny, who hires her in order to quiz her about what men want. In a movie, when people verbalize their emotions but we don't see anything that backs up what they say, the result is hollow. If love isn't made visual, we don't feel it. What we react to at this movie is its breezy dissociation, which feels rather strange, because of the ghoulishness of the material. (This isn't false to the book, though, where Irving keeps laying groundwork for his later effects and you're so thoroughly primed for the accidents that what happens isn't catastrophe, it's farce. And he takes a bow for that effect, too.)

How could the modern feminist movement, which is rooted in the sexual liberation of women, be inspired by a lust-fighter like Jenny (a woman who is grandly contemptuous of all sexual desire), except for the sly purposes of satire? Or the angry purposes of a writer swaddling his rage in trumps and tricks and reversals? It's when writers create straw men to attack that they expose what's bugging them, and Irving creates straw women: Garp's drillmaster mother and the Ellen Jamesians. Irving's hero goes on being mutilated, over and over again, and coming back smiling. (John Irving doesn't smile much.) And finally a hysterical woman polishes off what's left of the wounded, cuckolded, bereaved Garp.

Who is the narrator of this account? Who would celebrate Garp when he's gone? In Ovid's version of the story of the Athenian princess Philomela, after she is raped by her brother-in-law, who cuts out her tongue, she is avenged and turned into a nightingale. If Irving wanted to provide a grace note, the narrator should be Ellen James (played, in a brief scene, by Amanda Plummer)—Ellen grown up, full of words, and writing the novel. (You don't have to think very hard to recognize that having your tongue cut out—losing your voice—is, symbolically, a writer's castration.) But Irving doesn't have the generosity to turn Ellen into a nightingale. And though he may have drawn her story from the legend of Philomela, he probably took the car-accident, big-bite castration scene from Kenneth Anger's "Hollywood Babylon" (where, however, the biter is a homosexual male). There's no feeling of truth in either the book or the movie. Garp is a good boy who loves his mother and his wife no matter how big their teeth grow.

"AN OFFICER AND A GENTLEMAN" seems to come out of a time warp. I've seen it before, with Tyrone Power. It's a slick, high-pressured, and well-acted variant of the picture that was made fairly regularly in the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thirties and forties: the selfish or arrogant fellow with a chip on his shoulder who joins some branch of the military, learns the meaning of comradeship, and comes out purged—straight and tall, a better human being, one of the team. This is not a genre I'm just wild about; the regenerative moral powers of military discipline interest me less, maybe, than practically any other movie subject I can think of. But I have to admit that the director, Taylor Hackford (his only other feature was last year's "The Idolmaker"), has devised snappy and enjoyable variations on this old familiar tune, even though the script, by Douglas Day Stewart, is schematic, in the manner of TV drama, circa 1955. (The minor characters have tragedies so that the major characters can learn lessons. And the people who do what they should are rewarded by happiness, on a good income.) If I wanted a corpse revived, I'd call Taylor Hackford *before anybody else.* Is that a compliment? Yes and no. Somebody who is this astute about jazzing up formula romantic melodrama might be tempted to use the same overcharge even on a live project. He works on us—he fingers the soft spots on our infantile skulls. And he never dawdles: he has a headlong style; he gives the picture so much propulsion that it gains a momentum of its own. It's crap, but crap *on a* motorcycle.

Hackford has energized Richard Gere—the tightly wound-up loner-hero Zack, who has had to make his way by his street smarts and is determined to become something more than his father is. (Zack's mother took her own life when Zack was thirteen, and his father, who had deserted her, is a good-time-Charlie sailor; his way of being a father was to introduce the kid to booze and women.) The goal that Zack has set for himself is to be a Navy flier, and he has made it over the first hurdle by putting himself through college; the movie centers on his thirteen-week basic-training ordeal at the Naval Aviation Officer Candidate School in the Northwest, near Puget Sound. The hazards include the lean, tough drill instructor, Sergeant Foley (Louis Gossett, Jr.), and the local girls, who, the sergeant cautions the officer candidates, will try to snare them. Gere still uses a blank look too often, but he has got past the facile, mannered performances in which he sounded like three or four fifties stars; you can see an honest effort to go inside the character of Zack and inhabit it, and the picture seems tailor-made for him. It almost seems to be about Richard Gere as an actor: it's about someone empty who has to be transformed. (And we're eager to see what the new, emotionally rich man will be like.) But late in the picture, when Zack is supposed to have changed—after the sergeant has caught him in some petty chiselling and he has been punished and has broken down—you see Gere get up and walk away with that loose, rolling walk of his (like a junior-high kid's imitation of Yul Brynner), and he's still Richard Gere lost in his own placid beauty. He pushes himself to go as far as he can—this is his most wholehearted screen performance. But there's no emotional transformation, though Zack races around doing good deeds and the picture seems to be congratulating itself on what a wonderful person he has turned into. Gere remains a colorless, unexciting actor. Is it a matter of his not trusting his instincts? Or of his being excessively serious? Or reserved? Whatever it is, he's devoid of personality. His face seems all one tone, and he conveys only one emotion at a time. Partly this is because his eyes don't take the camera well (there doesn't seem to be anything behind them), but there's also something more elusive; try as he may to fight it, there's a touch of the Gregory Peck kind of dullness about him. You feel that this is a not very fiery man working with all his might to act fiery—when he remembers to.

Gere has become capable and accomplished, but he doesn't have what Debra Winger has (and she has it right to her fingertips)—the vividness of those we call "born" performers. As Paula, a girl who works in the local paper mill, she's a completely different character from the flushed hot-baby she played in "Urban Cowboy," but she hasn't lost her sultriness or her liquid style. Paula's tough-chick little-girl insolence plays off the avid look in her eyes that tells you she longs to make human contact—she's daring you to trust her. And what may be the world's most expressive upper lip (it's almost prehensile) tells you that she's hungrily sensual; when she's trying to conceal her raw feelings, her hoarse voice, with its precarious pitch, gives her away. (It helps that Debra Winger has kept her own nose; it's straight with an aquiline hint—just enough to make her look strong and distinguished.) When Paula is nervy and impatient, you feel where her impulses come from. And when she's desperate because she's losing the man she loves you pull for her. You pull for her even if the premise that this is her only chance in life strikes you as hype and you have subversive thoughts about what kind of life she'll have as a Navy flier's wife. Debra Winger makes you accept the important part: that Paula loves Zack, and that *she* believes her life would be empty without him. And Hackford does a smashing job of making the whole retrograde love story whiz by with such force that audiences don't have much time to think, "Wait a minute—this is a smart, beautiful young girl who will have nothing in life unless this Prince Charming makes her his princess? And this fellow has to rise out of his father's class and become an officer or he'll have nothing in life?" The movie is stirring, on a very stupid level, and it takes you back: Hackford may convince some people (until they go out into the cool night air) that Zack and Paula have to marry or they'll both go downhill—Zack will be cut off from his feelings, and Paula will be a drudge forever.

It's amazing what this picture gets by with. Lou Gossett is playing every I'm-rough-on-you-for-your-own-good sergeant you've ever seen. I've never been able to believe in these yelling, cursing men who can gauge a recruit's character and bring out the best in him. It's a phony idea made flesh: the wise drill sergeant as surrogate father is about as convincing as the loving, wise shrink played by Judd Hirsch in "Ordinary People," and has the same plot function—a quick cure for psychic damage. But there's an extra (realistic) curlicue in having him black, and Gossett plays Sergeant Foley bone hard and delivers his lines rhythmically and precisely, giving his words a spin whenever possible. (Douglas Day Stewart's words need more than a spin, but the way Gossett spits them out you hardly notice.) It's a beautifully hammy austere performance—Gossett has the grace never to display Sergeant Foley's soft, warm heart. During the training sessions, he's as definite and beyond question as Barbara Woodhouse is when she's

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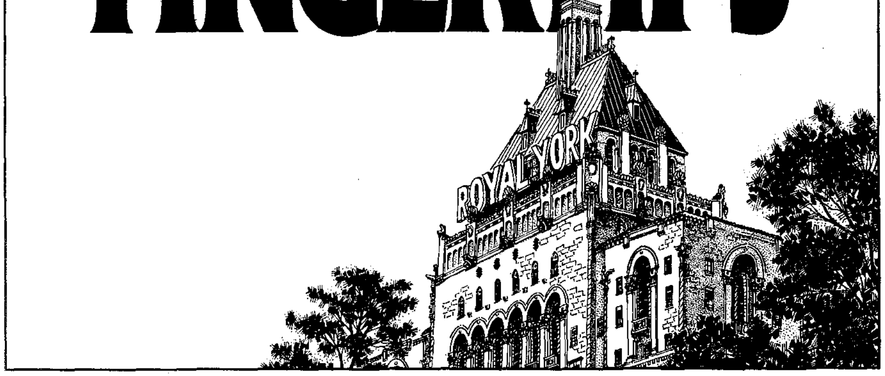

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giving orders to dog owners. And he looks as fit as it's possible to look; like the lithe, elegant Woody Strode, at times he suggests a member of a superior race.

Hackford knows how to shape performances for the story he's telling; there are impressive characterizations by David Keith as Zack's innocent friend and Robert Loggia as his cynical father, and there are entertaining flashes of Tony Plana as an officer candidate with a Mohawk haircut and Lisa Eilbacher as a woman candidate. Even the solemn-faced Tommy Petersen, who plays the young boy Zack, is a fine match-up—he looks as if he really could grow into Richard Gere. But it's Debra Winger who holds the picture together—she makes you feel that there's something burning inside her. And she looks different in every shot, which helps to keep your mind off the fact that her character doesn't develop. The only time I cringed for her was in the poorly staged scene with Zack telling off a callous, cold-blooded girl friend of hers, and Paula rounding on the no-goodnik girl with a pitying "God help you." (I've *only* seen Duse in a silent film, but I'd swear that even she couldn't have brought off that line in that situation.) On the other hand, Hackford has enough howling effrontery to put over the big romantic number, when Zack, having recognized Paula's true qualities, arrives at the mill, dressed in his officer's white uniform, walks through the grime until he finds her, and then carries her out, as the other employees, misty-eyed, applaud. ("Norma Rae" prepared us: workers applaud in mills all the time.) A movie like this, in which no one is like anyone you know and everything is made up, can make *you* feel imaginary, too.

—PAULINE KAEL

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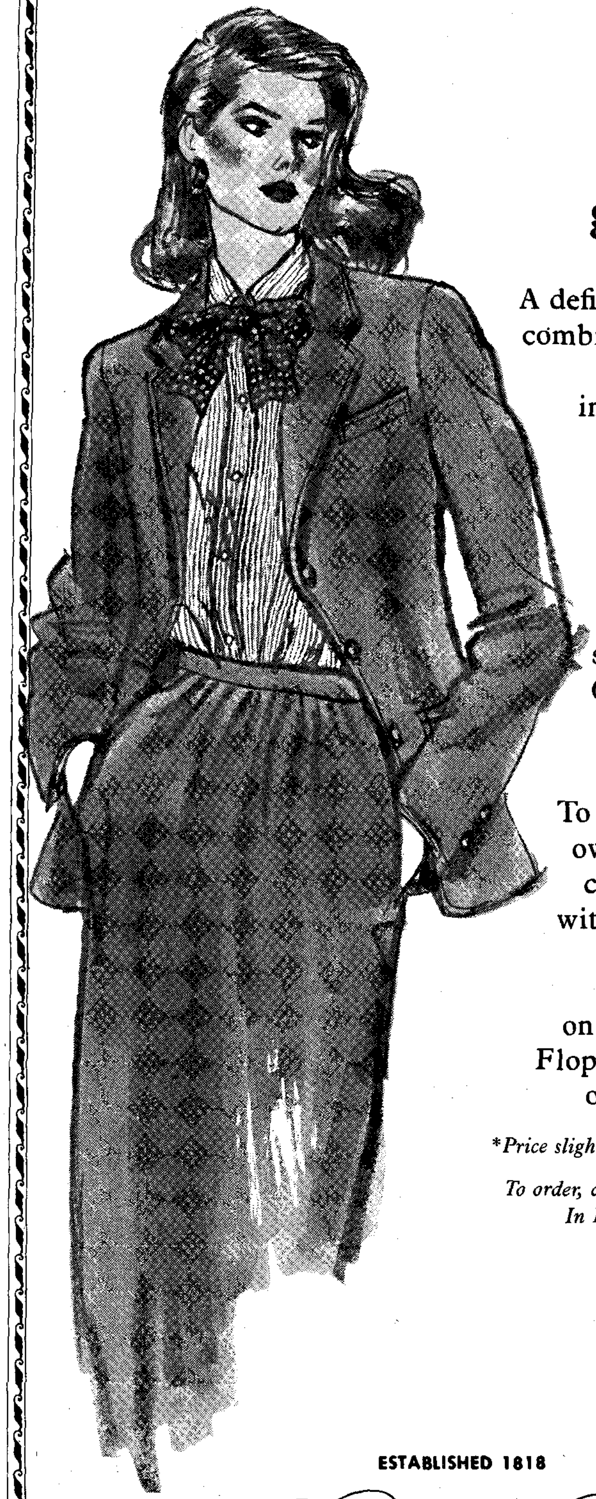

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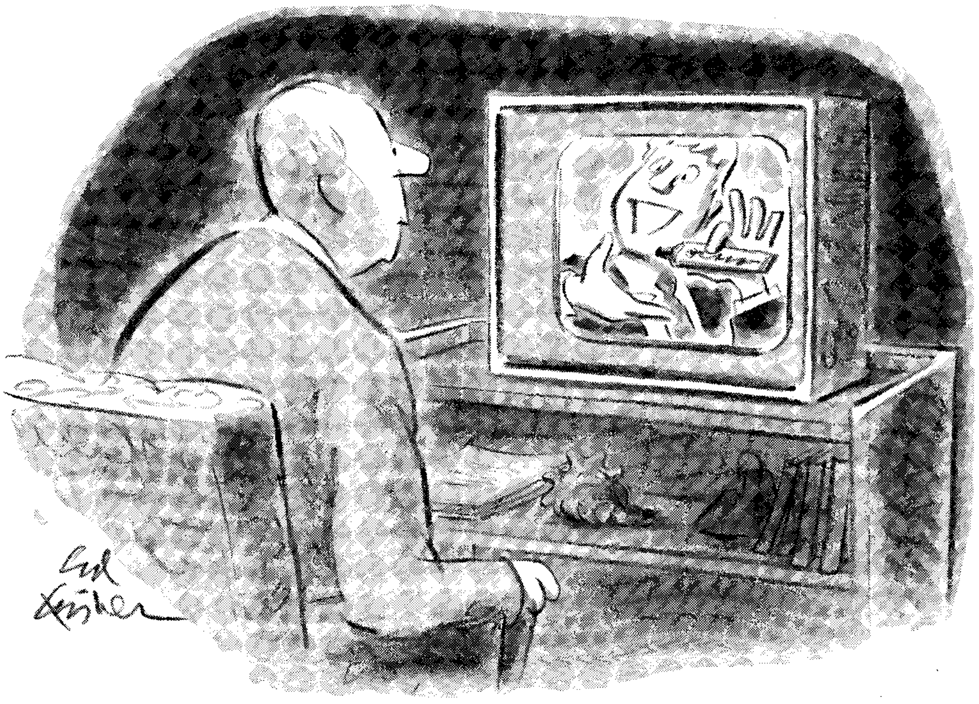
Off Broadway

THE opening of the New York Shakespeare Festival production of "A Midsummer Night's Dream," in Central Park, sets the tone for the whole production. To Allen Shawn's rich and enchanting music, picnickers dressed in white and carrying baskets stroll onto Heidi Landesman's delightful setting—a grassy knoll with a rock garden at stage left, and a view of the Park, all the way to Fifth, through trees and bushes and an opening in the back wall. Philostrate, Master of the Revels, enters, followed by Theseus and Hippolyta; the picnickers leave; and the summery, romantic comedy, with its multiple plots and crisscross characters, is on its way.

The performance as a whole, under the direction of James Lapine, is always lively and clear, although it assumes that the audience knows the play by heart. It is lovely to look at, often funny (occasionally unfunny), and marred from time to time by those god-awful microphones. Some of the poetry is skimped, and the best of what remains is Oberon's; William Hurt's humorous, serious Oberon is quietly elegant—his silent presence (as he watches the young lovers' scrapping and Shakespeare's various other shenanigans) being as dynamic as his beautifully spoken words. Michele Shay is an exquisite, well-spoken, tender, stubborn Titania, whose every appearance with her fairy attendants is properly dazzling. Marcell Rosenblatt's frenetic, not to say spastic, Puck is curious casting, but Miss Rosenblatt does bring the only note of true wildness—even harshness—to a production that might otherwise have been too sunny and tame. I admired the sweet gravity of Steve Vinovich's Peter Quince; the courteous, gentle innocence of Jeffrey DeMunn's Bottom; and the earnest acting of Paul Bates, J. Patrick O'Brien, Andreas Katsulas, and Peter Crook as the other rustics. Deborah Rush's Hermia is properly brave and fiery, and Christine Baranski's Helena is properly heartsick and comical, if a little too broad for my own taste; Rick Lieberman and Kevin Conroy do well as Demetrius and Lysander. The dances, by Graciela Daniele, are charming. The stunning, imaginative costumes were by Randy Barcelo, and Frances Aronson's lighting is magical in its effect. "A Midsummer Night's Dream" will play through September 5th.

"THE DEATH OF VON RICHTHOFEN AS WITNESSED FROM EARTH," which was written, composed, and directed by the astonishing Des McAnuff, and which is running at the Public, is a musical spectacular about the First World War that speeds along until it is overwhelmed by its own theatricality, after about an act and a quarter. The action takes place during the last two days of the German ace's life—April 20th and 21st of 1918—and is set in his headquarters, at stage left; in a dugout at stage right, where a couple of Australian gunners are working on a broken machine gun; and in no man's land, in between. At the opening, an English flier is in midair, falling to earth without a parachute. His plane was Baron Von Richthofen's eightieth kill, and in the headquarters of the Baron his adjutant, who is later joined by the young Hermann Göring, tries to persuade him to retire from flying and go into politics. The Aussies, in their dugout, talk mostly about getting out of the war and onto the music-hall stage, and when they sing and dance they are accompanied by a celestial piano, which is being played by a late colleague of theirs. Also present, at different times, are a German noncom who wanders around the battlefield trying to deliver some tedious message to the Red Baron; a chorus of pilots from Von Richthofen's Flying Circus; and three women, first discovered nestling in a tree, who variously portray peasants, an orchestra, whores, and portrait painters. The show is a constant and often gratifying eruption of sight and sound effects, amusing short speeches (and boring long ones), movement and dancing, and singing of Mr. McAnuff's good songs. Although the author's views on politics, life, and death tend to be more portentous than serious, his craftsmanship can be fascinating. The acting by the entire company is admirable. Robert Joy and Mark Linn Baker are the Australians; Bob Gunton is Göring; and Jeffrey Jones and Mark Petrakis appear in other roles. At the performance I saw, Robert Westenberg substituted for John Vickery as Von Richthofen. Douglas W. Schmidt designed the elaborate, impressive setting.

—EDITH OLIVER



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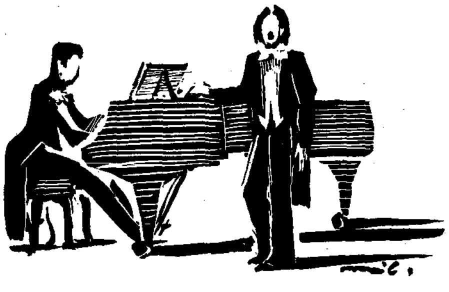
MUSICAL EVENTS

Music of Time

AMONG the matters discussed by composers, performers, critics, and the public at the symposium of the Santa Fe Chamber Music Festival were "authenticity in performance: the impact of historical research on present-day musicians and audiences," "the place of cultural chauvinism in the United States" (the charged word "chauvinism" was at the meeting amended to "pride in and promotion of national achievements"), "historical issues in twentieth-century music" (or "Does Schoenberg still matter?"), and "American composition today: coexistence between mainstream American composers and experimentalists." Much well-trodden ground was trodden again, but not, I thought, dully or doggedly. Although the old questions recur, it is of new kinds of music that they are asked. The discussions bore closely on the Santa Fe programs and their performers; and Santa Fe in summer, as Nicholas Kenyon pointed out two weeks ago, is a festival town where opera, chamber music, dance, and drama abound. Outside the concert halls and the discussion halls, New Mexico's mesas and canyons place our cherished urban arts in a wider, wilder perspective. One can walk there for hours and miles meeting only rocks, trees, birds, and beasts. "Ah, how fleeting, ah, how ephemeral is a man's life!" Bach sang at the start of his Cantata No. 26, and, at the end of it, "Ah, how fleeting, ah, how ephemeral are men's concerns!" At Pecos, a seventeenth-century church has crumbled into a historic ruin. At Kuaua, the walls of the once-flourishing pueblo beside the Rio Grande which Coronado invaded in 1540 were crumbling before one's eyes—in a rainstorm—into the dirt from which they were built. Indian culture all around stamps the white man's art as an exotic, even if it has put down strong roots and drawn sustenance from the new soil. Then the long-deserted cliff palaces and apartment blocks at Puye and Bandelier make the old Indian achievements seem ephemeral—passing traces left on nature by the immigrants from Asia. But those cliffs themselves are not old, not by geological time: merely *Pleistocene, and little older than* modern man. Reflections on time—whether seconds subdivided, tempi ticking by at different paces, or centuries of thought and millennia of evolution playing upon a present work—arise often enough in our concert halls: after Elliott Carter's First String Quartet, conceived in the Arizona desert, where animals and plants learned through long ages to adapt to the rigors and sudden bounties of nature; after Peter Maxwell Davies' Orkney compositions where rocks and ocean, memories of old civilizations and opposition to modern commercial menace mingle. The play of the past upon the present was a recurrent theme of the Santa Fe symposium, and the setting gave it vividness. In a "keynote" address, delivered at the close—aptly so at a festival where most of the works closed on a clear tonic chord—Robert Morgan traced the current abandonment of the "stick-to-the-work-itself" school of criticism and the return to an "only-connect" approach. During the symposium, most of the participants had been making connections.

Live illustrations to the authenticity discussion were largely lacking. The resident and visiting ensembles played modern instruments in the modern conservatory manner, which suits twentieth-century music—there was Prokofiev and Shostakovich, and there were new or recent works by John Harbison, Ned Rorem, George Rochberg, and William Schuman to be heard during the symposium days (and works by Britten, Poulenc, Copland, Richard Wernick, and Yehudi Wyner before or after them)—and suits not much else. Haydn trios were played, unbalanced and out of style, on vibrant modern violin and cellos, a fat modern flute, and a thick, powerful modern piano. The solo part of Falla's Harpsichord Concerto, on the other hand, composed for Wanda Landowska's strong twentieth-century instrument, was played on an eighteenth-century replica, which was often inaudible against the (authentically) modern quintet that constitutes the "orchestra." Brahms and Dvořák were played with the modern eschewal of Romantic string portamento. In short, the performers lagged behind their listeners in the appreciation of the diverse sounds and styles, accents and inflections of different centuries. At the touch of a switch in their homes, and increasingly in our concert halls, those listeners now hear the musics of the past done "properly;" and, increasingly, that's the way they want to hear them. The old ranging-through-the-centuries kind of program now favored by most pianists, violinists, string quartets will, I believe, start to disappear, to be replaced by more consistent programs played on the right instruments, in the right style, and in halls of suitable size.

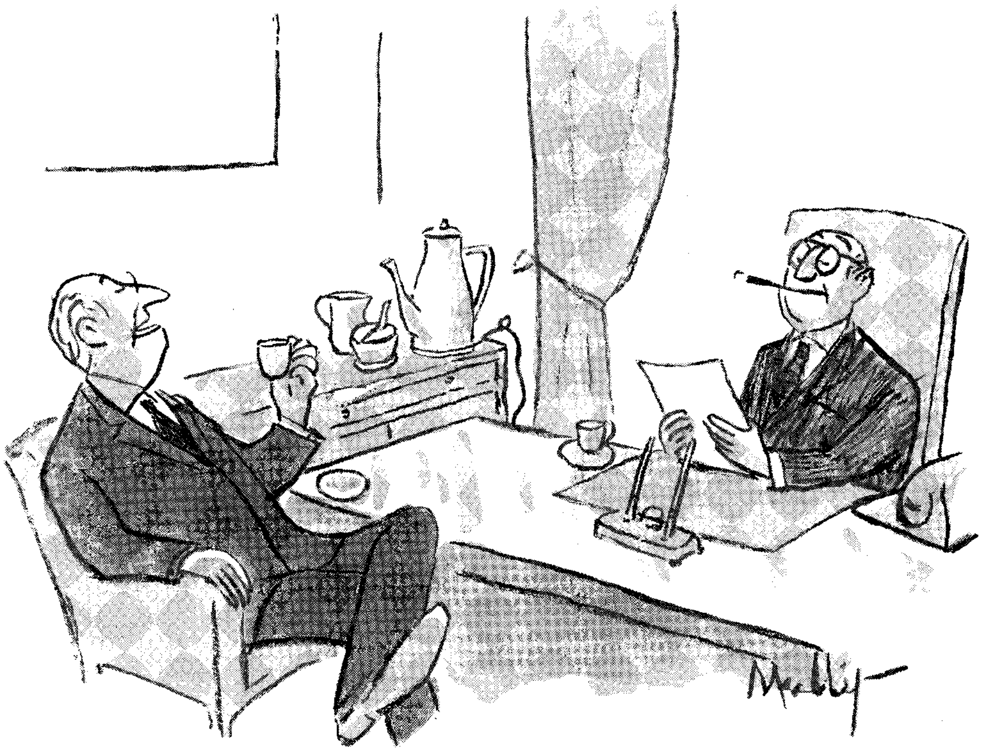


THE Santa Fe Opera's production of Ambroise Thomas's "Mignon" was also troubled by problems of style. Much was right about it—notably Allen Charles Klein's realistic, pretty décor and Bliss Hebert's straightforward staging—but the music didn't move in ways to captivate us. I'm old enough to have known the Opéra-Comique in the days when its traditional repertory—"Carmen," "Les Pêcheurs de Perles," "Mireille," "Manon," "Werther," "Les Contes d'Hoffmann," "Pelléas"—was still played, by a company steeped in the style. Today, thanks to the abundance of record reissues, there is no reason that young singers and young conductors should not be coached by and conversant with artists superior to those of the fifties—by Emma Calvé, Ninon Vallin, Germaine Cernay, Edmond Clément, David Devriès, and many others. As the heroine of the Santa Fe "Mignon," Frederica von Stade was careful but strangely charmless, characterless, dull. And she sang "Connais-tu" (marked "andantino") so slowly that it became a dirge. Gianna Rolandi's Philine was rather coarse in tone and in manner. A spirited artist, with a fleet, bright voice, she lacked refinement. Barry McCauley, the Wilhelm Meister, was a gauche creature onstage, but he has the voice for French opera—a tenor plangent, firmly focussed, both dulcet and ringing. If he took lessons from Clément, Devriès, Fernando De Lucia, Tito Schipa, he should shine in this repertory. Claude Corbeil was a fuzzy, imprecise Lothario. Kenneth Montgomery conducted the overture and the entr'acte that opens Act II with grace and verve. The dialogue was sung, not spoken—preferable when an American cast performs the piece in French. Of the various alternative endings, a happy one, Philineless except for a snatch of offstage song, was chosen.

Richard Strauss's penultimate opera, "Die Liebe der Danae," is a glowing, golden composition, often underrated by the Strauss commentators. I loved it at its première, in Salzburg in 1952; again when the Munich company brought it to London, a year later; and again at its American professional première, in Santa Fe last month. But the Santa Fe production was the least good of the three. Rouben Ter-Arutunian's set was an inappropriate and horrid affair of serpentine Mylar walls, reminiscent of a steam room: Colin Graham's production treated much of the "merry mythology" as low camp, and made fun, not glory, of the Wagnerian reminiscences. John Crosby, conducting, slogged through a score that needs a touch now light, now magisterially expansive. Nevertheless, much came through, even though the casting was odd. Ashley Putnam felt the force of the title role. She acted it well and sang it confidently, but the sound of her voice was unsuited to it. The heroine's music needs the spin and shine of a Rysanek or a Schwarzkopf—a full, warm radiance that Miss Putnam does not command. Dennis Bailey, the Midas, sounded urgent but strangled. Victor Braun, the Jupiter, seemed a second-league baritone in a role written for a Wotan. (Hans Hotter sang it at the 1944 dress rehearsal, and Paul Schöffler at the 1952 première.)

"Die Liebe der Danae," the New Grove rightly remarks, "requires a producer and conductor who can bring its extraordinary luminosity to full life in a manner to match the old composer's touchingly noble and festive celebration of all that the Greek classical tradition had meant to him." Its performers should know "Die Ägyptische Helena" and "Daphne;" should have followed Strauss's exchanges with Hofmannsthal (who first thought to combine the legends of Jupiter's golden shower and Midas' golden touch in a single plot) and with Josef Gregor (who, under the composer's careful supervision, wrote the "Danae" libretto) about treating mythology on the modern stage; and should have the sound of rich, glamorous German singers in their ears. "Danae" is a noble, romantic opera. Strauss still had the conversation piece "Capriccio" to write, and at the last he took leave of the world and of music in the glowing envoy of the Four Last Songs. But "Danae" was already a conscious farewell. While planning it, Strauss called it his "posthumous" opera. It closes with Jupiter's long *Maja-Erzählung*, the god's account of his attempt to seize the elusive, lovely goddess of spring. It was the composer's own addition to the dramatic scheme and is his moving farewell, serene yet rapturous, to love, desire, tenderness, and illusion. The goddess escapes Jupiter's grasp, but she vanishes amid flowers and fragrance that each year return to give delight. Few operas of our time are so continuously beautiful, so ardent, or so tender.

—ANDREW PORTER



"You make a great cup of coffee, H.B."

• •

FURTHER EVENTS

Classical

IT has been a welcome surprise to encounter two enjoyable Mostly Mozart Festival concerts. After the televised antics of the opening program, in which James Galway gave a passable imitation of someone conducting Handel's "Arrival of the Queen of Sheba" and twittered his way on the flute through the violinistic figuration of Vivaldi's "Four Seasons" (it is not as if Vivaldi's output were short on real flute concertos), one did not hope for much. But as the festival continued word filtered through that this year's orchestra was playing far better than orchestras of previous years. The programs include a good choice of Haydn symphonies, several of them rarely heard; a complete Haydn opera in concert performance; and a large number of works new to the festival. Most of the works in the two concerts I attended had not, I think, been heard here during the regular season: Robert Shaw, with the Westminster Choir, offered Beethoven's Mass in C and Mozart's "Vesperae Solennes de Confessore," separated by Haydn's Symphony No. 87; and Christopher Hogwood offered a rare early Mozart symphony, K. 141a, and the Piano Concerto in E-Flat, K. 482, together with Haydn's First Horn Concerto and his Symphony No. 76.

For Mr. Shaw, the orchestra played adequately: there was some poor tuning in the winds and a wrong entry by a cello, but the string sound was generally firm and precise. Much of the time, however, the orchestra was submerged by the weight of the choral force—a body far too large for this music. It was impossible for the singers to deliver with anything approaching clarity the leaping dotted rhythm that opens the Magnificat in Mozart's Vespers; but in the solid fugue of the "Laudate pueri" their solid ensemble

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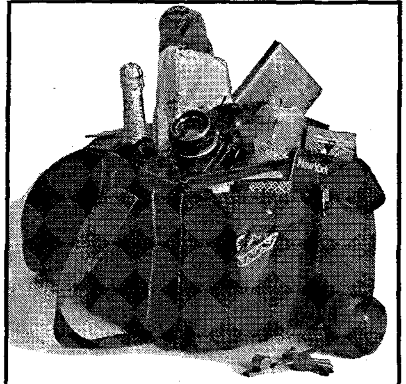

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was effective. Beethoven's Mass came across powerfully in spite of the cotton wool that hung around the edges of the choral sound. This extraordinary contribution to the Viennese tradition of liturgical music must have startled its first listeners with its mixture of wild assertiveness and intense calm. It is hard for us, who are used to the later thunderbolts of Verdi and Berlioz in their Requiem settings, to recapture the effect of the sudden modulations and unusual word-setting of this Mass. Yet Mr. Shaw (and Michael Steinberg's fine program note) alerted us to many of the surprises: the last-minute return to the material of the opening was beautifully done.

Mr. Hogwood, who was making his New York début as a conductor, is best known here for his recordings with his British period-instrument ensemble, the Academy of Ancient Music. It was scarcely to be expected that he could obtain from the festival orchestra a sound resembling that of the Academy, but he did make the players clean up their vibrato-laden act to a remarkable extent. In the most successful performance, that of the Haydn symphony, there was real grace and poise: the finale theme, with its chirruping ornaments, bounced lightly, and the pauses that Haydn marked in this wonderfully inventive movement were lengthened into eternity, it seemed, so that one could imagine four or five possible continuations of the music before Haydn did something completely unpredictable. (Mr. Shaw, in contrast, had hurried over Haydn's written-out eleven-beat pause in the first movement of the Symphony No. 87, and had omitted the first repeat in the finale, thus spoiling the witty start of the development section.) In the Mozart symphony at the beginning of the concert, Mr. Hogwood seemed less at ease: his energetic gestures were not fully controlled; the sound had only a generalized exuberance. And he could do little for Yefim Bronfman's account of the Piano Concerto, which was conceived in a remote world of pert expressiveness, languishing cadential fades, and jumpy finger staccato. But throughout the Horn Concerto the orchestra accompanied splendidly the mellifluous, perfectly phrased and sustained playing of Barry Tuckwell. Mr. Tuckwell is a complete master of his instrument; if he could develop a mannerism of tossing the horn in the air when he leaves the platform he might soon be as famous as Mr. Galway.

—Nicholas Kenyon

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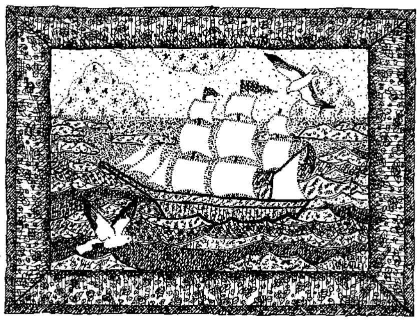

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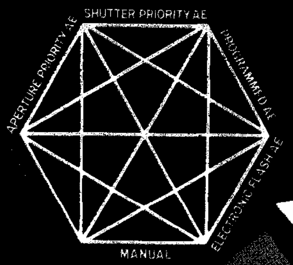

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BOOKS

Wodehousehold

ONE autumn afternoon about ten years ago, I found myself running through a thundershower side by side with Henry Steele Commager, in hopes of flagging a cab on upper Broadway for a return to midtown. I was bareheaded, but Commager was wearing as a makeshift rain hat a Wonder Bread loaf wrapper that he had picked up God knows where at some point in the course of the day. I could only applaud the improvisation, in the absence of any foul-weather gear of my own. We had just come away from a committee meeting the nature of which is irrelevant except insofar as it accounted in part for the literary turn our conversation took. "Wodehouse is the greatest master of the English language since Shakespeare," Commager said as we puffed to a stop in a Broadway gutter and began making the mystic passes in the air that, finally, did bring a taxi to a welcome stop before us. Five hours in a think tank with chaps of a greater atomic density than one's own will give one rather a case of brain fag, and I was content to slump in my corner of the back seat and listen without serious demur as Commager developed his point, quoting at astonishing length from the humorist's works. "He has invented an entirely new vocabulary. . . . The finesse with which . . . sentence balance . . . impeccably . . ."

It might be thought that a bread wrapper worn as a kerchief could seriously undermine the cogency of what even an accredited intellectual is telling you, but such was not the case. These obiter dicta from the distinguished Amherst historian and sometime Harmsworth Professor at Oxford and Pitt Professor at Cambridge seemed, if anything, to gain in pungency, as though brains were brains regardless of how unconventionally—even surrealistically—they might for the moment be swaddled. Knowing pretty much all that a scholar can be expected to know, Henry (as by now I felt we had got wet enough together for me to call him) must have realized that he was one in a very long line of high-order Wodehouse hymnists, beginning with Hilaire Belloc and running on through Kipling and Waugh and (with reservations) Anthony Powell, not to mention others cited by Frances Donaldson in her splendid new biography "P. G. Wodehouse" (Knopf; $18.50).

Its scope and sympathetic insight are all the more noteworthy because in writing it she was swimming upstream against what she declares to be her sex's natural disinclination for, or even hostility toward, Wodehouse humor. "Wodehouse," she writes in analyzing what she regards as an overwhelming preponderance of male devotees, "puts all his literary grace, his talent for dialogue, and his inspired humour entirely at the service of knockabout plots. This is his claim to be unique, and it accounts for his appeal to a wide (and intellectually distinguished) male readership; but—with many exceptions to the rule—it puts him out of reach of the female sex." So we have a biographer who is not naturally an aficionado of her subject—or was not during the girlhood years when as a friend of Leonora, Wodehouse's stepdaughter, she was in and out of the Master's house, ashamed or at least embarrassed at deriving no pleasure from his stories, perhaps scuttling guiltily in and out the door with lowered eyes. Well, generalizations beginning "Women this" and "Women that" are the kind on which one learns to nibble with long teeth, and when I remember that the girl I was courting in my own youth was constantly pressing into my hand books by Wodehouse that had to wait some years for my own true appreciation, I'm tempted to consider Mrs. Donaldson's distinction rather suspect—or at least to have suffered no loss of validity by the substitution of "young" and "old" for "women" and "men." A point bolstered by Mrs. Donaldson's own admission that at seventy she suddenly found herself a Wodehouse inebriate, swigging down the entire œuvre in a two-year binge—more or less required as scholarship for the result we now have in hand, but even so.

She speaks of the Wodehouse cult, which raises the question of just how big a cult can get without sizing itself out of the category. The term is perhaps best reserved for writers like Ronald Firbank, the *bête curieuse* still hanging by his fingernails to immor-

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tality among a dedicated handful who savor his exquisitely vaporous little confections while trading tidbits of Firbankiana, like the memorable night when he ate a single pea at a dinner in his honor, which is about as far as mortal man can go in the espousal of preciosity. Ivy Compton-Burnett is probably a cult, and living writers like John Hawkes and Thomas Pynchon, but Wodehouse transcends the designation unless you give it a qualitative rather than a quantitative twist, emphasizing simply the veneration in which he is held, by however many. When did the heavy panegyrics start pouring down the Parnassian slopes? Mrs. Donaldson can give us chapter and verse on all that.

The first truly ringing paean of praise seems to have been sounded in Belloc's broadcast to America in the middle thirties. He called Wodehouse "the best living writer of English." (Faulkner had only batted out "Soldiers' Pay," "Sartoris," "The Sound and the Fury," "Light in August," and two or three other novels, but he was plugging away at "Absalom, Absalom!," with the vertiginous rhetoric of "The Wild Palms" coming up soon.) Anyhow, Belloc's estimate, together with corroborative echoes from still more lavish encomiasts comparing Wodehouse to Swift, the Restoration dramatists, and Shakespeare, must have jarred many cisatlantic Wodehousians—yes, and English ones, too, the bulk of whom, up to the time the big precincts started rolling in, probably regarded themselves as being no more than competently diverted by a slap-up entertainer. Not so. Asked by Mrs. Donaldson why, specifically, *he* admired Wodehouse enough to rush out and buy each new book the humorist published, Evelyn Waugh replied, "One has to regard a man as a Master who can produce on average three uniquely brilliant and entirely original similes to every page." One every three pages might be nearer the truth, but even that would be achievement enough for any Master, Waugh included (who found his hero privately the dullest man he'd ever met).

Readers have always seemed particularly curious in Wodehouse's case about which of the author's characters were drawn from real life, and here Mrs. Donaldson is probably at least as reliable as Wodehouse himself, who told one inquirer that the source for Aunt Agatha was his own Aunt Mary, and another that this was nonsense. Ukridge and Psmith have ap-

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parently certifiable originals, but in the matter of Jeeves we are again up against multiple choice, ranging from Wodehouse's first assurance that Jeeves simply grew out of the stock stage butler to the news that the original was an American novelist's butler, Ruggles, of "Ruggles of Red Gap," who now survives only as Charles Laughton in the memories of moviegoers, the book itself being out of print, and the author, Harry Leon Wilson, sunk in a near-oblivion duly lamented by Mrs. Donaldson. She tells us that Jeeves and Bertie Wooster "have been more written about than any other characters in modern fiction," adding, "What more is there to say?" Nothing perhaps, except to testify that Jeeves rings another bell. The hero of James M. Barrie's "The Admirable Crichton," first produced in 1902, a good decade before Jeeves' incubation period in the Wodehouse canon, is a perfect butler, whose superiority to his masters is demonstrated when he and they spend a period together as castaways following the wreck of the family yacht. (Jeeves is a valet, of course, not a butler, but the point is immaterial.) As an ardent theatre man, Wodehouse must surely have been familiar with the popular Barrie piece, though probably the suspicion that Crichton might have supplied the ignition spark for Jeeves must be considered disarmed by Wodehouse's candid acknowledgment of the debt to Wilson—proof that he wasn't trying to hide anything. It's just odd that the firmer parallel with Barrie's nonpareil seems not to have occurred to any Wodehouse commentators—at least, any I've read or encountered. Commager was, of course, familiar with the Barrie play, as he was with Wilson's work. In any case, I offered the Admirable Crichton in nomination as an at least collateral antecedent in the Jeeves pedigree as I parted from my omniscient companion at Grand Central and ran for my train (successfully fighting off the temptation to add that I had enjoyed masticating the old tallow with him).

We are given to see—if not, alas, deeply to understand—Wodehouse as a classic case of the artist as an encapsulated spirit. Writing for the theatre, as he also did, he was naturally thrown into frequent collaboration, particularly with his lifelong friend Guy Bolton, but for the rest he did with as little of the human race as he could get away with, this amiable man everyone called Plum. One-to-one

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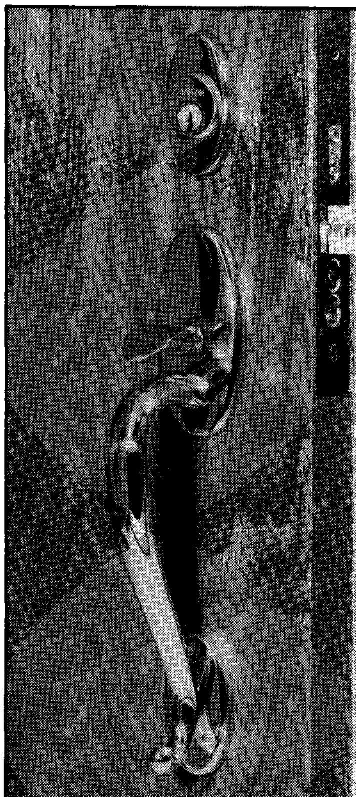

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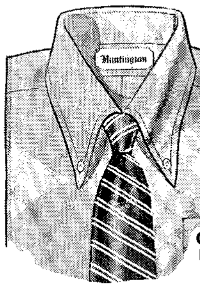

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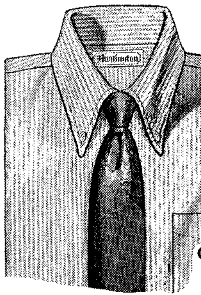

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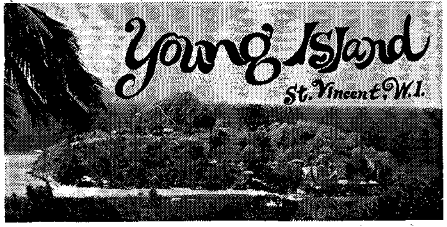

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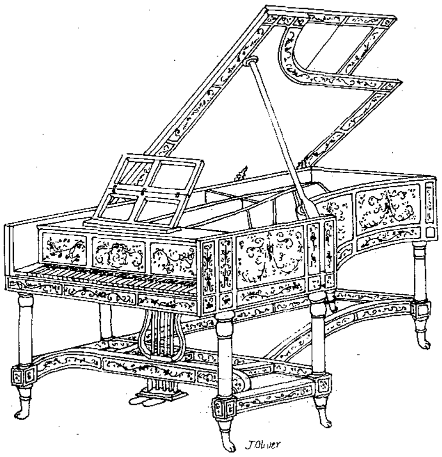
conversations were graciously endured when unavoidable, as with an interviewer, but open company he shunned. He loathed clubs and hated parties; his magical ability to vanish from either, as from nearly any contrivable human arrangement, became known as "the Wodehouse glide." He preferred animals, especially dogs, to people, including jet setters. Not that the preference particularly hamstrung his ability to portray his kind with a satire something less than scathing; it resembled true misanthropy only as the mist resembles the rain. Misanthropes are, as often as not, gregarious anyway—like, say, Maugham, the lion who couldn't get his social fill of the species he held in such disesteem, and whose frequently acknowledged generosity and kindness must be subject to the same cynical principle by which he analyzed the altruism of others, as a circuitous form of self-gratification. Wodehouse was given to no such standard vivisection of his fellow-creatures. Neither did he harbor a view of his species on a level with that of Faulkner, who once told an admirer who assumed that he loved the South to pieces that, on the contrary, in order to write well about a place you had to hate it, adding after a pause the all-time malignant kicker "the way a man hates his wife," and who was given to similar bleak obliquities about what he called "the same old human stench"—tendencies that, especially taken together with the œuvre itself, give his Nobel speech rather the ring of disingenuousness, if not outright baloney. No, Plum the recluse—or recluse manqué often drafted into festivities by a sociable wife—didn't bat in that league. He was a pussycat who would just rather settle down to his favorite soap operas after a day's work than hear his doorbell rung by yet another itinerant idolater. It's highly unlikely that he ever read the Spanish scholar and novelist Miguel de Unamuno, but he would have ratified and relished Unamuno's claim (not made in cynicism) that his profound love for humankind was best nurtured at the greatest possible remove from it—in solitude.

In all this we have the makings of the political naïf, and here the plot of the master plotter's life thickens. The burning issues of his time left Plum scarcely singed, and there was such a lacuna in his character, and consequently in his comprehension of world events, that as late as 1939 he failed to see why everyone made such a fuss over the Germans' obvious intention of conquering Europe. "If the Germans want to govern the world, why don't we just let them?" was his astounding rejoinder to friends trying to explain the threat and make him get with it. Of course, once war was declared he changed his mind, but the innocent surfaced again, as we all now know, in his witlessly coöperating with the enemy by agreeing to those notorious broadcasts to America from Berlin—as a result of which the enemy swiftly became his own outraged countrymen. Almost lost amid the numbing documentation the biographer offers in her determination to clear her man, and through which readers are going to skip like maidens through summer meadows, is a tiny grace note as endearingly funny as anything in the novels themselves. The momentarily attentive reader will catch it in a letter written by Mrs. Wodehouse—Ethel—to a friend, in which she puts her finger on what may well have been Plummie's chief motivation in agreeing to the broadcasts; namely, the opportunity that the talks afforded of replying to the hundreds of Americans who had written to him during his internment in the German camp in Tost, in Upper Silesia, and who might have thought Plummie "rather a louse" for not answering their letters. In the spectacle of a man being called everything by his countrymen up to and including a Judas Iscariot for radio chatting in enemy territory so that among a handful of well-wishers in a third and still neutral power he might not be thought rather a louse we have real-life absurdity on a scale probably too epic for the master humorist himself to have handled with any degree of persuasion.

But then major motifs, of the kind into which he had blundered, had never really interested him. "I believe there are only two ways of writing a novel," he once told a friend. "One is



mine, making the thing a sort of musical comedy without music, and ignoring real life altogether; the other is going right down deep into life and not caring a damn." He opted early for the former and never looked back—or down. The curious blend of primness and modern insouciance with which he performed his miracles often makes him seem like an Edwardian in some kind of time warp. The fact that the young men and women in his romances are essentially sexless makes no more difference than in the musical comedies out of which they sprang. At his best—and every artist should be judged by his best—he is the artificer supreme. As one who came to scoff and stayed to pray, Mrs. Donaldson asks: Will he live? And we must share her doubt that a future generation is imaginable in which Bertie and Jeeves won't survive comfortably with the other great and beloved tandems, like Don Quixote and Sancho Panza, Holmes and Watson, and, for that matter, Laurel and Hardy. What else of Wodehouse might survive? God knows, who also knows there's plenty for cruel Time to do his winnowing from.

In the chronic complaints of his later years, unremittingly registered in letters to his friends, that he can't find anything decent to read himself, he is as funny as some of his creations, if somewhat unconsciously so. Jane Austen is a bore, and so is Balzac if an abortive heave at "Le Père Goriot" is any indication. How on earth can anybody read Dickens? "Tom Jones" is lousy, and Max Beerbohm is a louse. Maugham he's sick of. He can't abide Nancy Mitford or understand for the life of him how people find Kingsley Amis amusing. They bore him, as did Nabokov, of whose "Lolita" one page was enough. Thomas Hardy is spared the axe not because he's a reported admirer but because Wodehouse has never got around to giving him a try and doesn't intend to. As for American best-sellers, they are an abomination—"I am reduced to English mystery stories and my own stuff." Nor tolls the knell for literature alone. The theatre is equally a washout. Rex Harrison helps make "My Fair Lady" even worse than the terrible play from which it was taken, with that nasty bounder Henry Higgins in it. He can't stand Lilli Palmer. There is no distance he wouldn't walk to avoid Beatrice Lillie . . . And so on and on. Nothing to do but settle down with a sherry in front of the telly for the

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next episode of "The Edge of Night."

The cumulative effect of these dismissals gets to be hilarious, but nothing could be further from the truth than that they were the terminal grumbles of a fussbudget in his slippered dotage. In his eighth decade, he was still writing like a house afire, and with no loss of quality. He produced seven novels and a collection of short stories between 1960 and 1970, and still the wonder didn't cease. Before his death, in 1975, at the age of ninety-three, he performed the astonishing feat of hammering out four more novels, "Much Obliged Jeeves" (in America, "Jeeves and the Tie That Binds") coming out as a present to himself on his ninetieth birthday—a day on which celebratory rockets went up round the world. And he died, as we like to say in this bustling adoptive country of his, in harness, having taken his last work in progress with him to the Long Island hospital where the end came as he was, quite simply, crossing the floor of his room. Even that was posthumously published, as "Sunset at Blandings," apparently bringing the total title count to ninety-six—more than one for every year of his life. Ninety-six! It's enough to make the old lemon swim.

—Peter De Vries

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

Bliss, by Peter Carey (Harper & Row; $13.95). For nine minutes, the soul of a genial Australian adman named Harry Joy hovers over his house and lawn, watching a doctor work to revive the stalled heart in his prostrate body and beginning to sense that the world he lived in for thirty-nine years was Hell. A few days later, Harry survives a coronary-bypass operation, but his personality has changed so drastically in the meantime that his teen-age daughter suspects that the surgeon must have operated on his brain rather than his heart: he skulks around, jotting down evidence that one of his business associates has seduced his wife, that his son has seduced his daughter, and that his agency's clients' products are carcinogenic. The story of Harry's hapless attempts to be Good in Hell (he thinks of them as capitalized) is a black comedy, featuring a nightmarish episode in a bleak mental hospital (his son has paid a five-thousand-dollar bribe to have him committed) and a love affair with an enchanting eccentric from the outback. In a short time, this unhappy world collapses, and Harry escapes to the outback, where he spends the next thirty-five years planting and talking to trees. An eerie, compelling first novel; its characters are no less exotic and disconcerting than the colorful, lush wildlife that creeps up to the edges of their suburbs.

Dr. Rocksinger and the Age of Longing, by Jill Robinson (Knopf; $13.95). An unusually foolish first-person melodrama about a high-strung ex-wife (thrice married, and on and off the wagon), her young lover (a rock musician on the rise), and her two sullen offspring (one a truant from high school, the other a dealer in drugs), which is almost amusing when it means to be just the opposite: when the heroine describes her lover's body hair ("like carefully placed foliage"); when she asks the reader major questions ("Will this darkened cinder spin on out into the void leaving the refuse of the dreams, a cloud, a ghost of a yearning old clown where a planet used to do its orbit?"); when, from "the lofty, unpalatable vantage point of maturity," she explains things to her lover ("There's this materialistic nature snapping at the tail of the talented guy whose longing for appreciation is whipped by impatience") and to anyone else listening ("The question of the black nightgown perhaps is like the chicken and egg situation"); and when, near the end, the editor is found (not surprisingly) to be napping ("The pool Narcissus drowned in was the smile of her own child, full-grown").

An Old Song and Edifying Letters of the Rutherford Family, by Robert Louis Stevenson, edited and with an introduction by Roger G. Swearingen (Archon/Shoe String Press; $17.50). A modest but interesting literary find. It consists of a long story, "An Old Song," that Stevenson wrote in his twenties and published anonymously in a short-lived magazine called *London*, and a hitherto unpublished fragment of epistolary fiction. Mr. Swearingen is a distinguished Stevenson scholar, and he describes with understandable excitement how he came to uncover and identify "An Old Song." The story itself is readable, even enjoyable,

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with its touches of dark mockery ("Mary was an admirable Woman, and all that. At the same time she was not altogether a fool"), and it contains at least a suggestion of the theme that came to fruition in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," but it is unlikely ever to find a prominent place in the Stevenson canon. The same may be said for the fragment, although, as Mr. Swearingen notes, it depicts a father-and-son relationship that is almost certainly autobiographical. Still, it must be said, anything by Stevenson—even youthful or incomplete—has an incontestable worth.

GENERAL

CHARLES BABBAGE, PIONEER OF THE COMPUTER, by Anthony Hyman (Princeton; $25). Charles Babbage was the nineteenth-century British polymath whose Analytical Engines, designed but never built, involved many of the ideas that are the cornerstone of the modern computer. He was a marvellous man—a sort of universal genius, and a genuine eccentric. This is the best biography of him so far. The author shows that Babbage was not the misanthropic recluse some have thought him to be; he had a rich social life, and was in constant demand at the best soirées both in London and on the Continent. Mr. Hyman's delightful book makes a serious point: Babbage had very important ideas on the organization of operational research for industry, but they were largely ignored in Britain, at great cost to the economy of that country.

COMMON LANDSCAPE OF AMERICA, 1580 TO 1845, by John R. Stilgoe (Yale; $29.95). Mr. Stilgoe, who teaches landscape architecture at Harvard, recalls how Europeans shaped this country's landscape out of wilderness and, by the way, helped to create our sense of beauty, comfort, and appropriateness. New England and New Spain were founded upon concepts of authoritarian and hierarchical control which have left us commons and plazas; in the rest of the country many varieties of Europeans adapted their homelands' techniques to the new land, and frequently borrowed from one another. Not only farms but mines and mills reflected European medieval standards, as did the colonists' indifference to roads and their anxieties about fences. The European heritage has produced

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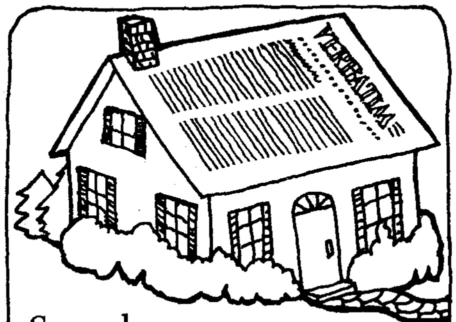

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both enduring features, such as the vast Middle Western grid, and present-day relics, such as canals, and towns built around small water-powered factories. A book that will change the way its readers look about them.

DAYS TO BE HAPPY, YEARS TO BE SAD: THE LIFE AND MUSIC OF VINCENT YOUMANS, by Gerald Bordman (Oxford; $19.95). This biography of the least remembered of the top popular-song composers of the nineteen-twenties amounts to a concise history of the salad days of American musical comedy. Youmans, who was born to a family of wealthy New York hatters, in 1898, was a talented, hedonistic young man to whom success came early: at the age of twenty-two he had a show on Broadway—"Two Little Girls in Blue"—and four years later he scored his biggest success, with "No, No, Nanette." He went on to write hits throughout the twenties, and did the score of the first Astaire-Rogers musical film, "Flying Down to Rio." His decline seems to have been due as much to drink and a tendency to put pleasure first as to a flaw in his nature which turned him against himself. Mr. Bordman is at his best in describing the workings of the musical-comedy and operetta stage—the evolution of musical shows from the first, tentative collaboration of composer and lyricist, starting with the flimsiest of ideas (or none at all), to the finished production. Youmans seems to have been one of his friend Scott Fitzgerald's sad young men who outlived their time; he died at the age of forty-seven, leaving us some hardy standards, like "Tea for Two," "More Than You Know," "Time on My Hands," and "I Want to Be Happy."

•

"Yeah," Borczon asked the class, "what would you do as Hamlet in that situation? Rather than having a picture in your mind of what Hamlet would do, what would YOU do if you knew your father killed your mother?"—*Asheville (N.C.) Citizen.*

Get a new director.

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MOST FASCINATING PICTURE CAPTION OF THE WEEK

[*From the Newport News (Va.) Daily Press*]

Mrs. Reagan listens to speeches by her husband the pope.

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No Contest.

Novelist John Irving photographed by Annie Leibovitz

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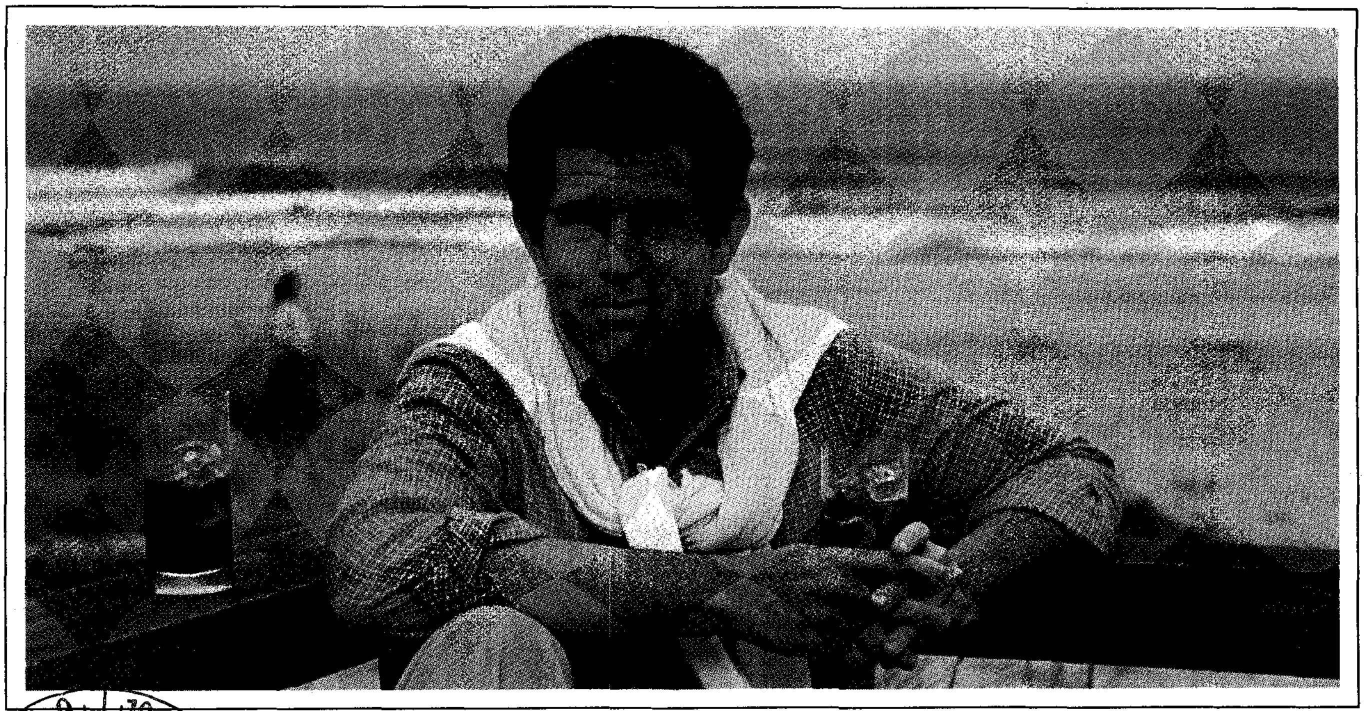

RECEIVED
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Tony Roberts talks about his first time.

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ROBERTS: It was exactly seven years, eleven months, two weeks and five days ago, at 7:00 PM on Fire Island.

INTERVIEWER: You remember the exact moment?!

ROBERTS: Of course. A man never forgets his first time.

INTERVIEWER: It must have been quite an experience. You must tell me about it.

ROBERTS: I was at a beach party comparing tan lines, when an exotic woman in a red sarong sauntered over in my direction. I immediately noticed that she had the best tan on the beach.

INTERVIEWER: Go on.

ROBERTS: She looked me straight in the eye and said, "Campari?"

"I'm sorry," I replied, "I don't speak Italian."

"Neither do I," she said. I was so embarrassed.

INTERVIEWER: I can see why!

ROBERTS: Anyway, she handed me a Campari and orange juice, and sipped a Campari and soda herself. Then I understood.

INTERVIEWER: How was it?

ROBERTS: At first I thought it was bitter. Then I realized it was sweet, too. I guess bittersweet is the only way to describe it.

INTERVIEWER: Was she amused?

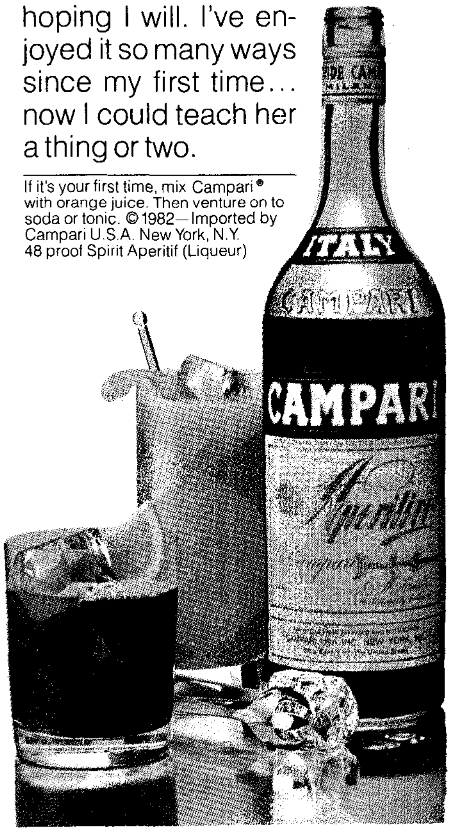
ROBERTS: Very. She said, "You'll acquire a taste for it, Tony. Most men do."

She was right. My second time was much better. And now I like to have it as often as I can.

INTERVIEWER: Did you ever see the young woman again?

ROBERTS: No, but I keep hoping I will. I've enjoyed it so many ways since my first time... now I could teach her a thing or two.

If it's your first time, mix Campari® with orange juice. Then venture on to soda or tonic. © 1982—Imported by Campari U.S.A. New York, N.Y. 48 proof Spirit Aperitif (Liqueur)



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